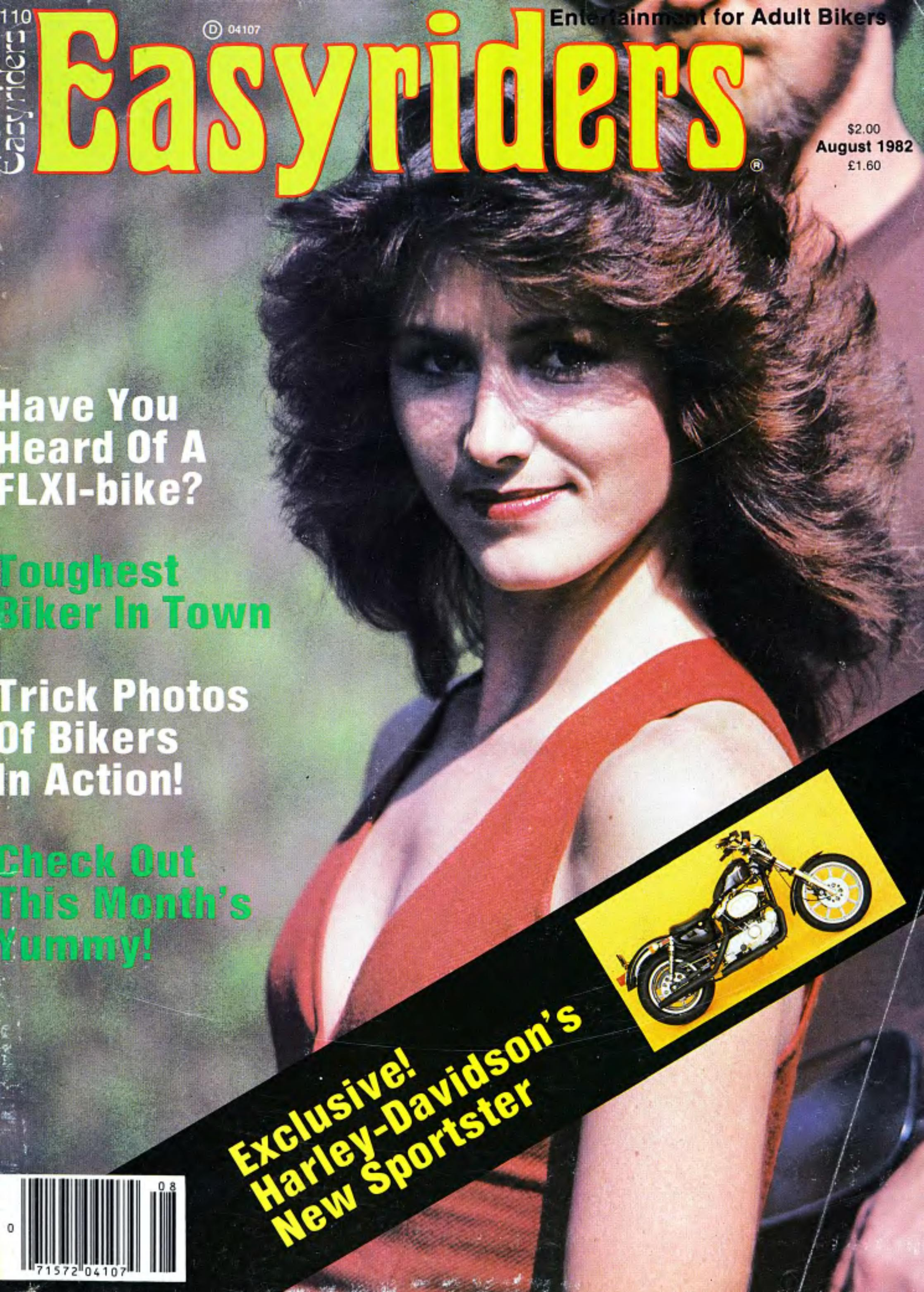

110

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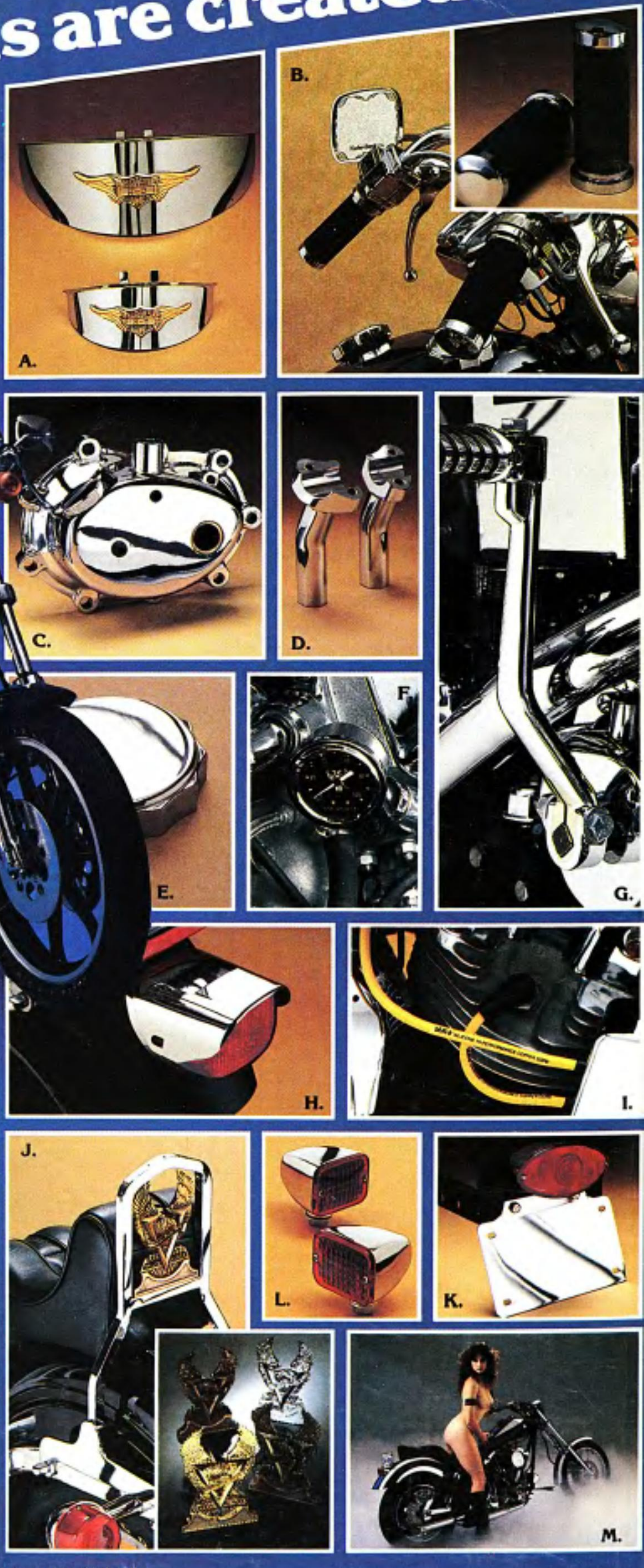


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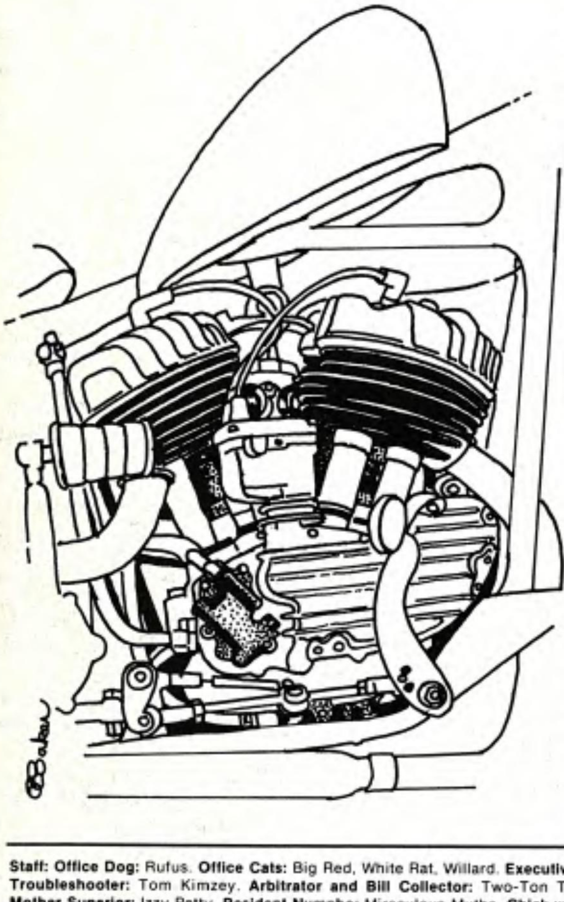



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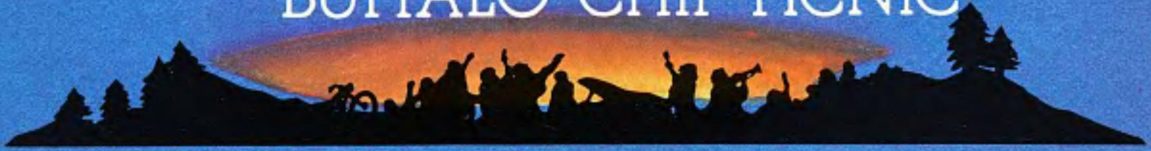
**The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 30th.**

Cover photo of Kelly Parnell and Dave Ellingson by Kim Peterson

# STURGIS 1982

## AUGUST 11,12,13

## BUFFALO CHIP PICNIC



# JERRY LEE LEWIS

## JOHNNY PAYCHECK

## SUSIE NELSON · FLASH CADILLAC

· Jim Casey · Mr. Single Jim · William Van Dyke

**August 11**
1 p.m. to sundown

Concert
**Flash Cadillac**
**Jim Casey**
**Mr. Single Jim**
**William Van Dyke**

**Buffalo Chip Tournament**
**Swap Meet 1**

Whether you're buying or selling, don't miss the motorcycle bazaar of the year!

**August 12**
11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Black Hills Poker Run — a 117-mile card-collectin' tour to five bars in the scenic Black Hills. Best five-card poker hand wins.

**Prizes:**

| | |
|---|---|
| First place: | $500 |
| Second place: | $250 |
| Third place: | $100 |

**Entry fee: Two bucks**

**August 13**
1 p.m. to sundown

Concert
**Jerry Lee Lewis**
**Johnny Paycheck**
**Susie Nelson**
(Yep! That's Willie's daughter)
**Jim Casey**
**Mr. Single Jim**
**William Van Dyke**

**Buffalo Chip Tournament**
**Bike Show/Swap Meet 2**

AUGUST 13, 8 P.M.: RAFFLE OF BRAND-NEW H-D STURGIS.

**Barbequed Pig, Roast Beef, and Beer at bikers' prices**
**Prices:** Advance tickets for both Wednesday and Friday, $15. Wednesday-only tickets, $7 at the gate; Friday-only tickets, $10 at the gate. 10-by-15-foot swap meet spaces, $25 for both days, or $15 for one day. Discount tickets for groups of 25 or more. Free raffle ticket for '82 H-D Sturgis included with each admission! Additional raffle tickets, $2 at the site.

The Place: Two miles east of Sturgis just off Highway 34.

**Sturgis, here I come!**

I enclose $ ____ for ____ combo tickets for Wednesday and Friday ($15 each).
**Note:** Orders for mail-order tickets must be postmarked by July 15. Got some stuff I wanna sell. Please reserve me:

- ☐ A space in Swap Meet 1 and 2 (enclose $25)
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- ☐ A space in Swap Meet 2 only (enclose $15)
- ☐ Bike Show entry fee (enclose $10)

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Life's tough dept.: The cop sued the police department, but he didn't collect 'cause his broken elbow was caused by action in the line of duty. What happened? Well, it seems he stepped out of a building and into some dogshit on the sidewalk, slipping and breaking his elbow. (They didn't find the dog.)

The bedside phone rang in the middle of the night. More asleep than awake, he reached over, grabbed a hold of it, put it to his ear, and shot himself. Yep, he also had his gun beside his bed—you know the rest.

Now you have an out if you put your dork in some strange place and have to explain how you got the clap. Experts now say you can catch gonorrhea from a toilet seat—it seems the bacteria will live up to three hours on a toilet seat—so you're saved. Now you can lay that tall tale on the ol' lady.

Scientific breakthrough file: Does your urine smell bad at times? Well, it may be due to eating asparagus. Everyone's piss smells bad afterward, but not everyone can pick out the smell.

The cop got his police car stuck in some mud, chasing a dude. He calls and gets pulled outta the mud and goes to a boat ramp to wash all the mud off. When he got out of the police car, it sank into the water to the top of the seats. He got it pulled out again, but didn't report it until the next shift took over—then he explained what happened. He was dismissed—lack of brains.

He wanted to ''moon'' the chicks in the car that was following him, so he pulled down his pants and shoved his ass outta the bus window. But surprise, surprise! The bus window was an emergency window. The entire window fell out, dumpin' the dude onto the street, where he bounced along for a while before goin' over a guard rail.

They're weird dept.: In Iran, after you've been shot and killed by the firing squad, your family must pay for the bullets used by the firing squad.

Dipshit of the month: He held a place up with a large folding knife. When he got the money, he folded the knife back up, but cut off the finger that he caught in it. He hurt so much he fled without the loot.

They're tough in Oklahoma. The dude flashed his meat to some old ladies and was busted. They gave him 99 years for wanting to share his meat with appreciative ladies.

After thirty years of naggin' from his ol' lady, he snapped, grabbed her around the throat, and snuffed her. But guess what? He goes on probation—the judge saw where enough was enough and sided with the dude.

Watch that shit ya drink, at least while you're smokin'. Just heard of a dude who bought some rotgut, opened it in the parking lot while smoking, caught the wine on fire, and torched himself. Didn't get the name of the juice, but it musta been powerful stuff.

The police tried to figure out how to arrest the dude for a concealed weapon, but couldn't find a law on the books. It seems he lived in a tough area and carried a satchel with him for protection. So what? Well, inside the satchel was a three-foot alligator.

Robot strikes again: For one reason or another, a robot in a test lab went berserk and stomped its master to death. They say the scientist accidentally hit the switch. But who knows? Maybe robots will be tomorrow's cops—and how do you punish them? Cut off their oil?

He thought he was on the skids when he turned sixty-five. His hearing had been bad for a long time so he finally went to get a hearing aid. When the doc checked his ears, he found an ear plug that had been in there for sixty years. Don't ask how — I'm tryin' to figure that one out myself. ■

# TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

# WORDMONGER

**Deep Throat Info**

☐ I'm a physician's assistant by trade and thought I could answer Debbie and Denise's gag reflex question.

The gag reflex is mediated by the ninth and tenth cranial nerves. These nerves innervate the pharynx and soft palate. Every time you want to drain the trouser trout, that meat roll hits the soft palate and along comes the gag. Some have a more depressed reflex than others. Takin' out the tonsils won't help.

So, girls, keep on lappin' the lizard, and if anyone complains about it, then bite it off.

Hot Plug
Denver, Colo.

☐ I love getting head, but as a paramedic, I can tell Debbie and Denise that removing their tonsils will not help them with their problem. They are just going to have to keep practicing.

Tree
New York, N.Y.

☐ In the May '82 issue, Debbie and Denise complained of a gagging problem while giving head. I'm here to tell you a tonsillectomy will not help. What will help is total relaxation and timing. Pay attention to the way you swallow your beer, scrambled eggs, and anything else that goes in your mouth. Then exaggerate those movements while giving head. With a little practice, you'll have no trouble at all.

Experienced
Leesburg, Fla.

**Needs Help**

☐ I was going over your tenth anniversary edition for the fifteenth time, and I came across the article "Bitchin' Limey" on page 78 (from the Feb. '75 *Easyriders*). I've got a 1970 650cc limey and would sure the fuck like to know what kind of fuckin' mag and alternator Kelsey put on the bike, so I can change my bike over. I've been down for two weeks because of those fuckin' electrics. Let me know what he used, so I can get back on the road myself.

Rick
Fort Carson, Colo.

■ It's a Joe Hunt mag and a stock alternator. By the way, we're comin' out with an all-new version of the anniversary issue in July!

**Dr. Twatburger**

☐ Whatdafuck ever happened to Dr. Twatburger? Whenever I need a good laugh, I go through some older issues and read the good doctor's articles on ailments and proceed to laugh my ass off.

He wrote some of the most humorous stuff I've ever read in any rag.

Longdong
Montebello, Calif.

■ We agree. We would like to get him off his ass too.

**One Gripe**

☐ I've got only one bitch. You don't feature enough flatheads — I really enjoyed Pow-Pow's 74 flathead layout. I've got a '58 flathead, three-speed with reverse. So how about some ideas for a loyal reader?

Bob Janoe
Leavenworth, Kan.

**At Last**

☐ You've got your shit together real good for a fuckin' change. Norton Buffalo is fucking outstanding ("Downtime," January '82).

Mr. Bill
Jacksonville, Fla.

**Last Resort**

☐ You are my last resort and I hope you can be of help to me, or you may know of someone who can help me. At one time I owned a poster from the movie *Easy Rider*, starring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper — the one where they rode their Harleys. Over the years of moving and staying one step ahead of the bill collectors, my poster got lost. I'm hoping you can help me find someone who still sells them. I've had no luck in my search.

Thomas L. Schoen
416 Nth. 4th Street
LeSueur, Minn. 56058

■ Maybe a reader will help ya — I only have one and I'm hangin' on to it!

**To A Tramp**

☐ To the tramp (with the beard) on page 59, July '81 issue, sitting on his scoot at San Quentin penitentiary: You are fine as wine, smooth as silk, so spread your feet and let me eat.

Admirer
Glendora, Calif.

**An Idea**

☐ As I was thinking about motorcycle safety, I got a half-assed idea about how to raise some dollars for ABATE or for whatever. I've always been a cage driver myself, and some biker bros saved my ass. Since then, I've always watched out for them and chased assholes who didn't look out for bikers. Well, the idea I have is a bumpersticker that says, "Caution — I brake for Harley-Davidsons."

Big Bird
Santa Barbara, Calif.

**A Few Lessons**

☐ After reading a letter from Red in the January '82 issue about measuring oil leaks, I was determined that one day soon I would follow his instructions carefully and find out how many iph's were lurking in those black puddles that my Triumph leaves all over town.

Well, one Saturday night before leaving the boozer, I decided (being 3/4 cut) it was the perfect time to try this cat's theory.

No sooner had I started groveling in the gutter, armed with a tape measure and my cigarette lighter casting its one-candlepower glow in the gloom, than a leadfoot in a van came hooning around the corner and — splat — ran straight over me. The lighter flew out of my broken fingers and landed under the leak in the left carb. Boom — the bike went up in smoke. Before the ambulance arrived, a couple of meth freaks swooped and went through my pockets.

Lying here in the hospital, wearing the latest in neck-to-knee plaster, writing this letter with a pen held between my only remaining two teeth, I've decided when I get back on the road to stick with the old and safe method of checking oil leaks.

When it stops leaking out the bottom, pour more in the top.

Crooky
Australia

**A Biker's Poem**

☐ Success is a word that has broad use;
For having none in life there is no excuse.
To some, what I do is not so right,
But to me it's not so wrong.
And that's what I've been trying to explain to you people all along.

Adam Autrey
Prichard, Ala.

**Why? Why?**

☐ This is the third time I've written to "Wordmonger" — once in December, once in February, and now in April. Not once have you put my comments on your page. Why the hell not?

Diamond Dick
Herkimer, N.Y.

■ You didn't say anything.

**Buy American**

☐ I tip my hat to Mr. Vaughn Beals and tilt my Strohs to him and the thirteen other people who managed to purchase Harley-Davidson, the *only* American-made motorcycle. Thank you, Mr. Vaughn Beals & Co.

Everyone pisses and moans about the economy and blames it on Reaganomics, but hey, Reagan is not twisting our arms to buy Toyotas or Datsuns or Hondas or Nikon cameras. It's the American public that is flushing its own toilet — with us in

it. If America wants to save its own hide, we'd better do something about it right now. "Buy American."

Paul Lesko
Cleveland, Ohio

**Tattoos Illegal**

☐ Just two questions: I'm a tattoo artist with one problem in the midlands of South Carolina: Tattooing is illegal here. How do you get a situation like this changed? Also, how about you bros listing the states that are legal?

Sinbad the Sailor
Camden, S.C.

■ Everywhere but there.

**More Tattoo Advice**

☐ I'm hopin' to get a little assistance from you if it ain't askin' too much. I've got me a tattoo gun and four different colors of ink. All I need now is a good variety of patterns. I do a little drawing myself, but it just ain't gettin' it.

John Holbrook
Michigan City, Ind.

■ It takes artistic talent too.

**Some Raisin Pie**

☐ Your story "Apology" (February '82 issue) sure hit the spot. I mean that was real class. I just finished the March issue and found "How Digger Got Dead" a real gut warmer. That phrase "banana in a barn" had me roarin' too.

Thanks to Preacher and William Burrill for such talent.

M. Settles
Las Vegas, Nev.

**Club Patch**

☐ Just want to comment about this dude Bloodshot, who wrote you about wantin' a red and white patch. He must have brain damage if he thinks the Angels or any other clubs are just handin' out patches to every clown who asks for one. As you already know, you don't wear club colors unless you're a club member — and if he thinks a patch is that easy to get, then he doesn't even know what "prospect" means.

For his own sake, I hope he takes your advice.

C. Hayward
San Bernardino, Calif.

☐ I'm writing in regard to the letter you published about the bozo who wants the Angels patch. I've never read or heard anything so far-fetched. If this emptyhead ever got his face in the wind, he'd have a hurricane between his ears. Not only is he sort of loosely wrapped, but to actually go a step further and let the public (who reads a class-A rag like this) know it, tells me a lot about this meat rocket.

Faust
Winnipeg, Manitoba

☐ To the monkey who wanted Angels colors, there are a few ways you can get them. Here is what you can do:

1. Join your local chapter.
2. Save their lives and be invited.
3. Offer them a billion bucks.
4. Go out and beat one to death and take his colors (but only if you want to die — I would not wear them at all unless I were a member of the club; that's asking to get yourself killed).

I was a member a long time ago, and I know that the few who copy the colors are damned fools. It's hard to get into the Hells Angels in the first place, and since you asked a magazine, it shows how dumb you are. It's like saying, "Hey, man, I'm eighteen, I own a pan, and I want to be an Angel." Like that's something that happens to only a few.

Leroy Goo
W. Sacramento, Calif.

**A Word To The Wise**

☐ You're rude, crude, and socially demoralized if you persist in antagonizing me in such a manner that I'd be forced to inflict a series of wounds upon your anatomy, each one more devastating than its predecessor.

Pat
Baron, Calif.

**More On Road Dog**

☐ Road Dog must be an acrobat to have his face in the wind with his head up his asshole.

Cheryl
Eatonville, Wash.

☐ You must be a fucking dog — in every sense of the word — who wouldn't know the difference between a lady and a locomotive, 'cause no one would ever let you close enough to find out.

You guys really make me sick. Any girl who finally fucks over her ol' man probably does it because she got so tired of the beatings and all the other insecurities and lyin' straight-faced bullshit she put up with. We have to get hardened after a while. Not only did you ruin my whole day but you also opened my eyes to what creeps you guys really can be. May you step in sheep dip for the rest of your miserable lives.

Dizzie
Long Island, N.Y.

☐ You stick to your sheep and pigs. But I pity them. And you can't fuck sheep with an imagination. Sounds like you're on the rag. Well, you stupid sonofabitch, keep beating your meat and enjoying the pastures. The grass is always greener on the other side.

Lisa and Julie
Ankeny, Iowa

☐ You've got such a hardon against women, you can't get a hardon for one. Maybe you got burned by one, but no sense taking your revenge out on all the good ladies of the scooter world.

It takes a rare breed of woman to ride behind a tramp. As far as I'm concerned, to be cruising at 60mph and reach back and pat my lady's ass or feel her hold on with her legs in a curve gives a feeling of oneness that can be felt no other way.

We all have our relationship problems, but I've found out that if you take care of her, she will take care of you. Think about it. Stop your bitching and start trying.

Randy C.
Culver City, Calif.

☐ Open letter to bastards: Well, I figured you bros haven't been brought down to cock size in a long time. I'm writing in response to that lowlife Road Dog in Gasquet, Calif. Man, you're a real dink. You think that all smartass bitches are alike. So we all have three holes. So do you fuckasses, if you count the one that Mother Nature put in your head. If God hadn't made scoots for us bitches, He wouldn't have put padded seats on them. Instead, He would have forgotten the seats and mounted fuckin' tire irons on 'em so you bastards could get your jollies off. No shit, you fuckin' three-


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The newly-revised Fourth Edition is finally available. The only complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability for all V-twin models between 1936 and 1981. Special sections on Sportsters, going faster, making Hogs last longer, and building stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. Unique at any price — only $5.95 plus 75¢ postage.

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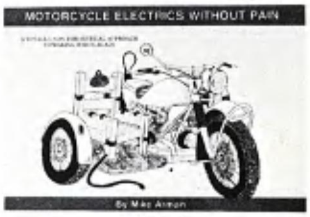


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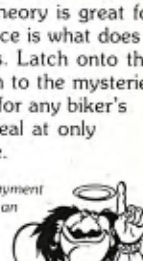

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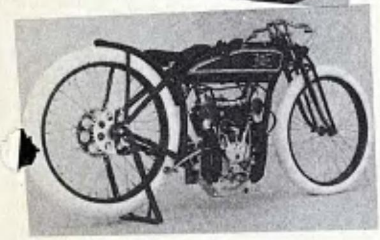

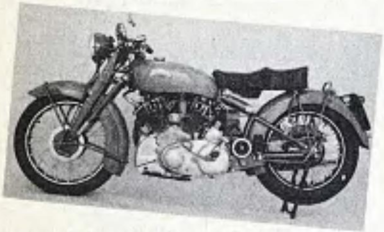

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legged, cock-eyed, sap-running, fucksticks think you're perfect. Well, this smartass bitch knows better. Hey, I've been around and I've never heard a bro be so down on pussy, even when she stank. Boy, bro, you must have been slapped on right between your little ol' legs. Where I'm from, we ol' ladies take care of our ol' men. We bitches up here in bear country love the way our ol' men live and would do anything to make sure their scoots are puttin' and they've had enough down-to-earth pussy. I'm really stumped that you bros just don't tell your bitches what you want, how you want it, and where you want it. If you bros could get your heads out of your asses long enough to give your ol' ladies a rundown, I'm sure they would be more willing and more happy to do it. Better get your shit together.

Heaven
Newport, Maine

**Urgent**

☐ I'd like to get a message across to Crazy Dave! Hey, we need to talk. That's why I call this urgent. Come back 10-4! Ride fast and die free!

Little Debbie E.
Glendale, Calif.

**Dope Test**

☐ I'm currently serving in Uncle Sam's canoe club (USN) and need some help. We have piss tests once a month to detect THC and I need a way to get negative test results with a dude standing about four feet behind me. My girl-chasin' and bike-ridin' will end if I get caught with a positive test result. 45 plus 45 just ain't my bag. Any ideas?

Mad Dog
Bremerton, Wash.

■ We'll see what the readers say. The Man has discovered another way of detecting grass — by making you blow into a little vial.

**Must Have Jap Bike**

☐ This is more news about how even American companies are helping people to buy Jap.

In St. Cloud, Minnesota, if you own or buy a Harley-Davidson and go to a big-name insurance company, like American Family Insurance, they will tell you they insure all motorcycles except H-D. You see, if you own a Harley, they must have your home insurance too (as of Jan. 1, 1982)! No home, no H-D insurance! Jap trash is okay with nothing. I know after twenty years of riding H-D that I have the best, but for new riders, they might go to their insurance man and get a little piece of Japan (Japanese Family Insurance Co.).

Cue Ball Vic
Sauk Rapids, Minn.

**Working Part?**

☐ Dig this: I happened upon a set of blueprints for a stock Harley frame. Now, my scam is to take the dimensions of the prints and modify them to my specs, and then build me a custom frame. My problem is lack of info on the working part of if.

Do you think you could provide a name or address or some reading material I can get hold of for the basics?

Grape Ape
San Diego, Calif.

■ The working part? You mean the engine?

**Army Issue**

☐ Nothing goes better than army-issue toilet paper and *Easyriders.*

C.M.
Fort Sill, Okla.

**Lennon**

☐ First of all, bad-mouthing a dead man shows no class and no balls.

Second, Lennon might not have been "man enough" (whatever that may be) to serve in the military, but he also wasn't dumb enough to let them exploit his talents for their personal political gain. Being manly to me is sticking up for what you believe in and living up to the principles of your beliefs. He did both.

Third, Lennon didn't write only about peace and love; he also wrote of people and life.

I'm no bleeding heart, but I couldn't let someone slight a dead man I grew up with. I still enjoy listening to and jamming his music.

Radical Rick
Dayton, Ohio

☐ John Lennon, in my opinion, love songs and all, is the true meaning of what a biker really is! I'm sure Sonny (Kevin's cousin) would agree. I must say I agree with Little Tarzan on Lennon's fight for love, peace, and freedom. Bill Jennings must be corny himself if, as he says, he doesn't like love songs. God rides a Harley-Davidson, and there's nothing better than riding in the wind, especially on a nice spring or summer day. Harley riders sure taste sweet, and so does Lennon.

Little Debbie E.
Glendale, Calif.

☐ If it weren't for John Lennon keeping up with today and keeping us going, I wouldn't be writing this. I remember the group from day one, and they're still a great bunch of guys.

I'm a biker's ol' lady of four years, and a lot of my friends are fans of John Lennon. They all dig his music.

I'm proud to say I'm one of Lennon's fans and always will be. I know there are other bikers out there who will agree with me. So tell Mr. Dayton, Ohio, to go suck an egg. If he doesn't know how, tell him to find a chicken to teach him.

Tuffy
Texarkana, Tex.

**Likes Wind #7**

☐ I recently picked up a copy of *In The Wind #7* and was impressed. You've come a long way. I've been reading *Easyriders* for many years and have watched it change slowly. Every year it's better, classier, more interesting. The layout in *In The Wind #7* was great.

Willy
Canaan, Vt.

**Steve McQueen**

☐ I was thumbing through some old *Easyriders* today when I came across an article about Steve McQueen. It said he was going to get together an antique motorcycle museum. I was wondering if his remaining family ever completed his dream.

Li'l Bob
Rego Park, N.Y.

■ Not yet. A few days ago his Indian specialist, Sam Pierce, joined him (died of cancer too).

**Ride What You Can**

☐ I would like to add to what Gladiator said (May '82 issue). I ride a "factory custom" riceburner with some custom things I've added. I would love to ride a Wide Glide or a fatbob, but over here they cost around $5,000

to put on the road new. With the wage I get, that's just too much. So I ride what I ride, at a price I can afford. It doesn't matter what a guy (or chick) rides — Jap, Italian, German, Yank, or British — if he's in the wind and he's a bro. That's what really counts.

Bob
S.W. Australia

■ It's the same over here. You ride what you can.

**Tech Tip Book**

☐ Start with issue #1 and go through last year. Reprint all the tech tips you've written and sell them as a book. Don't know if you'll make one, but think of the prestige, class, and cash. I would be willing to purchase one (not cop, rip off, or borrow). One for myself and others for gifts.

Postman John
Balch Springs, Tex.

■ We've got our shit together, and a book with Robinson drawings will be available soon.

**We Need You**

☐ There's something that's bugged me for a long time. And "Neice" in Vallejo, California, hit the nail on the head in the June '82 issue.

What the hell is wrong with American chicks that bros want Orientals? My ol' man has been in the military for fifteen years. Every time he sees a guy with an Oriental, he sees red. There are quite a few guys in the military that have married them. Why?

So they marry 'em, sponsor the family, and what have they got? It makes me think of a parasite and a host. It's sickening.

Guys, wake up! There's a helluva lot of American chicks out here that need you. Next time look a little farther than that bowl of rice.

P.A.
Jacksonville, N.C.

**Another View**

☐ Well, Neice, and all you other ladies who feel it's your duty to warn us about how slant-eyed ladies only want to come to the U.S. and then bring the rest of the family with 'em. Think on the why. If a dude goes for that, then there must be some need; ya can't sell it if nobody wants it. If you ladies were on the job and makin' sure American men were content at home, fewer of us would be jumpin' the fence.

From what I read, the female-to-male ratio is about four to one, and then you figure there's a few bros who have and want only one, so that puts a lot of spare women around. So where the fuck are you all?

John T. Todd
S. Walpole, Mass.

**Where's Shirley?**

☐ What gives, bro? I've been reading your rag for years, and on every cover there's some sweet thing urging my fingers to find her exposed in the rag. Well, here comes the April '82 issue with the finest-looking blonde on the cover named Shirley. My fingers are nubs and my hardon is still raging. Please tell me where Shirley is exposing those magnificent tits.

Big Al
Roanoke, Va.

■ We needed a cover that issue. We'll treat you and her right in a future issue.

☐ I want you to get fucked up and check out the pretty face, eyes etc., on the cover of April's issue. Bro, if she doesn't look you in the eyes from every angle you turn that page to, I'll say you ain't fucked up. I'll also tell you that I'd like to swap some spit with this baby doll.

Harry
Summersville, W.Va.

**The Blues**

☐ For a fuckin' stamp, you probably won't print this. But what the fuck is twenty cents?

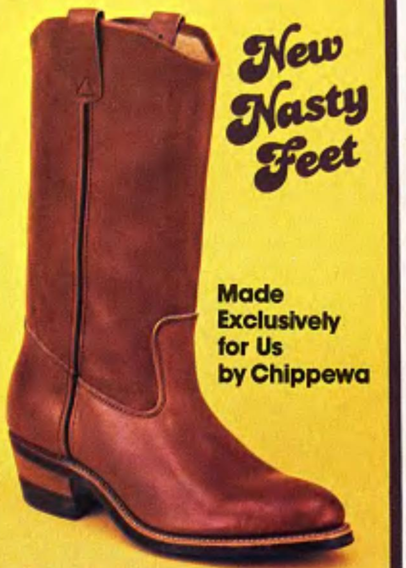
Will Wiekel
Pottsville, Pa.

---

*Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger,* Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.* ■

"Hey, Mom, I got a great bargain. Two dogs for the price of one — they were stuck together."


*The* INTERSTATE



*New Nasty Feet*

**Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa**

**No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.**

**Check out the recipe . . . 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Calistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrine sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.**

**If you size up at 8½-12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for $90.00. The coupon below says it all.**

Send your order to:
**Nasty Feet,** Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

**Size** (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

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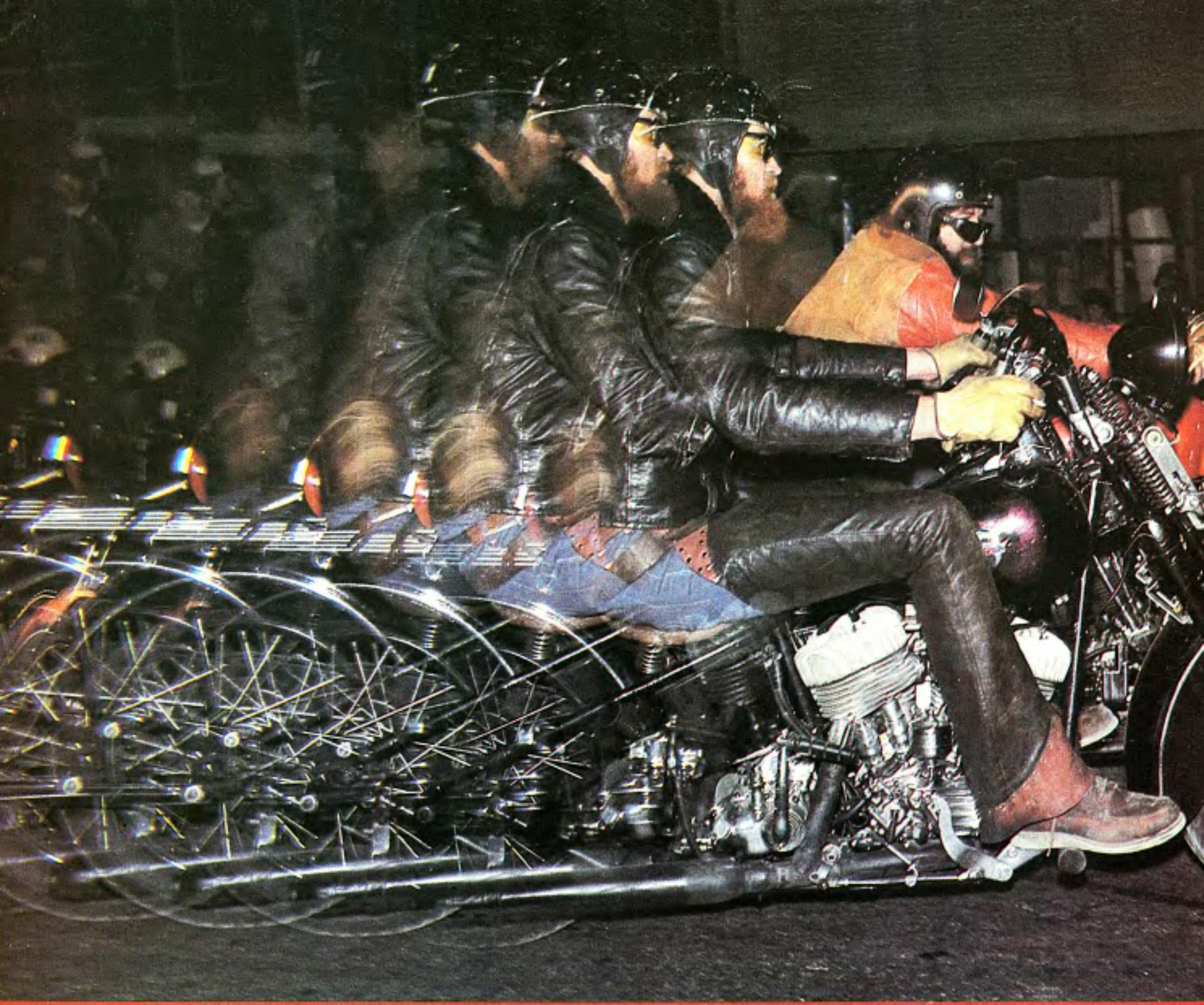
**Address** ____________

**City** ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________

Enclose $90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add $4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add $9.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add $30.00 per pair.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

**Dealers inquire on your letterhead.**



Photos by Mike

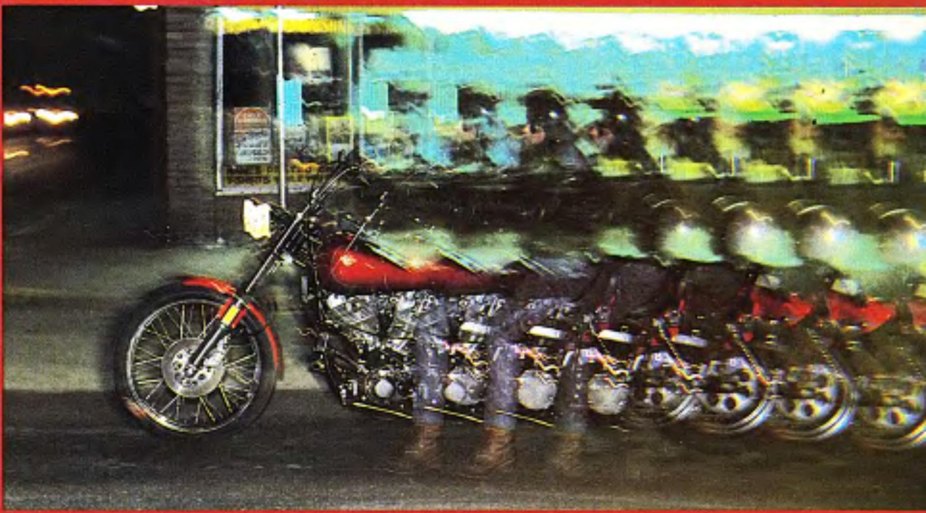
# Bottle Vision

*Got the boot from my lady fer blackin' her eye,*
*Adrift in the city just me an' Ten High.*
*Stumblin' and fallin' and crawlin' back up,*
*Jest another crocked scooter tramp down on his luck.*

*Where the fuck is that panhead I parked around here?*
*Think I'll rest in this gutter till my head is clear.*
*I hear thunder, salvation, the sound of some bros;*
*I'll flag 'em and ask 'em — sure one of 'em knows.*

*But wait, what's happening? It's not one, two, or four —*
*Each rider's a dozen, each bike is a score.*
*Oh, bourbon, you've done me, you've beat me, you prick.*
*Stand back, sidewalk gawkers, I'm a-gonna be sick.*

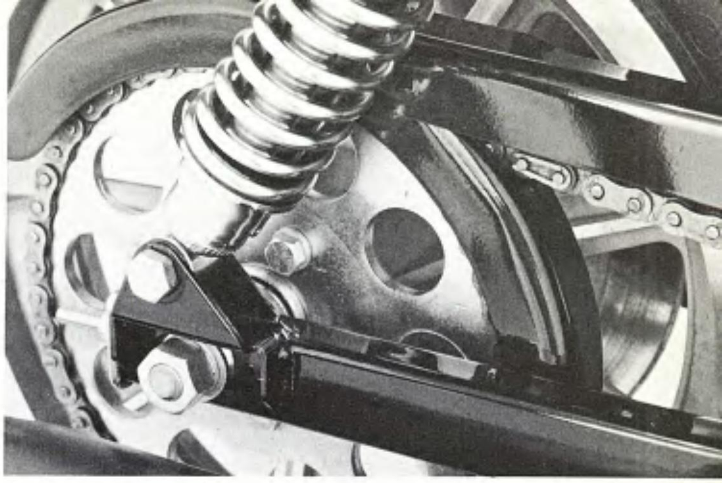
*—Ezra Smack*

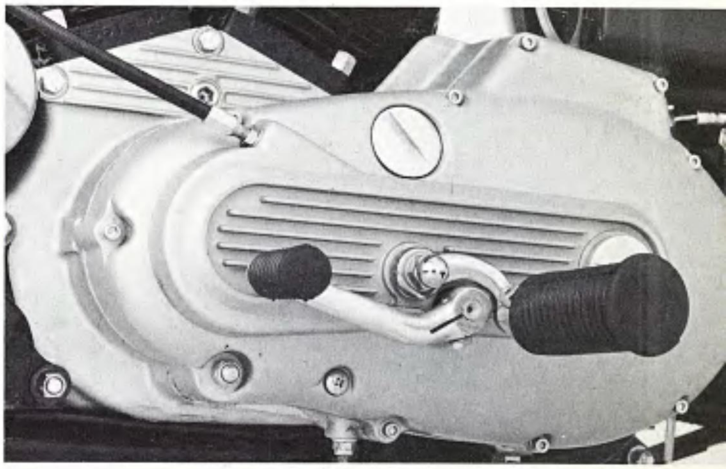


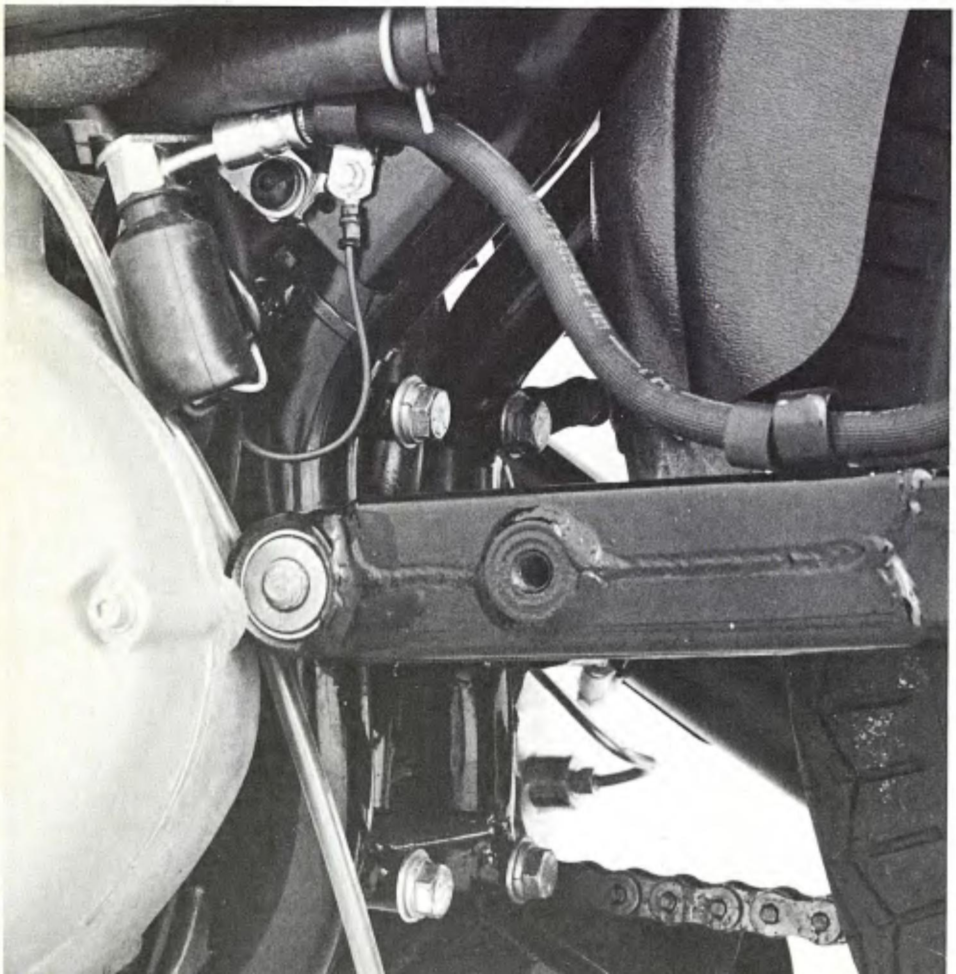
# Welcome Back, Harley!

It's been a long time since Harley-Davidson has put out a Harley that looks like a Harley! So it is with great pleasure that we present here, for the first time anywhere, a Harley that looks and sounds like and has the power of a Harley. It's a solo bike (even though it can be converted for the ol' lady with something like an old pillion pad — but it looks better without one).

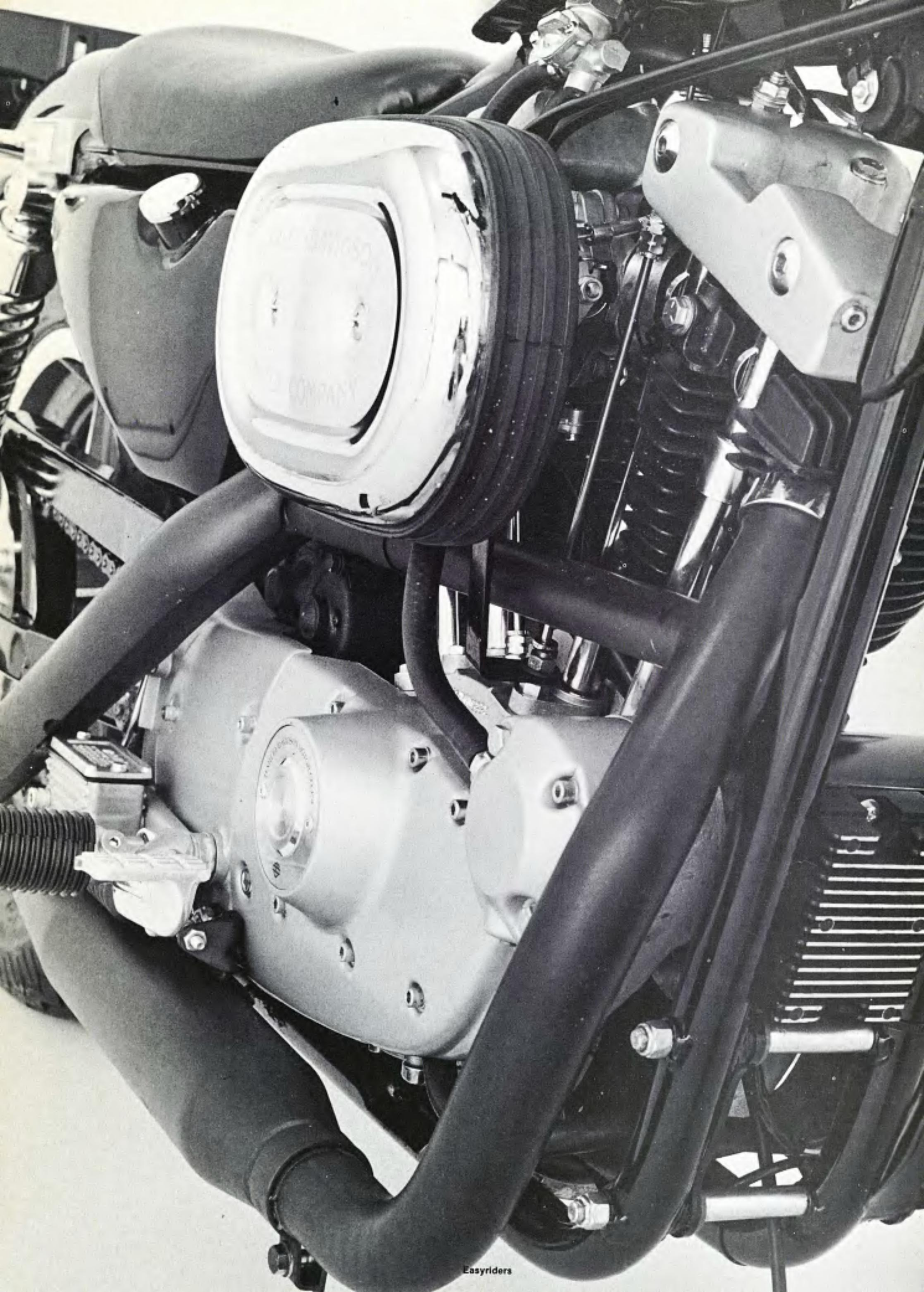
In 1957 the first Sportster rolled out of the Harley-Davidson plant in Milwaukee, but a lot of changes and years passed by before the birth of the XLX model. In the beginning, the Sportster was considered a competition motorcycle — the CH model was equipped with knobby tires — but a magneto ignition system and lights were optional. Raw power was the Sportster's calling card. As the years marched by, the government deemed it necessary to limit

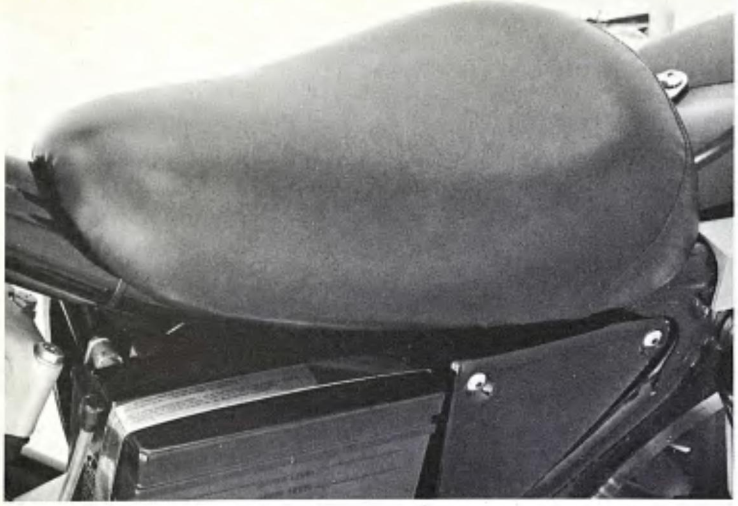




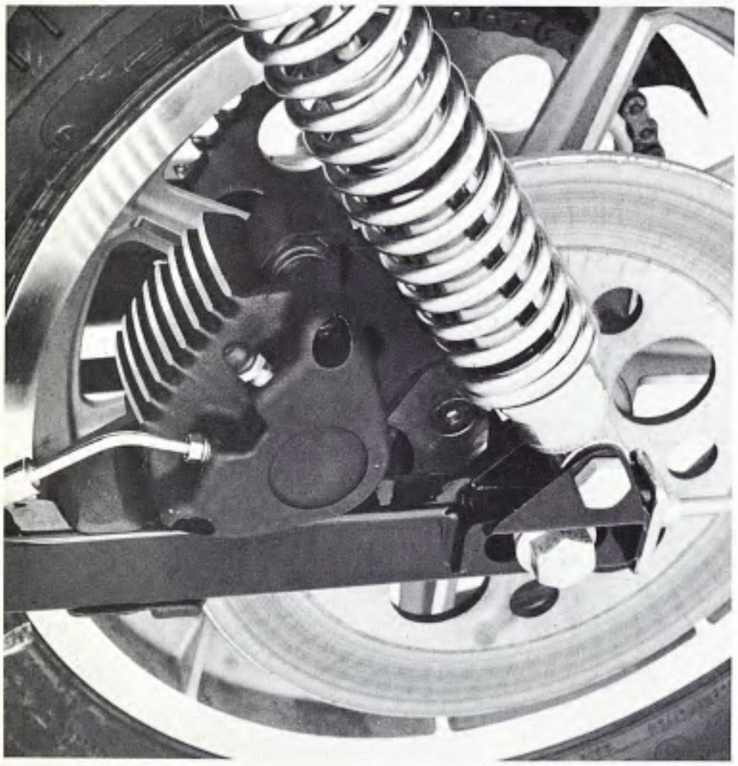


everything about motorcycles, except for the number of wheels they could have. Horsepower suffered along with everything else; the EPA saw to that by changing emission standards and noise levels from state to state, month by month. Finally, in '82, the government standardized the emission control regulations and noise levels nationwide, giving the factory something concrete to work from. Now back from the dead came unbridled horsepower and the familiar loping sound of the dual pipes. Away went dumpster-size air cleaners and back came the familiar oval air cleaner used in the sixties and early seventies. This one change improved the overall apperance of the new Sportster, but the factory wasn't satisfied with just changing the air cleaner; they designed a whole new model. That new model is what you see on these pages, a Sportster that reflects the Harley-Davidson heritage of good looks and raw horsepower. And speaking of horsepower,





Photos by Pete Chiodo



the factory has increased the Sportster's by ten percent. The increase resulted from the air cleaner and exhaust pipe changes, along with a new two-stage ignition system.

The horsepower you will have to feel for yourself. We can only show you what it looks like close up, without your bending over on a dealer's showroom floor and getting stabbed in the back with a foot peg or the end of a handlebar. Check out the newest Sportster; it's a Harley to be ridden and enjoyed — and it has an introductory price tag that's so low it'll blow your mind. ■

# BARGAIN HUNTING

The swap meet was crowded. Sellers were sitting on folding chairs surrounded by tables and crates full of old parts. Each ten-by-ten space was buzzing with business — parts, sellers, and buyers everywhere.

Hoss and Zeek browsed slowly, staring intently at the various seats, frames, tanks, front ends, and engine parts. Finally, the time had come when Hoss could afford to build the bike of his dreams once again. For three years he had been riding an old Bonneville he had picked up for close to nothing. For the money, the Triumph was good Point A to Point B transportation, but that was all that it meant to Hoss: transportation, and nothing more.

It had been three long years since his beautifully restored panhead, the bike that had faithfully kept him in the wind season after season, had been ripped off by some miserable loser. But he never would forget that day.

At the time the bike was snatched, Hoss, Zeek, and the rest of the Tavern Dwellers MC had turned every fly-by-night bike business upside down in search of his beloved pan, but had had no luck in scaring anything up. A big fat zero — zip.

It had taken a while, but Hoss had finally reconciled himself to the fact that his old Harley had taken the midnight train to Georgia. It was like saying adios to a blood relative, but he had said his farewells and pushed the old 74 completely to the back of his mind.

"Hey, check this out, man. Is it the real me, or what?" Zeek had grabbed a leather halter top off a dealer's display table and was holding it up in front of him like a high fashion model. He cocked his head and gave Hoss an exaggerated wink, leering and mugging.

A smile touched the lips of the little cutie behind the table as she watched the clowning around. Zeek was of average height, but skinny as a rail. Hoss, on the other hand, was huge. His 250-pound-body made it hard to decide whether his Fu Manchu was facial hair or tusks. He was one no-shit, imposing, hardcore dude.

"Put it back, ya fuckin' cement-head." Hoss snatched the halter top from Zeek's hands and put it back on the table. He turned to the chick behind the table.

"You'll have to excuse him — he's. . .uh. . .you know." Hoss winked at the girl while pointing to his temple.

"But I'd be willin' to change." Zeek leaned over the table and smiled the most inviting smile he could muster. Somehow, though, his attempt at sensuality came off more like a leer, a lewd, lecherous expression.

Hoss pushed him away from the table with his belly. "We're here for bike parts, Romeo, bike parts. Got it?"

"Gee, that's jolly good, but I don't see too many Triumph parts here, old chap," Zeek said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Eat it," Hoss grunted, again shoving Zeek along.

Once again they resumed their browsing, stopping here and there, comparing parts and prices, talking about what would work together and what wouldn't work.

They were cruisin' down the last row of tables when Hoss stopped dead in his tracks. He felt the blood rush to his head and a hot numbness race through his body as he carefully examined a primered pair of fatbobs lying on the table before him. The veins stood out on his neck.

Zeek glanced at the tanks, then at Hoss. Zeek always knew when Hoss was going to blow a fuse. He got bright red in the face and ears, and quiet and distant like a crazy man. Right now Zeek could read his mind like a book.

The sleazy scavenger behind the table was showing an old generator to a prospective customer, assuring him that it would work, and that for only eighty-five bucks it could be his. The huckster was a puny little runt with a pale face and dark, beady eyes that stood out like cigarette burns on a bed sheet. The guy was a real weasel for sure.

"Hoss, now be cool. You better be sure, man," Zeek whispered "That's all I'm sayin'."

"I'm sure, dammit! These fuckers are mine," Hoss rasped through clenched teeth. He ran his hand over the primered surface of the tanks, then dug a key out of his pocket and scratched lightly at the dull-gray finish. A chocolate-brown color appeared underneath.

"I'll be damned," breathed Zeek. "The stupid shit didn't even bother to strip the old paint off."

"Yeah, and now I'm gonna pop his fuckin' head like a pimple." Zeek grabbed Hoss's arm. "Not here, bro. Too many people. See if you can find out where he lives."

**"Yeah, and now I'm gonna pop his head like a pimple." Zeek grabbed Hoss's arm. "Not here, bro. Too many people. See if you can find out where he lives."**

"Wanna buy 'em?" The ripoff creep behind the table had shifted his attention to Hoss and Zeek, and had caught Hoss unaware.

"Er, ah, I just might," stammered Hoss. "Yeah, I might be interested. They look pretty good. Watchya want fer 'em?"

"Hundert twenty-five, and they're yours." The worm smiled, looking every bit the miserable creep he was.

Hoss glanced at the grimy flake. This little guy has guts anyway, he thought. "A hundred and twenty-five bucks is a little steep, ain't it?" With an effort he returned the smile.

"Hey, I'll tell ya, bro, the tanks are mint, honest. No bondo, and I even primered 'em so they're ready for any flashy paint ya wanna light 'em up with. Can't go wrong."

No bondo, Hoss thought. Right, you dumb punk. I filled dents in both tanks at least ten years ago, and I'm supposed to take your word to the bank? Fat chance, ya little puke. "I'll have to think it over. How much did you pay for 'em anyway?" he asked, still forcing the smile to his face.

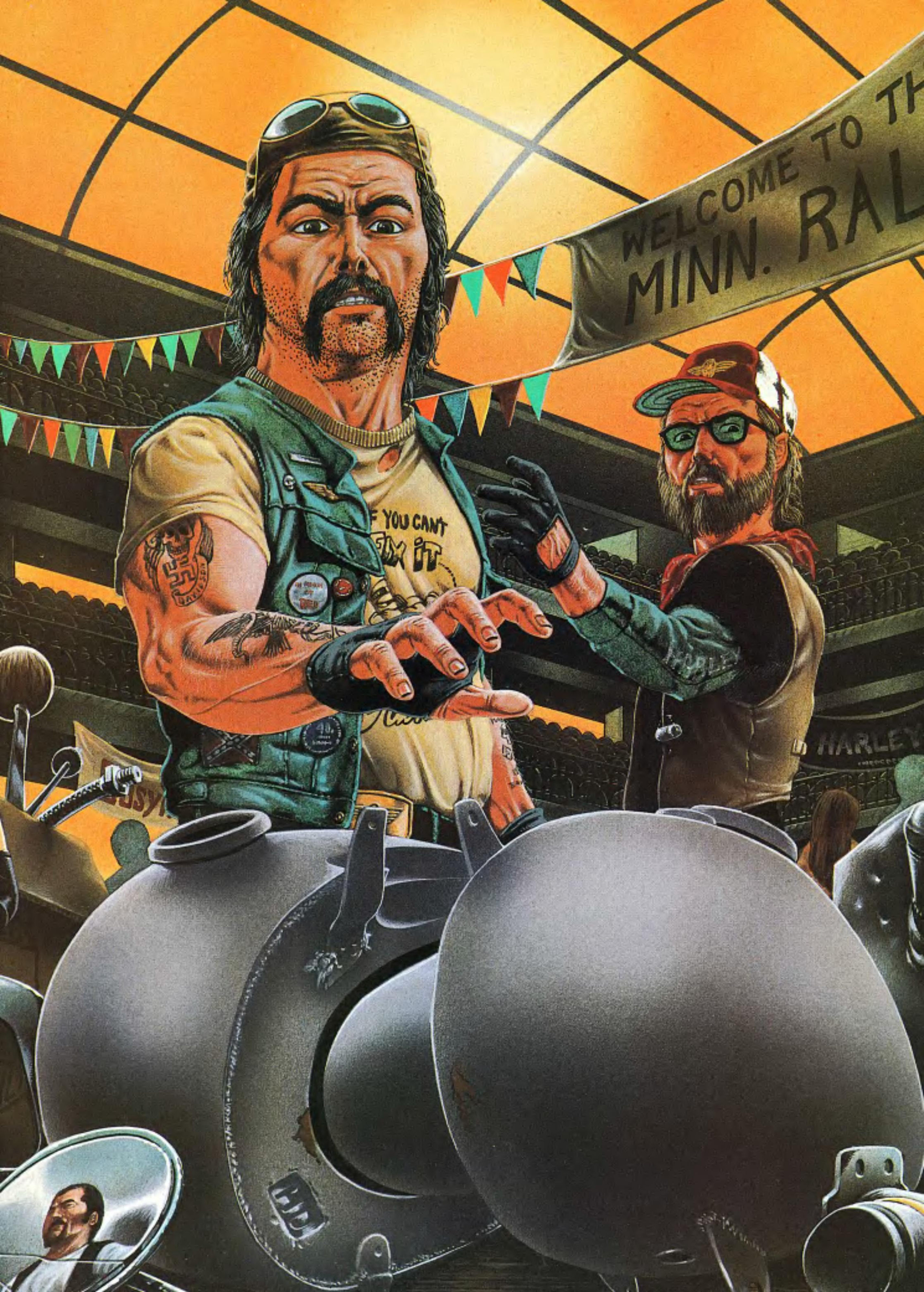
"I didn't buy 'em, man. I took 'em off an old panhead I owned since I was a kid in high school." Another lie, another broad smile. This jerk had his rap down pat.

Hoss cringed. No doubt about it, this limp-dick could lie with the best of 'em.

*Continued on page 114*

by Tom Trautwein

Illustration by Duffy Duggan


WELCOME TO TH
MINN. RAL
F YOU CAN'T
HARLEY

# ITS REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN ISOLATES THE ENGINE FROM THE FRAME.

# ITS AMAZING PERFORMANCE SEPARATES

## INTRODUCING THE FXR. THE NEXT GENERATION.

The FXR Super Glide II® may be the newest model in our line. But it wasn't born yesterday. Unlike all those foreign sport touring bikes that are still wet behind the ears, the FXR grew out of a colorful heritage and years of experience. It is the proud recipient of our best road-tested technology.

But FXR has some very special traits all its own. To begin with, it has a revolutionary frame and chassis design that makes it the best handling motorcycle we've ever built. Then we added road gripping Dunlop tires to make sure you get everything out of it that we put into it.

Another key innovation is the FXR's unique tri-mount chassis system. Maintenance-free elastomer engine mounts isolate the entire rear swing arm, drive train and engine from the rest of the machine. So road shock and vibration are dampened to deliver miles of smooth riding.

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. and recommend you ride with lights and helmet. Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.

# THE MEN FROM THE BOYS.

A new 5-speed transmission delivers loads of usable power and miles of smooth performance. And when it comes to long range cruising comfort, that Harley-Davidson laid back riding position and superb styling, FXR definitely takes after the other members of its family. Naturally, it has exclusive Harley staggered shorty duals, a fat 16″ rear tire and a new one-piece fat bob tank with a new console and gas gauge. It also has a new plush, soft wrinkle seat that flips up for easy access to the oil tank and battery.

The FXR is loaded with far reaching innovations. But also, all the Harley-Davidson heart and soul has been handed down. Immediately FXR was given the biggest production engine made, our massive 80 cu. in. V-Twin. In short, the FXR has inherited the Harley hunger for the open road.

True, FXR has only just arrived. But when you look at all those foreign bikes scrambling for position, FXR is way ahead of them.

The future obviously belongs to Harley-Davidson. The next generation is FXR.

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# Solari Freaks Over Falklands

Fuckin' Haig's too much, man. Two minutes after he arrives in Argentina as ''mediator'' I just hear that the fuckin' Argentines say they ain't gonna run the blockade. I can just imagine how he ''mediated'' the situation. He probably hauled the Argentine president over by the collar and said, ''Hey, you seen 'Evita' too many times or what? You fuckin' call this thing off or we're gonna fuckin' draw a nuclear trench from one end of this fuckin' pancreas-on-the-map to the other.''

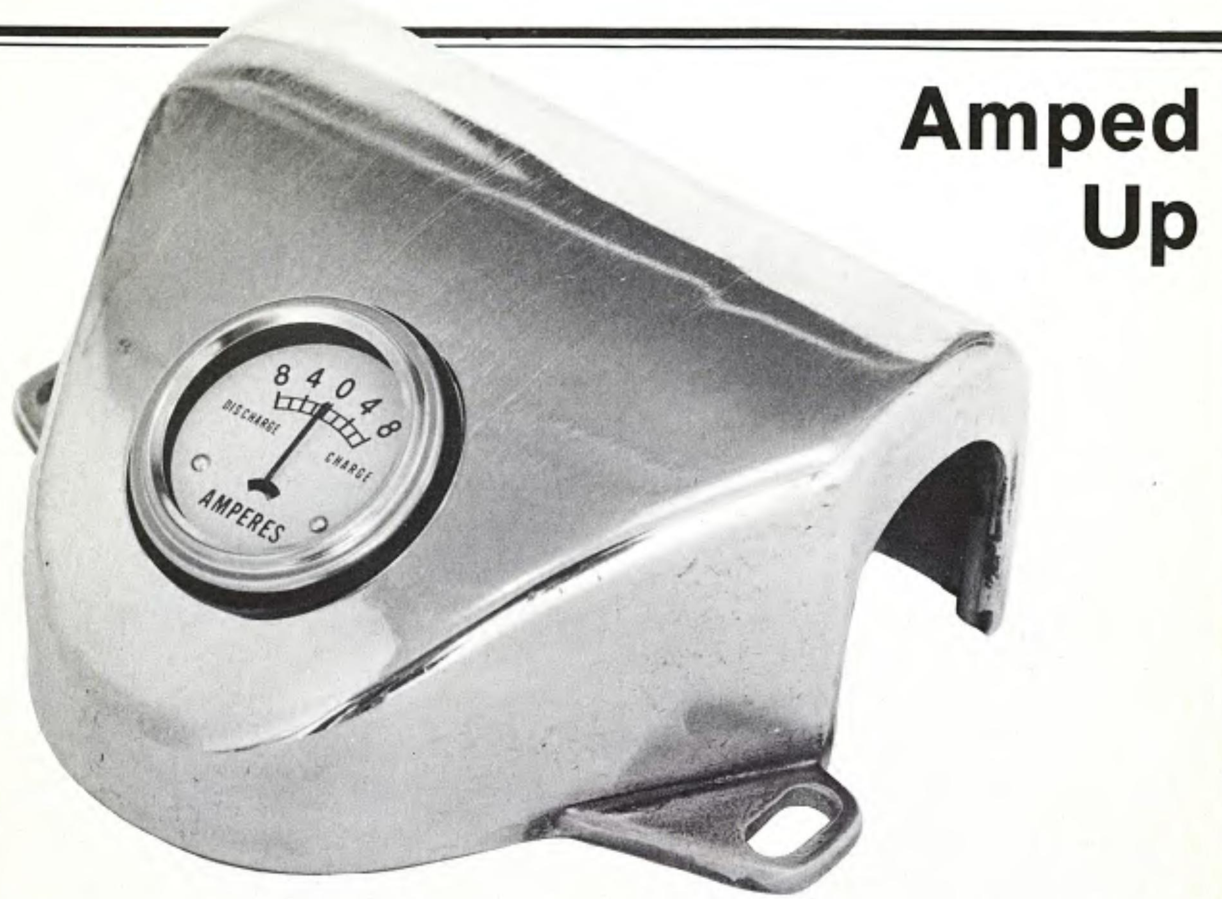
Fuckin' coffee-beaners musta really been suckin' on the ol' weed 'n' tequila or fuckin' Aztec stew, or whatever-thefuck they use down there when they fuckin' decided they were gonna launch themselves into fuckin' history. The fuckin' Argentinean Empire makes its move.

I bet I fuckin' know what really happened—all them fuckin' Nazis from WWII who have been collecting down there since who knows fucking when decided the time was right to launch the Fourth Fucking Reich. Falkland sounded enough like Poland, and it had enough limeys on it to make up for the earlier postponement of the invasion of Britain in the '40s, so whatdafuck, they figured they'd go for it. They probably got the Argentines all liquored up and convinced them that they'd be the new Mussolinis once things got rolling again. Next they'll probably convince the Peruvians that they're the new Japanese and have them launch a sneak air attack on the Galapagos Islands. Anyhow, something convinced those gauchos they were part of the 20th Century, so they fuckin' launch a war against Great Britain, which everybody does, sooner or later, but sooner or later everybody always gets stomped for it—except the American Colonies, and fuck, they were all limeys anyway. Fuckin' British have been clankin' swords at people since the fuckin' 1100s, and how many times have the fuckin' Argentineans set fuckin' sail to conquer the world? They musta been on some mean shit, man, when they got this banana up their ass.

—J. J. Solari

Illustration by Matt Foster

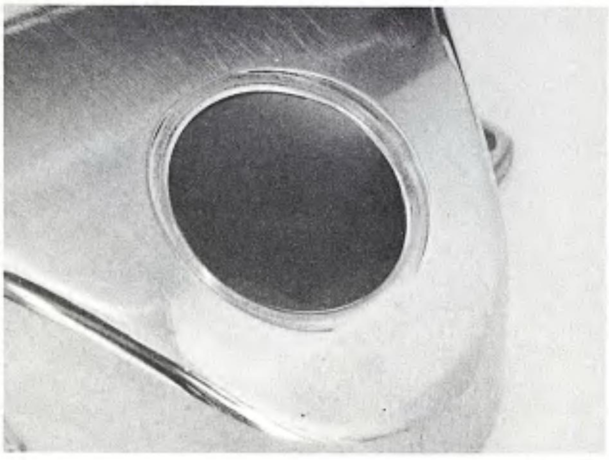
# Amped Up




I get all kinds of tech tip ideas in the mail. Some show up with the idea drawn on cardboard with an explanation on how it's supposed to work, while others come through the idea in with cold, hard metal. Generally, of course, it's a lot easier to understand an idea with the part in your hands to fondle and check out.

This tech tip was sent to us by Bob Layman, Oakland, Calif. Bob is into good-running scooters, riding with the least amount of hassles. The one area he thinks Harley-Davidson has overlooked on their scooters is the battery charging system. Sure, the factory put idiot lights on their big twins for a number of years, but they only tell you when something is screwed up. There isn't any warning before a screw-up. Bob thought an ampere gauge was needed, and I agree.

An ampere gauge will show when something is starting to go south and will give you plenty of time to catch the problem before it turns into big dollars. For example, the ampere gauge would tell you when your battery is low on water. It works like this: When you first fire up your scooter the ampere gauge should register a healthy charge rate, but this charge rate should drop back to just above zero once the battery is at full charge. If the battery is low on water, the ampere gauge will maintain a high rate of charge — which also means a higher amount of heat. This heat could warp the plates and case, causing the battery to stop functioning way before its time, leaving the scoot dead and you facing another $60 price tag.



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Bob, being an enterprising bro, looked over his bike for a spot to mount an ampere gauge where it would be easy to read. The photos show the final resting spot, in the handlebar clamp cover on the front end. The finished product looks factory. This is no hole-saw special; the operation is carried out on a mill. First, the hole is bored through the cover, then the area around the hole is faced off so the gauge sits flat and solid.

If you are interested in an ampere gauge setup like this one, it can be yours for $35, with an exchange cover. Write Bob Layman at 4125 Mera St., Oakland, Calif. 94601.

—Wrench

# SHORT RIDE

**Their men were slogging through Europe for God and Country, their gasoline was rationed and their irreplaceable-for-the-duration tires were balding, but it would've taken a hell of a lot more than that to keep these bikin' Bettys down. It's easy, in these high-speed, multi-cylinder days, to think that free-spirited ballsy ladies proudly able to navigate the asphalt on their own bikes are an invention of the 70s and 80s.**

**Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. Wild-eyed, wind-lovin' women have always been with us, and as you'll see in the story below, they have long been able to party down with the best. —Awestruck**

Work was finally over for the week. Time to get ready for the run of the season, the only official club run of the season. Everything had been perfect — the weather had been right all week and was supposed to be good tomorrow.

It was time to go home and make sure the '41 knucklehead was running properly; there really wasn't any doubt, of course — it had been to work every day. It had to be running right since it was the only transportation and had been on every run this year, too.

Everything was packed: change of clothes, matches, lunch, and the skates. It seemed almost foolish to go through so much preparation for a 40-mile ride each way.

Linda walked in just as she finished. "You all set, Hazel?" Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "Ruthie's three-wheeler is out of the shop and she's going."

"Beautiful," Hazel replied. "It wouldn't be as much fun without the trike." Hazel was visibly excited — and why not — everybody's bike was running. It promised to be a lot of fun.

When Hazel got up, the first thing she did

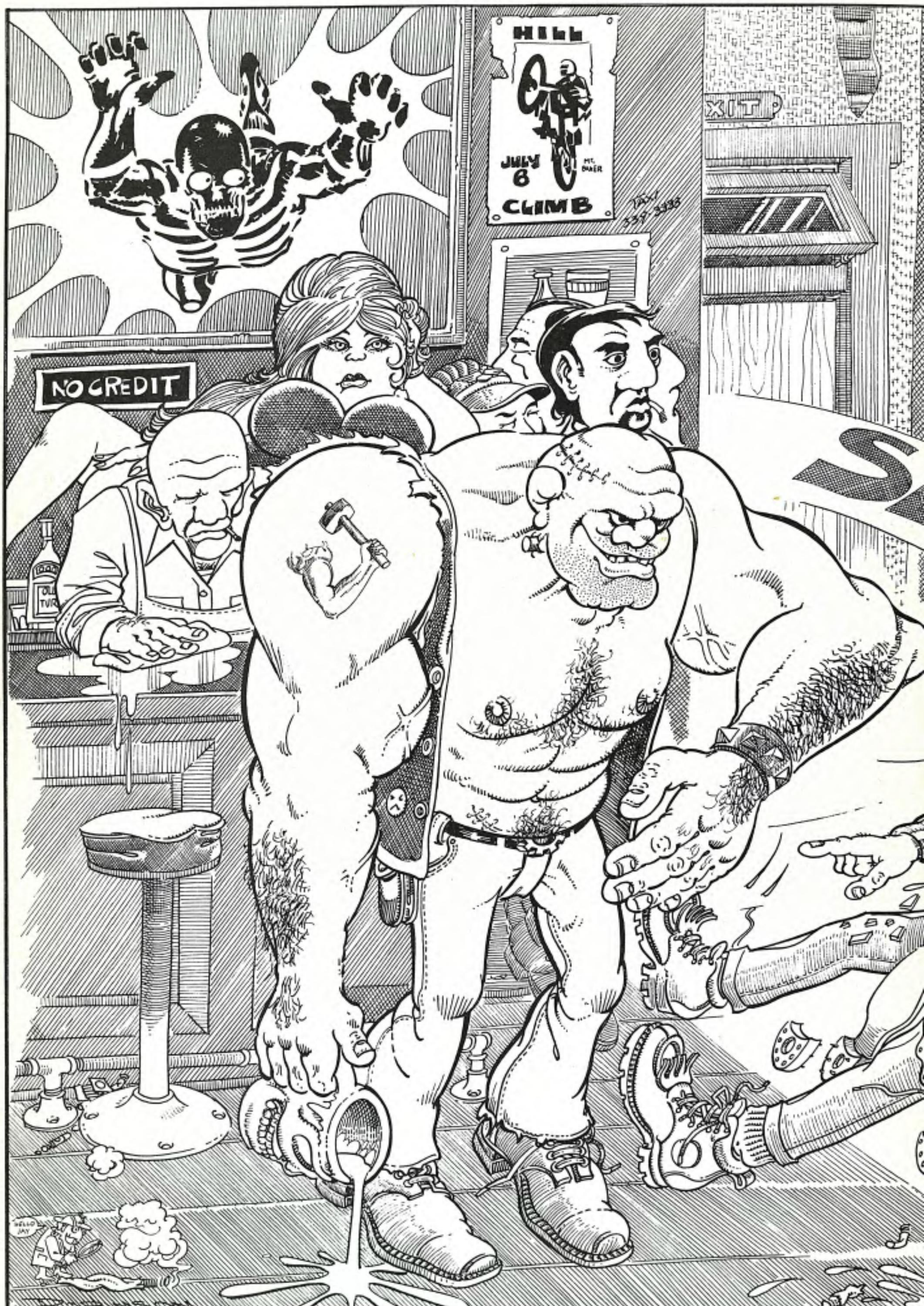
Photos from Richard St. Peter

was check the outside temperature. It was 28 degrees, and after five days of below-freezing temperatures and no snow on the roads, there would be no hazards.

Three kicks and the 61 came to life. Linda pulled up on her 80. They would meet the rest of the club at the shop. A motorcycle on the road wasn't uncommon, even in freezing January weather, but 31 Maids riding in formation for recreation was. It was the winter of 1944, and the Rhode Island chapter of the Motor Maids was having its annual ice skating party at Johnson's Pond.

The best part was when Ruth put her three-wheeler on the ice. Three or four girls would hold on while she got it as fast as the 45 would go, then turn, leaving the skaters sailing down the ice at 25mph. The only drawback was when the skaters ran out of ice. Then you'd go ass-over-teakettle as your skates hit land. After a day of skating and telling stories by the fire, they would get ready and leave before sunset, when the temperature would drop below zero.

—As told to Richard St. Peter by his mother


HILL CLIMB
JULY 6
MT. BAKER
NO CREDIT
HELLO JAY

# TOUGHEST BIKER IN TOWN

by
Rapper

The signal light turned green. I popped the '57 pan I called Trouble into first and crossed the intersection. The air was warm and clear and traffic was at a minimum. It was a great day for puttin'.

I was on my way to a bar called Charlie's Place, the last of a string of bars I had listed to visit while in town. A place known for action, good burgers, wild women, and righteous bikers.

It was Saturday, the thirty-first, the last weekend of a month-long vacation. Tomorrow I'd strap down my road gear and head for home. Today was my last day to research my project, my last day to party, my last day to find The Man.

I could see Charlie's Place up ahead, clearly marked by its clientele. Seven or eight choppers were backed in toward the entrance. I wheeled in, put my headband in my back pocket, lit a cigarette, and headed for the door.

"The last one," I said to myself. "The end of the line." Soon no more game-playing, question-asking, or harassment. No more suspicions, threats, or bullshit. And no more free beer. I walked through the open door, removed my shades, and found an empty stool.

The bartender gave me a thorough once-over before taking my order. I felt as though he had put me under a damned microscope and was contemplating ripping my wings off. The feeling was not new to me. Lately, I had been receiving more than my share of curious stares all over town.

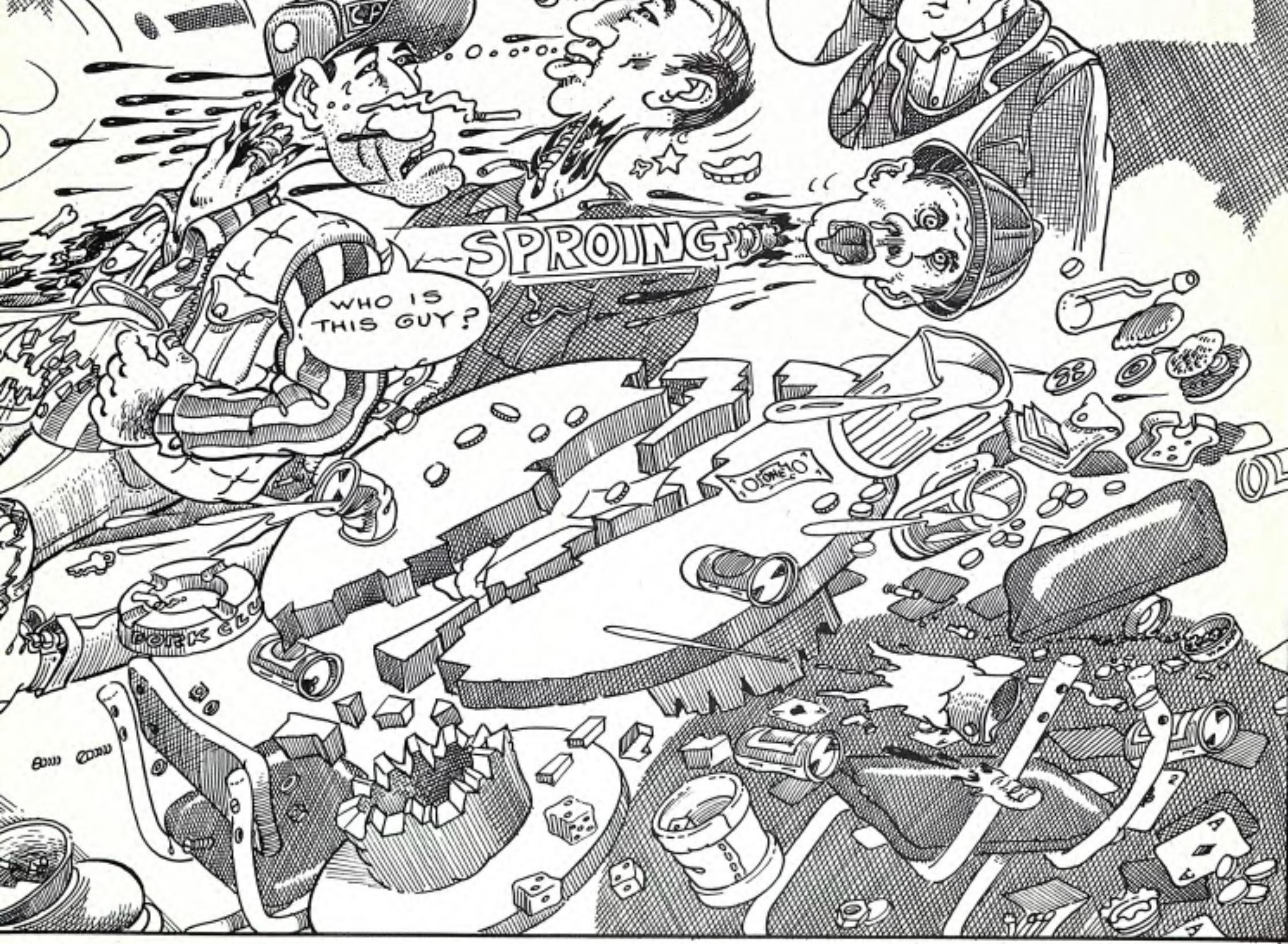
Finally, the bartender's tightened gazed turned blank. "What're ya havin'?" he seemed to shout. "Do you have Bud in the bottle?" I asked quietly. He appeared to be thinking for a moment, then said, "Used to, but the fucker pulled an A.R. a while back. Now he's in the can." He laughed until his whole body shook, the rest of the bar's patrons joining in. Even I had to admit it was a pretty good one and shared in the laughter.

Finally, he copped to having Budweiser in bottles and brought one to me. "Glass?" I said no and chugged a few long-awaited swallows.

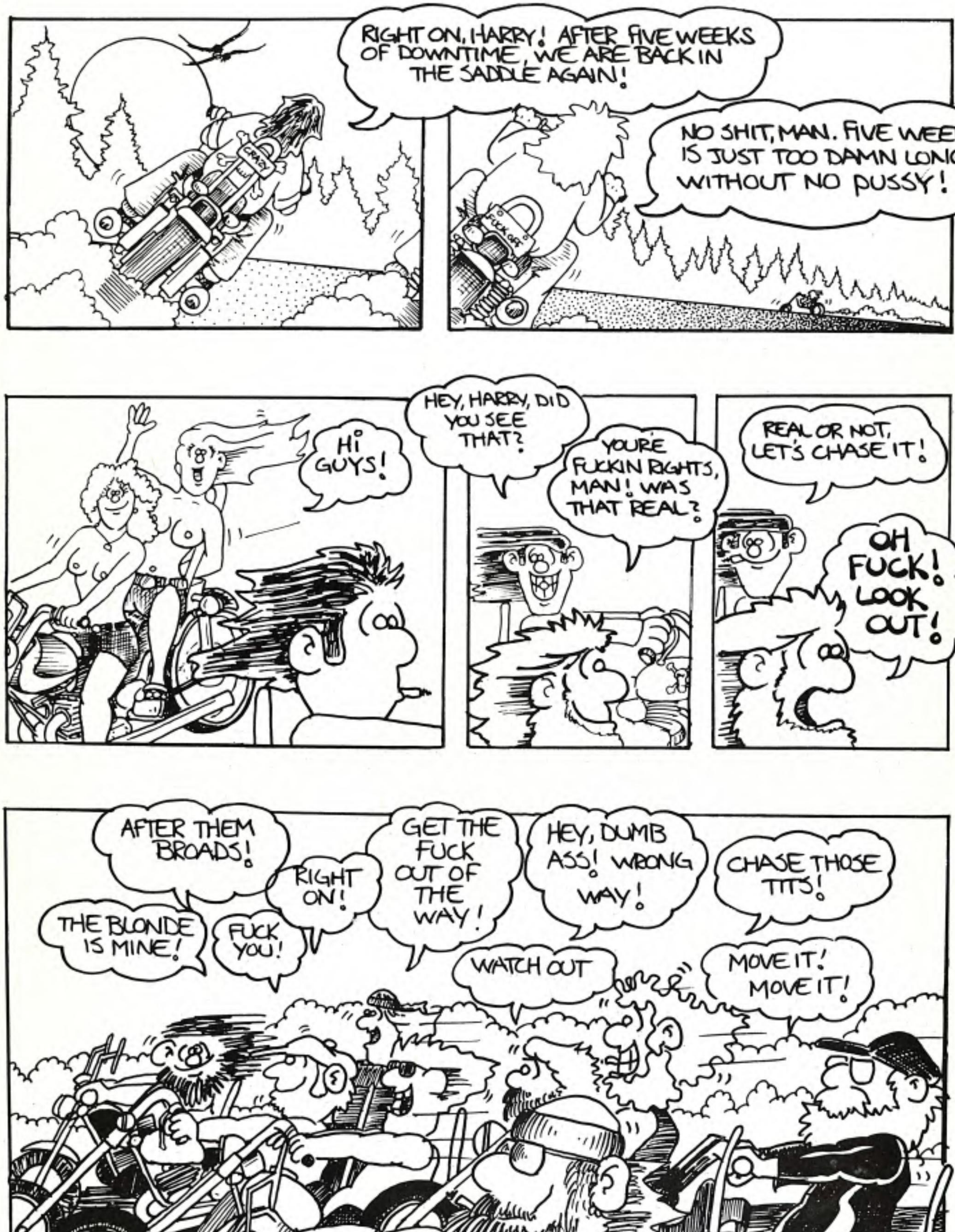
The bar looked like the loser of a war with a hurricane, or perhaps a tornado. Whichever it fought, it lost bad. Cigarette butts, gum wrappers, even a few rolling papers were strewn on the floor. The windows and the long mirror behind the bar were yellowed from smoke and filthy from neglect. I saw a large cockroach or a small rat ducking under some newapapers near the end of the bar. Surprisingly, the counter top itself was clean and shining.

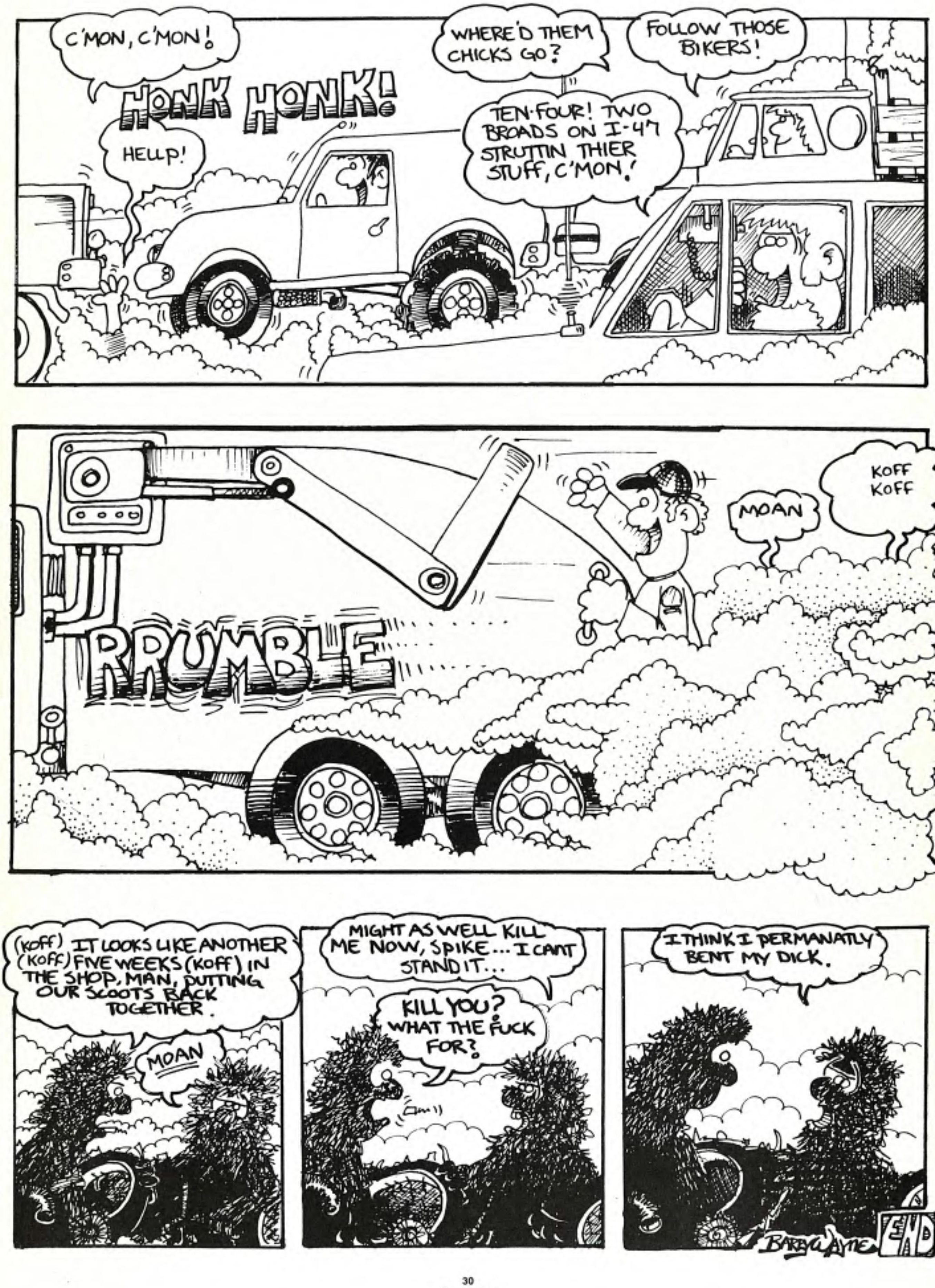
I signaled the keep to bring

*Continued on page 84*



SPIKE & HARRY
CRAZYRIDERS
BY BARRY WAYNE ©1981
BRAP BRAAAAP!
LET ME PUT MY TOOLS AWAY, BRO--- AND I'M READY TO JAM!
C'MON, SPIKE! THEM CHICKS AINT GONNA COME TO US, MAN!
OKAY, BABY, FIRE UP, NOW, FIRST KICK...
C'MON
BRAP
SPUTTER
SPUTTER
PUT PUT PUT
PUT (CHOKE)
PUT PUT
RIGHT FUCKING ON
CLICK
BAROOOOOMBA!!
YEEEEEEEEHAW!!
GROWL!
FUCK OFF
1


RIGHT ON, HARRY! AFTER FIVE WEEKS OF DOWNTIME, WE ARE BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN!
NO SHIT, MAN. FIVE WEEKS IS JUST TOO DAMN LONG WITHOUT NO PUSSY!
Hi GUYS!
HEY, HARRY, DID YOU SEE THAT?
YOU'RE FUCKIN RIGHTS, MAN! WAS THAT REAL?
REAL OR NOT, LET'S CHASE IT!
OH FUCK! LOOK OUT!
AFTER THEM BROADS!
THE BLONDE IS MINE!
FUCK YOU!
RIGHT ON!
GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY!
HEY, DUMB ASS! WRONG WAY!
CHASE THOSE TITS!
WATCH OUT
MOVE IT! MOVE IT!
Continued on next page


C'MON, C'MON!
HONK HONK!
HELLP!
WHERE'D THEM CHICKS GO?
TEN-FOUR! TWO BROADS ON I-47 STRUTTIN THIER STUFF, C'MON!
FOLLOW THOSE BIKERS!
RRUMBLE
MOAN
KOFF KOFF
(KOFF) IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER (KOFF) FIVE WEEKS (KOFF) IN THE SHOP, MAN, PUTTING OUR SCOOTS BACK TOGETHER.
MOAN
MIGHT AS WELL KILL ME NOW, SPIKE... I CANT STAND IT...
KILL YOU? WHAT THE FUCK FOR?
I THINK I PERMANATLY BENT MY DICK.
BARRY WAYNE
END

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B

C

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E

F

G

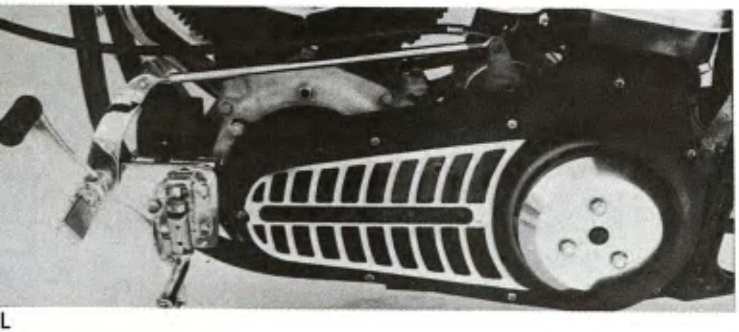
M

J

H

I

**E.) Chrome LowRider Dash, $29.95,** Gold Plated, **$49.95. Rubber Gap Filler, $7.95. F.)** These fuckers are neat soft foam with chrome ends, fits all Hawgs, **$18.95. G.) '73 & later Tailight Lens, $8.95, & Chrome Cover $6.95. H.) Glass Tombstone Lens,** with Blue Dot Graffitti shit, **$19.95. I.) Summer Shortys.** These are great fer ridin' Velcro strap. **S-M-L-XL, $19.95. J.) Bandanas.** Specify #1 Freedom Machine, #2 Freedom Machine, #3 Hawg Power, #4 Fuck Scarf **$3.95** ea. **K.) Baseball Caps.** Specify #1 or #2 **$6.95 L.) H-D 74 & 80 Belt Drive Cover.** This fucker 'ill change yer Hawgs look. Black **$99.95.** Polished **$129.95. Aluminum Clutch Dome. $36.95. Forward Controls.** Brake side is for rear mounted master cyl. $159.95 M.) Master Cylinder Covers. Fit all Hawgs, 1972 thru '81. Specify **A.B.C.D.E.F.G;** or **H.** Plain chrome (not shown) **$9.95** ea.



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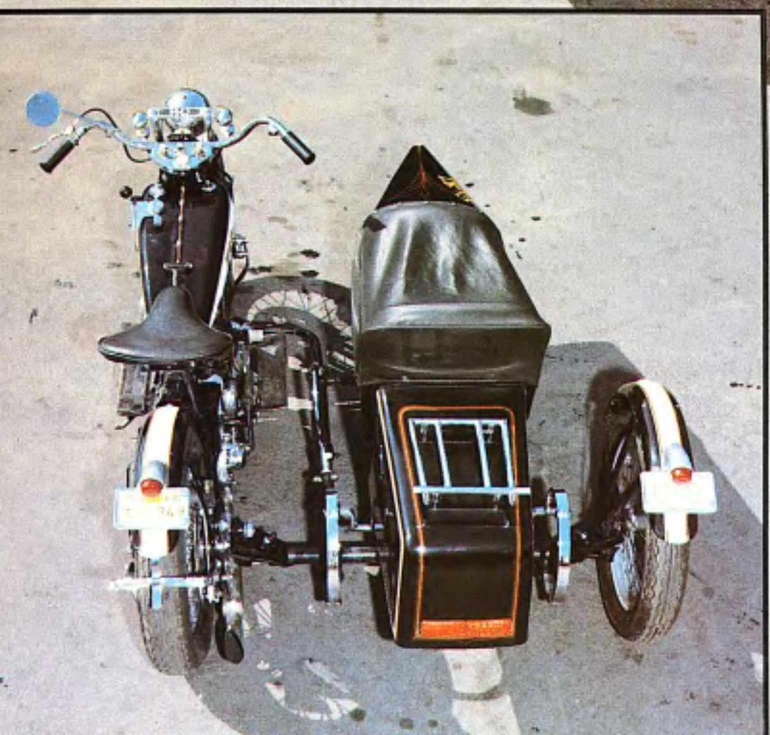
# TWO MORE



No, you are not hallucinating — there are two JDs in this feature. Lance painted both scooters, using the same Imron color scheme. Then he called upon pin-striper extraordinaire Jimmy Duboyce to put his magic touch on both bikes and sidehacks.

If you've done your homework, then you've seen both of these gentlemen gracing the pages of this magazine before. By the time this issue reaches the newsstands, they will

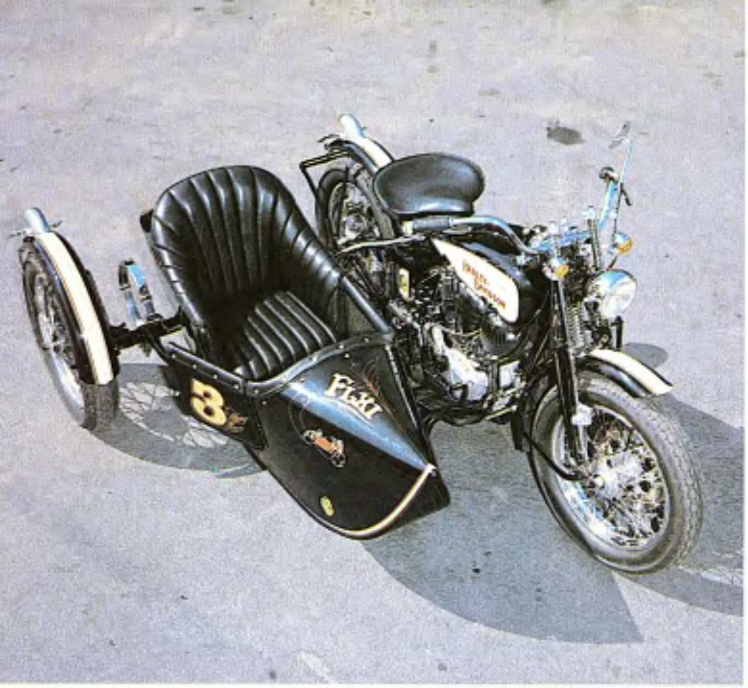
# TIMES

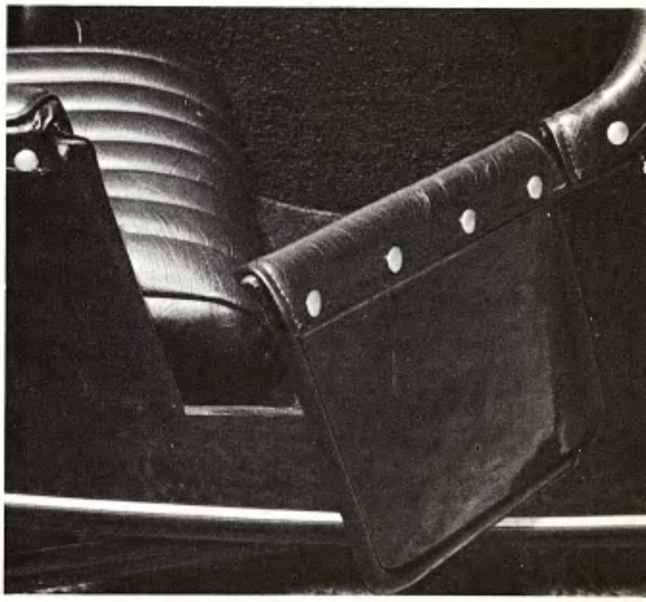
have ridden these same bikes to the 41st running of the Sturgis Motorcycle Classic and back. Riding along with them on a knucklehead will be Bob Ross of Motorcycles Only, from Gardena, California. As you look at the sidecars, you will notice that they're not exactly the same, because parts for these bodies are hard to find (as you can well imagine). John's tub has a handmade luggage rack just the right size for a small ice cooler. He made the knock-off hubs by

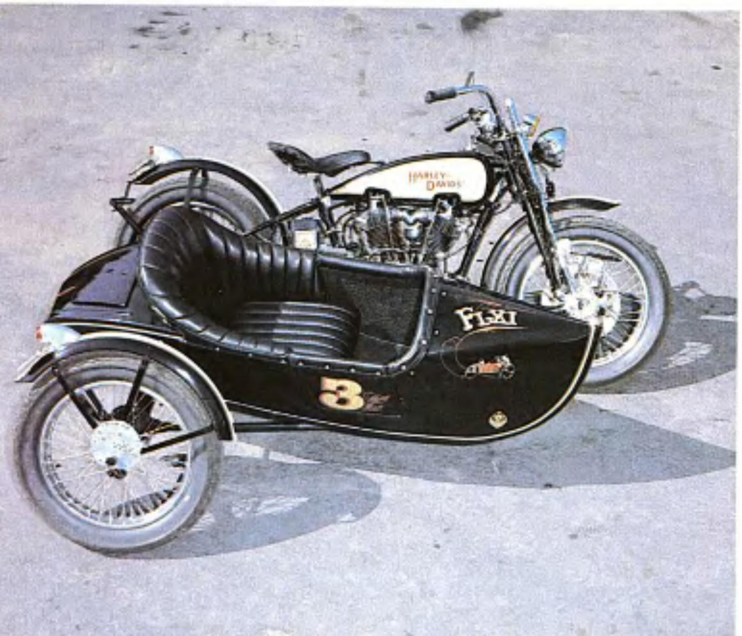
using bunghole plugs from a 55-gallon drum. There are too many handmade items to list — you'll just have to pick them out for yourselves.

John and Lance's love for motorcycles runs deep in their veins. John has campaigned on the salts of Bonneville, the "old" Big Bear races, the Catalina race, and numerous hillclimbs aboard JDs. In fact, his nickname is JD John. Lance raced and won the Jack Pine Class B in 1955.

Both of these gents have some of the finest restorations in the nation. And they didn't buy them, mister — they built them up from bare frames. Of course, they always have some help from their friends — but after all, what are brothers for? If this sounds a bit like hero-worship, you're right. Any dudes their age who are still riding and





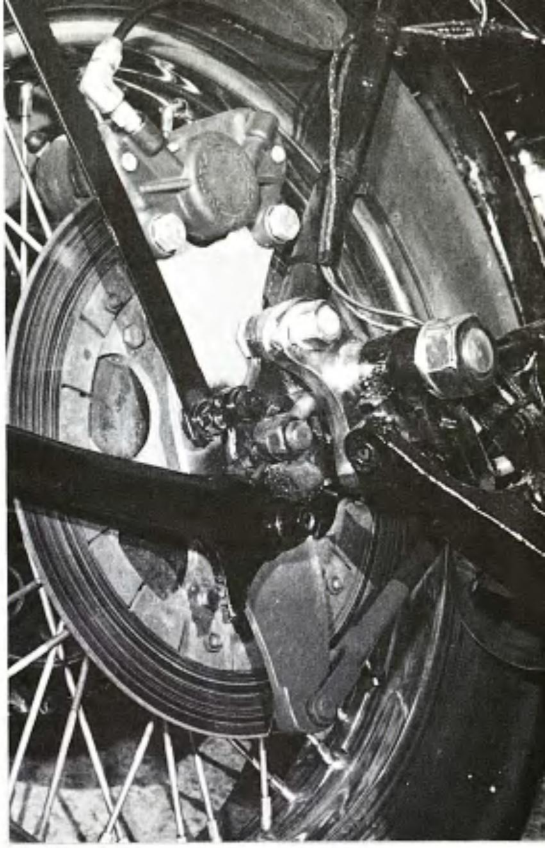


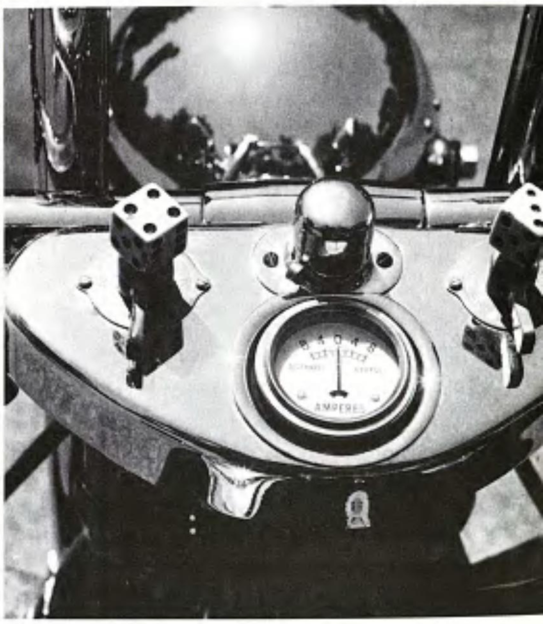
building scooters deserve all the credit they can get. They're not shit-talkers; they are men of action who enjoy life to the fullest.

I asked Lance what he carried inside the trapdoor in his tub. He told me he totes all the tools to completely overhaul the motor, if need be. He also packs a grease gun for the rocker arms, three quarts of oil, a small Coleman stove, a little can of gas for the stove, salt, pepper, sugar, frying pans, spatula, and a roll of paper towels. No toilet paper? Naw, he says he just uses twigs.

A little history on these sidecars was gleaned from books borrowed from Lance and John. The Flxible Sidecar Company located in Loudonville, Ohio, offered seven different models: the Exclo, Resto, Scout, Premier (John's), Rambler, Speedster (Lance's), and the Roadster. The first of their

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Owner:** John Cameron | **City:** La Mirada, Calif. | |
| **General** | **Frame** | |
| Fabrication by: owner | Year: 1926 | |
| Year and make: 1926 Harley | Builder: Harley-Davidson | |
| Model: JDH two-cam | Type: JD/rigid | |
| Value: none | Rake: stock | |
| Assembly by: owner | Stretch: none | |
| Time: one year | Other alterations: shortened two inches | |
| Chroming by: | **Accessories** | |
| **Engine** | Bars: built by owner | |
| Year: 1926 | Risers: none | |
| Model: JDH two-cam | Fender(s): M.C. Supply | |
| Rebuilder: Motorcycles Only | Headlight: M.C. Supply | |
| Ignition: stock | Taillight: Crocker | |
| Displacement: 88 cu. in. | Speedo: how fast | |
| Lower end: 4¾ flywheels | Front pegs: floorboards | |
| Balancing: Motorcycles Only | Rear pegs: raised in rear | |
| Pistons: Harley 74 overhead | Electrics: old | |
| Cases: stock | Gas tank: big tanks | |
| Heads: one-piece heads/cylinder | Oil tank: in left gas tank | |
| Cam(s): Harley two-cam | Oil system: total-loss | |
| Lifters: solid | Primary cover: stock | |
| Carb(s): Linkert | Seat: stock | |
| Air cleaner: 1928 Harley | Sissybar: none | |
| Pipes: ¼ size over stock | Height: 29 in. | |
| Muffler(s): homemade | Material: mild steel | |
| **Transmission** | **Forks** | |
| Modifications: 4-speed gears installed | Type: 1926 stock | |
| Year: 1936 | Extension: none | |
| Shifting: hand | Builder: Harley | |
| Engine sprocket: 18 | Special features: military braces | |
| Trans sprocket: 27 | **Wheels** | |
| Wheel sprocket: 36 | **Front** | **Rear** |
| **Painting** | Size: 18 | Size: 18 |
| Molding: not needed | Hub: Esso | Hub: stock |
| Painter: Tidwell | Rim width: 3¼ in. | Rim width: 3¼ in. |
| Color: black | Tire: Michelin | Tire: Michelin |
| Type: Imron | Brake: Hurst disc | Brake: Hurst disc |
| Special paint: striping by Jimmie DuBoyce | | |
| Other special modifications: 1922 FLXI sidecar, Premier body | | |

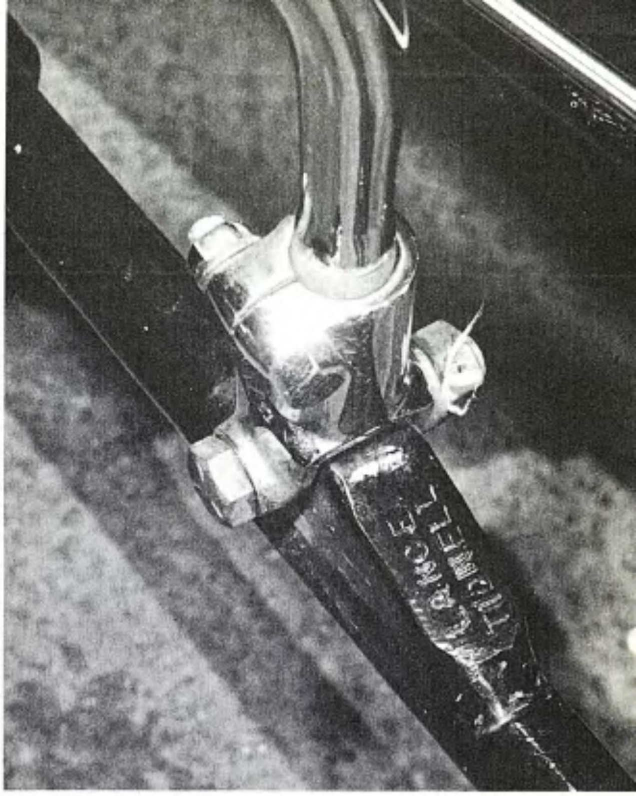




patented cars were manufactured in 1916. They made models to fit 1917 Harley, Indic Ace, Henderson, Reading Standard, and Excelsior motorcycles. They offered sideca that could be mounted on the left side of th bikes, as well as two-passenger hacks.

The advantage of these beauties was th they could be ridden two ways. With the sidebrace bar in place, it made the third wheel rigid, like conventional sidecars no To make it flex, you simply removed one small cotter pin and rotated the sidebrace bar back out of your way — and voila, you were ready to lean into a curve, no longer

| Owner: Lance Tidwell | City: Long Beach, Calif. | |
|---|---|---|
| **General** | **Frame** | |
| Fabrication by: owner | Year: 1926 | |
| Year and make: 1926 Harley | Builder: H-D | |
| Model: JDH two-cam | Type: rigid | |
| Value: not for sale | Rake: stock | |
| Assembly by: owner | Stretch: none | |
| Time: one year | Other alterations: checked | |
| Chroming by: Wally | **Accessories** | |
| **Engine** | Bars: handmade | |
| Year: 1926 | Risers: none | |
| Model: JDH | Fender(s): M.C. Supply | |
| Rebuilder: owner | Headlight: M.C. Supply | |
| Ignition: battery | Taillight: Crocker | |
| Displacement: 74 cu. in. | Speedo: zip | |
| Lower end: stock | Front pegs: floorboards | |
| Balancing: Motorcycles Only | Rear pegs: none | |
| Pistons: H-D | Electrics: 6-volt Harley | |
| Cases: stock | Gas tank: oversized | |
| Heads: one-piece heads/cylinder | Oil tank: stock | |
| Cam(s): factory racing | Oil system: total-loss | |
| Lifters: stock | Primary cover: stock | |
| Carb(s): 1¼ Schebler | Seat: stock | |
| Air cleaner: 1928 Harley | Sissybar: fender struts | |
| Pipes: handmade | Height: stock | |
| Muffler(s): Funley handmade | Material: Harley steel | |
| **Transmission** | **Forks** | |
| Modifications: 4-speed | Type: H-D | |
| Year: 1935 VL | Extension: none | |
| Shifting: hand | Builder: owner | |
| Engine sprocket: 18 | Special features: none | |
| Trans sprocket: 44 | **Wheels** | |
| Wheel sprocket: 48 | **Front** | **Rear** |
| **Painting** | Size: 18 | Size: 18 |
| Molding: a little | Hub: Esso | Hub: 1926 H-D |
| Painter: owner | Rim width: 3¼ in. | Rim width: 3¼ in. |
| Color: black and white | Tire: 400x18 | Tire: 450x18 |
| Type: Imron | Brake: disc | Brake: disc |
| Special paint: striping by Jimmie DuBoyce | | |
| Other special modifications: 1922 FLXI sidecar, Speedster body | | |



Photos by Pete Chiodo

having to worry that the car was going to lift up on you. You simply rode it into a curve as you would a two-wheeler. The fact is that Flxible was ahead of the times. Too bad they went out of the sidecar business in 1920.

Just checking out the price list gave a few of us heart attacks. Imagine paying $12 for a complete wheel-less tire, or $1.75 for a hub. The rims could be ordered either in 28x3 or 26x3, for $1.75 each. When old-timers talk about the good old days, I'm sure this is what they have in mind. What you don't hear however, is that the average wage was less than a dollar an hour. —Rip

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# Biker's Digest

**Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags**

### True Enthusiast

With his disdain for a coat and tie, Willie G. Davidson hardly looks like a corporate executive. But he is, and he's more lovingly involved with his work than the majority of company vice presidents you'll find. That's because of the nature of his work; he's a motorcyclist through and through. So if you see this bearded, bespectacled fellow astride a Harley, you might say "Hi" to him.

—*American Motorcyclist*

### Ripoffs

The California Attorney General's office published statistics last year showing that a Volkswagen owner in California who takes his Bug to a mechanic for a tune-up has a 60-percent chance of being charged for unnecessary parts or labor. In other words, it's more likely than not that a mechanic will either attempt a ripoff or be so incompetent he doesn't know the difference between servicing and swindling. If this is so for Beetles, can it be otherwise for bikes?

—L. Mark Lussky
*Motorcyclist*

### Ridin' In Rain

"Sure, but what do you do when it rains?" If you and I had a nickel for every time some leering jerk asked us that, we'd have enough dough to keep 'em away from us forever.

Neither the leer nor the question is too far wrong, of course; your own instant survey will tell you that most riders simply park their bikes when the skies open, opting — if they have the choice — for something warm and dry to take to work. It's too bad, too, because rain is okay. . .

Simply put, when it rains, anyone who can, usually avoids driving or riding. Thus the road population is promptly thinned, as you always wish it would be when you're stuck behind an endless line of traffic on some sunstruck holiday. Rain brings you your wish.

— *Cycle Guide*

### Sledgehammer Blows

. . .To be successful in the 1980s, a manufacturer must produce something that *is* new and is *perceived* as new. Yamaha understood this proposition first; designers dressed up an old motorcycle in new and different clothes, the Yamaha XS650 twin, and finally created a new motorcycle in different clothes, the 750 Virago.

Honda engineers started with empty drafting tables — and blood in their eye; the result is *new*, staggeringly new. You want a freshly minted engine, a copy of nothing and similar to nothing before? Well, have this v-four with four overhead camshafts, 16 valves, water-cooling, six speeds, and shaft drive. You'd have to be blind and deaf to miss the newness of this motorcycle. You want a styling motif in cruiser mode, Milwaukee-esque, something with a dense, industrial look in the engine compartment, something that looks like it could repel sledgehammer blows?

—*Cycle*

### Foolproof System

Picking BS out of ma zines, newspapers, televis or racing stories around parts counter is still an ir vidual task. . .

To help determine f from fiction, there's a dev called a BS detector. Th come in all sizes and pric from simple devices used home to the industri strength commercial mod As in any sensitive test equ ment, it's the operation t is more critical than machine.

Ours looks like a sn copper cowbell. It w brought back from the Ja Pine Enduro a couple years ago. It's portab lightweight, nearly unbre able, and remarkably ac rate. When an outland claim is encountered, wh power is tripled, when discomforts are remov when cloudy skies turned blue by a sim device that isn't explain we pick up the BS detec shake it, and if it rings, know we've just heard ge ine BS.

—*Cycle Wo*

### Heavy Shit?

. . .After smoking a doo some users refuse to tak bite of anything, know that it is almost impossi to stop, and they'll go themselves. Some anim being tested have actu eaten themselves to de after inhaling marijua smoke for several hours.

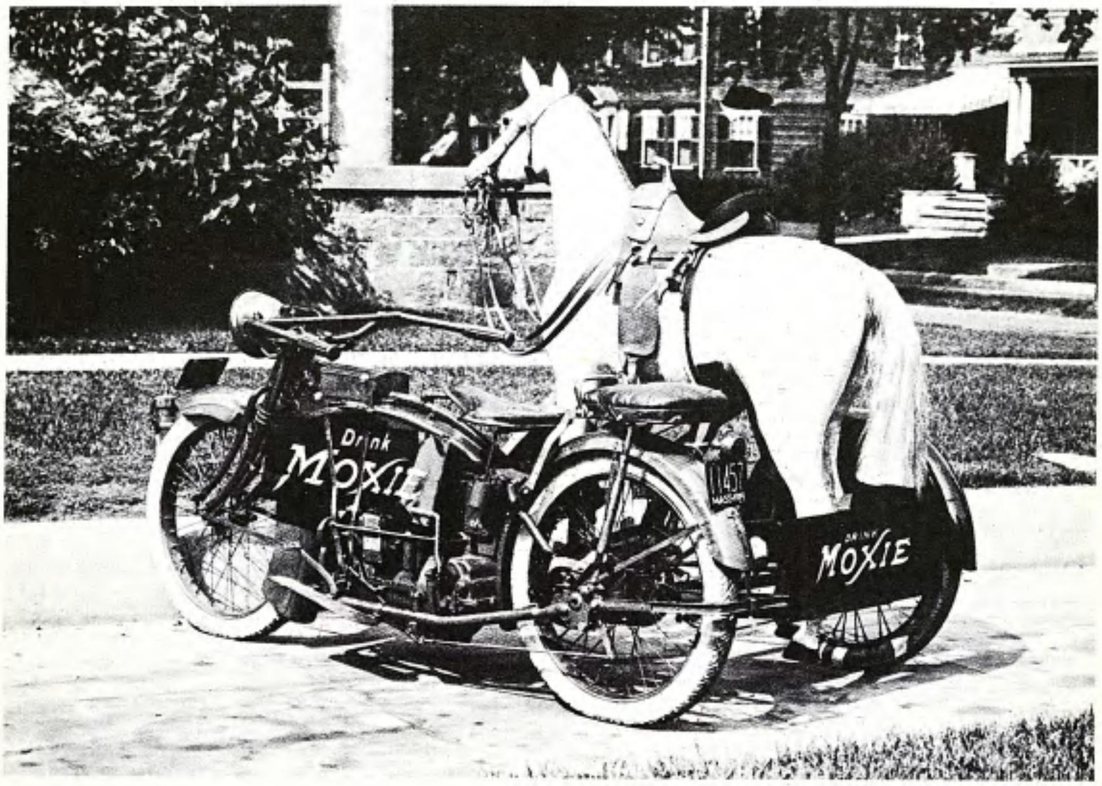
—*Supercy*

### No Help

. . .I have found that th are some people who will come involved in any cau because of the challenge, a there are other folks w wouldn't fight the gove ment if they outlawed s It's just human nature.

The biggest problem that the people who work hard to keep motorcycling a free way of life by busti their butts working with t AMA, ABATE, the MMA, a the hundreds of other bi associations are so close the problem they can't see They think because th work so hard, that all oth bikers should at least something to help, and wh they don't, the workers g pissed off.

—Bob Bitch
*Chopper*




# Rufus Helps Out?

Yeah, ol' Ruf lets us use his specially-designed sidehack to haul him around in when we have to get copies of the rag to the Pony Express office.

He snivels about it — but being the secret chairman of the board, he has the best interests of the readers in mind. So he'll let the equine use it, but he'll never let the horse types the staff fools around with near it — he does have class, ya know.

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*Do you plan to customize it?* ______ *What do you like best about Easyriders* magazine? ______

*"During the drive to his new place, Dummy sat with his head out the window, feeling the wind in his face for the first time in his life. Anyone closely studying the way the wind bared his teeth might have realized that only an unusual dog grins broadly with that much relief and joy."*

# Dummy

by Carl Kohler

"Meet Killer!" announced a grinning Footpeg, gently dumping the splay-footed puppy onto the ruined surface of the dining-room table. "The bros and me found the little bastard in a big carton, along with ten more jist like him, when we wuz shortcuttin' through an alley! So we divided them up."

"Aw, shit," mumbled Tits. "Ain't we got enough pissin' and shittin' going on around this place with four nosepickers, all under the age of seven?"

Footpeg frowned. "Ya don't unnerstand, ya dumb cunt. Killer is the runt of the fuckin' litter."

Tits shrugged, unimpressed. "Okay, so he eats less."

Footpeg's shaggy head shook slowly in wonderment. "Ya still don't dig it, ya stupid broad. Bein' the runt of the litter means he's the best. He's gonna grow up to be the smartest fuckin' thing that ever snarled, growled, or moved on four fuckin' feet. I ain't shittin' ya."

"I'm fuckin' thrilled," she said coldly. "He's jist what every overworked homemaker needs — a smartassed pooch. He'll really compensate for a busted washer/dryer and a sick cage that only sometimes makes it back from the laundromat and all the fuckin' faucets around this lash-up that have the drizzlin' shits."

"He'll loyally perteck you and them rugrats."

"Yer breakin' my heart."

Sensing urgency in the noisy human voices, instinct deep within the puppy told him that he was supposed to do something, even expected to do something.

Grunting softly, he peed on the tabletop — the smelly urination engulfing his wobbly legs in a widening pool that ran instantly to a nearby stack of recently washed and fluff-dried towels.

"My Gaawwwd," Tits groaned.

"See wot ya done?" Footpeg accused. "Ya upset the poor little sonuvabitch! Ya hurt his fuckin' feelin's!"

* * *

At six months he stood eighteen inches at the shoulder, his floppy ears hinting at ancient hound ancestry mingled with the shepherd lines of his strengthening, thickening body. Although still awkward on his immense feet, he looked out alertly at his world. He had them accurately wired. The big, bearded human emanated love. The lumpy female human gave off vibrations of blended compassion and irritation. The human young ones changed their pulsations — ranging from adoration through pride to brief flurries of real sadism — every ten minutes, and he had learned to react swiftly according to whatever vibes were coming his way. Even so, one of his ribs was still mending after being kicked by the her-human for unintentionally tripping her while she was carrying a pot of

Photo by Ed Erickson

boiling water from the stove. And he would live out his life with a quarter-inch of tissue missing from his right ear — proof that the smallest he-human knew biting like an expert.

The trio of young her-humans could be trusted for no more pain than a row of clothespins attached to his ropy tail or the occasional sting of a pinprick whenever one of them tried putting a diaper on him.

The family cat was something else — huge, female, and arrogantly in charge of whatever space she happened to be occupying. He was well acquainted with the brand of agonizing damage her fangs and claws delivered — and he avoided her with intelligent respect, making a mental note to murder the snotty critter as soon as future size, strength, and opportunity allowed.

One evening, a crowd of other humans rode their deafening machines into the cluttered yard, dismounted, and entered the house. There, they congregated, imbibing vast amounts of beer and exhaling various types of smoke with increasing merriment until the termite-tunneled foundation of the building shuddered from their horseplay and raucous laughter. The dog watched them in total fascination from where he lay on his belly. Humans were real clowns. Always doing the damndest things that made no sense whatsoever — but usually having a grand time, except when they became enraged or moody. Then, he knew from hard experience, it was best to go chase bugs around the yard or nap in cool, damp safety under the porch.

"Wotta ya call that mutt?" a hulking biker demanded.

"Killer," replied Footpeg proudly. "On accounta when he gits his full damn growth, he's gonna be bigger'n a fuckin' bull and meaner than battery acid."

"That chickenshit puppy dog?"

"Whose dog you callin' chickenshit?" Footpeg snapped, pissed off.

"Okay, bro," chuckled the mellowed biker, taking a big black and white pet rat from his vest pocket, "let's jist see what yer so-called Killer does with Squadcar, here."

"Sic'm, Killer," Footpeg commanded quietly, eyes glittering confidently. "Show this fuckin' know-it-all ya kin eat that sissy mouse in one gulp."

Squadcar was put down on the floor, whiskers twitching as he scented the surrounding air.

"Yer alleged Killer ain't moved a fuckin' inch, Footpeg!"

"Sic'm, Killer," Footpeg repeated, louder.

Listening to the command tone, the young dog knew he was on relatively safe ground if he were to romp over — playing the puppy. That had always been acceptable behavior. It had, in fact, saved him from a number of ass-kickings on occasions when he had been in the

Continued on page 97

# Your brother's life. . .and yours

Cold statistics show that most bros killed or maimed are done in by cage drivers who claim they didn't see the biker. Brutal experience indicates that not many people care — except other bikers.

Even the rich and famous get no slack if they ride a bike. Recently, rock star Billy Joel, winner of five Grammys, had to be hospitalized after a chick plowed into his Hog. The chick admitted running a red light to do it. Her excuse? "But, officer, I didn't see the biker." The result? No arrest, no citation, case closed.

A few weeks earlier, Olympic Gold Medal winner Eric Heiden, a bona fide American hero, was run down from behind by a van while bookin' through the desert. He sustained minor injuries, but the passenger he was packing, singer-actor Kris Kristofferson's daughter, was seriously racked up. Said the oldster driving the van, "But, officer, I didn't see the motorcycle." The result? A speeding ticket for Heiden, a "have a nice day and drive carefully" release for the van driver.

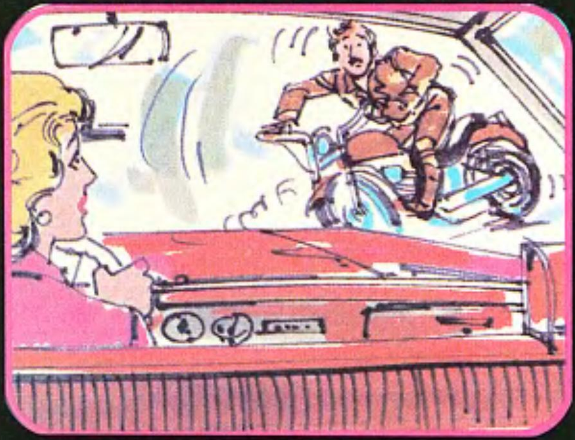
When will it end? When we, ourselves, educate the cagers to the fact that we exist and that we have the same right to use the roads that they do. To help accomplish this, we set up what was originally called the Claybrook Crusade. We asked you to contribute money to produce a TV commercial that would present bikers' viewpoints in a forceful, attention-getting way. We matched your donations dollar for dollar and, in the end, came up with two commercials. The first, "Look Out For Bikers," is a powerful reminder to cage drivers that we're out there too.

Life itself, of course, ain't worth much without freedom. In 37 states a biker's freedom is still drastically curtailed by some form of mandatory helmet law. Getting rid of this oppression is another exercise in molding public opinion.

Public opinion on lids, however, is far too easily manipulated by so-called experts like Dr. Jonathan Bork, director of emergency services at a major hospital. Dr. Bork's opinion on the helmet issue is simple and chilling: "Anyone who does not use a helmet deserves what he gets." The second biker commercial, "Let Those Who Ride Decide," is an answer to the Dr. Borks of this world and a reminder to many Americans that we have as much right to ride without lids as they do without seat belts.

As we had promised, we are making these professionally produced, full-color commercials available to you at cost: $16 apiece including postage and a special protective carton. The 25-second spots will be supplied on two-inch video tape, as used by every TV station in the country. The FCC requires TV stations to show a certain number of free public service messages each month, so why not talk your local station into running these and offsetting the bad publicity given bikers? To order one or both spots, see the coupon on this page. Act today; it could mean a freer, longer life for your brother. . .and for you.

**Watch Out For Bikers:** an eye-opening lesson in how cycle/cage accidents happen. . .and why.



**Let Those Who Ride Decide:** a biker describes, in reasonable, factual terms, the fallacies of mandatory helmet laws.

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

☐ Anti-helmet law spot 30-second commercial

☐ Look out for bikers spot 30-second awareness commercial

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

Make check or money order for $16 for **each** 30-second commercial payable to *Easyriders* Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

National ABATE Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

# Stand-up comment from a caring cager

Photo from Wide World

I am not a biker, have never driven anything but a car, in fact, but this picture of three bikers mourning a bro saddens me very much. I guess it moves me because seldom does one encounter such brotherhood anywhere anymore.

As a regular reader of Easyriders, I'm sending you the picture, which I clipped from the Richmond Times Dispatch, because I thought you might want to show this side of the bikers' lifestyle--that they are all human at the core, and much more so when one of theirs departs this way.

--Someone who cares

### *Tough sledding down Tokyo way*

# Honorable biker, please to follow me to jail

Police in — of all places — Japan are becoming concerned about the rapid growth of motorcycle clubs.

Though the first Japanese *bosozoku* (wild-riding tribe) was formed barely ten years ago, there are now about 800 clubs with an estimated 40,000 members.

"The police are getting tougher," Tokyo Police Superintendent Shoichi Matsuo admits, citing a recent law prohibiting bikers from traveling in groups.

Members of the bosozoku, however, claim that police "toughness" frequently takes other, outside-the-law forms.

"The police throw us off our bikes and kick us," Yuji Suzuki, an officer in one the largest bosozoku, the Black Emperors, says. "Two or three cops sometimes hold a rope with a net in the center. The front riders go into the net like insects, but the others do a U-turn and escape."

Suzuki, whose club's symbols are the rising sun and a purple flag, considers police harassment, including his three busts and possible upcoming prison term, as part of the price bikers everywhere pay. He says, "When we're on a run, we don't care whether we're injured or not."

As might be expected, most bosozoku members ride large-displacement Yamahas, Hondas, Kawasakis, or Suzukis. The prized ride, however, far beyond the means but always in the dreams of most of them, is — you guessed it — a thumpin' V-twin from Milwaukee.

## you don't say

***"Mr. [Sochiro] Honda and his competitors. . . still use every power at their disposal to make certain that Harley stays out of Japan. America's $5,000 Harley-Davidson sells for almost $15,000 in the land of the rising sun."***

—Jim Foster in the Kenosha, Wisconsin, labor newspaper

# British H-D dealer defends firing

Several issues ago, we reported on an apprentice mechanic who was fired by a British Harley dealer for buying and riding an English bike.

Responding to our story, the dealer, Fred Warr, 611 Kings Road, London, states that the apprentice was fired not because he bought a Triumph — he already owned a Harley, Warr claims — but because of a series of events making it obvious "that he was no longer happy doing what he was doing."

Warr writes: "Over the past thirty years in business I have made many good friends all over the world. I have for years been involved in motorcycle clubs and organized numerous events, which included machines other than Harley-Davidsons. I may run a Harley-Davidson business, but I am pro-British throughout and I run British vehicles and like all two-wheelers irrespective of make."


**Join the Organization for Street Bikers!**

**National Abate**
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.

It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

**National Abate** is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

**National Abate** will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here ________

I understand that **National Abate** will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest **National Abate** chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization. $10.00
- ☐ **National Abate** membership only, $5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization

Name, nickname, or mark ________

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ________

City ________

State ________ Zip ________

**Thanks for not giving up—We never will.**


## Pabst 'n' Harley brew up some big racing news

Pabst Brewing Company has signed on as a major sponsor of the Harley factory racing team.

"With the teaming up of two world-renowned Milwaukee products," Harley prexy Charles Thompson said, "we feel we can bring a much higher visibility and draw even more enthusiasts to the exciting sport of motorcycle racing.

"And," he adds, "they'll be watching Harley-Davidson products win, all along the 28-race circuit."

Current Harley factory riders, Thompson noted, have won four of the past six national championships.

Officials at the brewery seemed just as happy with the hookup as those at Harley. "It's the perfect arrangement," announced Pabst president William Smith. "We are very pleased to play a part in this excellent combination of two great American products. . . both are Milwaukee-based and both are the results of the belief in and practice of quality craftsmanship."

## *Hogs' anti-theft measures win experts' praise*

It may not be any consolation if you walk out to your garage one day only to find your chains cut, your dogs poisoned, and your scooter gone, but most federal and state vehicle theft experts agree that Harley-Davidsons are among the easiest bikes to identify and recover after they are ripped off.

"Harley has the best numbering system in motorcycling today," says Gary Stolzenburg, an independent expert who is often used by local police to help identify stolen bikes and trace them back to their original owners.

"Aside from good vehicle identification numbers (VINs) and accurate shipping records, Harley also stamps confidential secondary numbers on their bikes to further help identify a bike that has been stripped into parts."

Harley also gets good grades for its tight control of spares. "You can't just go into a Harley shop and purchase another crankcase, engine, or frame with no questions asked, like you can at most dealers," Gary says. "Harley requires a form to be sent with each order, certifying the old VIN and engine numbers that the new parts will replace. The dealer must then sign the order, acknowledging he has seen the old parts. And his signature must be witnessed by a police department official, motor vehicle official, or a notary public."

## U.S. And Canadian Motorcycle Laws

| | Special License | Helmet | Eye Guards | Lights on 24-hours |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | No | Yes | No | No |
| Alaska | Yes | Yes[1] | Yes | No |
| Arizona | Yes | Yes[2] | Yes | No |
| Arkansas | Yes | Yes | Yes[3] | Yes |
| California | Yes | No | No | Yes[6] |
| Colorado | Yes | No | Yes[3] | No |
| Connecticut | Yes | No | Yes | No |
| Delaware | Yes | Yes[1-4] | Yes[3] | No |
| Florida | No | Yes | Yes | Yes |
| Georgia | Yes | Yes | Yes | Yes |
| Hawaii | Yes | Yes[2-4] | Yes | No |
| Idaho | No | Yes[2] | No | No |
| Illinois | Yes | No | Yes | Yes |
| Indiana | Yes | No | No | Yes |
| Iowa | Yes | No | No | Yes[6] |
| Kansas | Yes | No[10] | Yes | No[11] |
| Kentucky | Yes | Yes | Yes[3] | No |
| Louisiana | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| Maine | Yes | No | No | Yes |
| Maryland | Yes | Yes[2] | Yes | No |
| Massachusetts | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| Michigan | Yes | Yes | Yes[7] | Yes |
| Minnesota | Yes | Yes[2] | Yes[3] | Yes |
| Mississippi | No | Yes | No | No |
| Missouri | Yes | Yes | No | No |
| Montana | Yes | Yes[2] | No | Yes |
| Nebraska | Yes | No | No | No |
| Nevada | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| New Hampshire | Yes | Yes[2] | Yes | No |
| New Jersey | Yes | Yes[4] | Yes | Yes[6] |
| New Mexico | Yes | Yes[2-4] | Yes | No |
| New York | Yes | Yes[4] | Yes | Yes |
| North Carolina | Yes | Yes | No | Yes |
| North Dakota | Yes | Yes[2-4] | No | No |
| Ohio | Yes | Yes[2] | Yes[3] | No |
| Oklahoma | No | Yes[2] | Yes | No |
| Oregon | Yes | Yes[2] | No | Yes |
| Pennsylvania | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| Rhode Island | Yes | No | Yes[3] | No |
| South Carolina | Yes | No[9] | No | Yes |
| South Dakota | Yes | No | Yes | No |
| Tennessee | Yes | Yes | Yes | Yes |
| Texas | Yes | Yes[2-4] | No | No |
| Utah | Yes | Yes[2-8] | No | No |
| Vermont | Yes | Yes[4] | Yes | No |
| Virginia | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| Washington | Yes | No | Yes | Yes |
| West Virginia | No | Yes[4] | Yes | Yes |
| Wisconsin | Yes | Yes[1] | Yes | Yes |
| Wyoming | Yes | Yes | No | Yes |
| District of Columbia | Yes | Yes | Yes | No |
| Alberta | Yes | Yes | No | Yes |
| British Columbia | Yes | Yes | No | Yes |
| Manitoba | Yes | No | No | No |
| New Brunswick | Yes | Yes | No | No |
| Newfoundland | Yes | Yes | Yes[3] | No |
| Northwest Territories | No | Yes | No | No |
| Nova Scotia | Yes | Yes | No | * |
| Ontario | Yes | Yes | No | Yes[8] |
| Prince Edward Island | Yes | Yes | No | No |
| Quebec | Yes | Yes | No | Yes |
| Saskatchewan | Yes | Yes | Yes[3] | No |
| Yukon | Yes | Yes | No | No |

[1] Under 19. [2] Under 18. [3] Required even if bike has windscreen. [4] Helmet must be reflectorized. [6] Lights on if bike is made after 1977. [7] Required for speeds above 35 mph. [8] Bikes of 1970 or newer. [9] If over 21. [10] If over 16. [11] Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold.

**This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.**

You may soon be able to buy a new bike without feeling nauseated everytime you look at the speedometer. NHTSA has dropped a so-called safety rule requiring manufacturers to limit speedo readings to 85mph. Also gone is the mandatory highlighted "55" required on current speedos. . .The Hampton Bays resort area of Long Island, New York, has banned bike parking at Hot Dog Beach.

ABATE of Maryland has helped defeat a lights-on bill, but several mandatory helmet bills are still before the legislature. . .This year's National ABATE Rally and Reunion will be Sept. 4 to 6 at Lake Perry, Kansas.

An Indiana bill eliminating special licensing tests for bike riders has been defeated. . .Georgia lawmakers killed a bill to establish a state-wide voluntary rider-education program. They also killed — barely, by one vote in one committee — a bill requiring mandatory liability insurance for motorcycles.

Delaware is considering a bill to reinstate a mandatory helmet law after three years of freedom. . .Representatives of about 40 clubs gathered in Milpitas, California, south of San Francisco, for the annual spring "blessing of the bikes." A Catholic priest, Rev. Alfred Kelly, did the honors, sprinkling holy water over a parking lot full of scoots and delivering an invocation from a pulpit erected in front of a bar.

The Easter Bunny hopped a Hog to deliver Easter goodies to kids at the Franklin General Hospital in Long Island, N.Y. The run was organized by the Family Jammin' MC. . .Speaking of Long Island, ABATE of Long Island is planning a Christmas-in-July Toy Run for July 25th. For information, write 'em at Box 113, Brentwood, N.Y. 11717. . . The Muskegon MC hosts the Michigan State Championship TT on July 10 and 11. The event will be highlighted by amateur TT races, hillclimbs, and grass drags where you can "run what ya brung." The same club hosts the National Champion Expert Hillclimb on Aug. 1. More info is available from the Muskegon MC, 5803 Lake Harbor Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49441.

## *Statistics blast helmet myth; lidless states have fewer fatals*

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation has issued its final safety statistics for 1980, and their findings offer significant help in the war against helmet laws.

Despite the fact that several states repealed such laws in the late '70s, the number of motorcycle accidents and fatalities nationally was lower in 1980 than in 1979 — despite a six-percent increase in registrations.

The real shocker in the MSF report, however, is this one: States with helmet laws had more deaths per 10,000 motorcycles registered in 1980 than states without helmet laws. The figures were 9.20 deaths per ten thousand registrations for states without a helmet law, and 9.59 deaths per ten thousand for states with a mandatory helmet law.

# *Harley spending $70 mil on new models*

*The Wall Street Journal* has reported that Harley-Davidson plans to spend $70 million over the next five years to develop a line of middleweight Hogs designed to compete with Japanese imports.

According to board chairman Vaughn Beals, the company will be able to complete the development program without having to refinance the $100 million loan used to buy the company back from AMF. One possible method of raising research and development funds being considered is the sale of the golf cart division.

Spurring Harley's decision to proceed with developing and marketing smaller, lighter bikes were figures showing a drop in heavyweight bike registrations in both 1980 and 1981. Between 1974 and 1979, by comparison, heavyweight registrations more than tripled.

# Cancer-stricken bro gets free ride to Daytona

In a heartwarming display of togetherness, biking and non-biking elements of the Troy, New York, community hustled up the bread to send a bro dying of cancer to this year's Daytona Bike Week.

Aided by free advertising on two local radio stations, food contributed by local restaurants, and music supplied gratis by a local rock band, a benefit party at a small bar, The Station, raised $800 to send Larry "Buzzy" Ragen on the trip.

"He's always wanted to go down to Bike Week," a bartender at The Station said. "We wanted to do it now, because most likely, this is going to be Buzz's last chance to go."

Taking part in the fundraiser were the Capital District Custom Motorcycle Association (who paid for the booze), Friends of the Road, and the Albany and Schenectady chapters of ABATE.

"He was really surprised," Gary Worden, owner of The Station, said. "He recently got out of the hospital — he's been in and out a lot — and was at home. We got his girlfriend, his friends, to talk to him and let him know the club was going to meet at the bar that night and that he should come out."

# St. Louis park motorcycle ban may be lifted

By the time you read this, bikes may be back in the St. Louis city parks —but don't bet on it.

The key to the overthrow of the current ban is Board Bill 256, which is currently before the city's board of aldermen, and which substitutes what is called an enforceable noise ordinance for the outright ban.

Initial reaction to the bill has been supportive. The mayor promised to sign it into law if it was passed by the aldermen, and the city's parks and recreation committee passed the measure on to the full board of aldermen after a hearing in which every witness, including experts on public health and the environment from as far away as California, testified in favor of it.

## *Safety film ready*

The Motorcycle Industry Council has issued a film designed to teach riding skills in such areas as counter steering, combination braking, crossing obstacles, and counterweighting.

Available on 16mm film or video tape.

For information on ordering, write to Media Distribution, Division of Communication Services, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, Illinois 60115.

# *Ripoff ignored; officers ogle outlawed owls*

Nobody ever said being a biker businessman is a bed of roses. Consider T.R. Vanhorne. Ripoff artists broke into his Chesapeake, Virginia, bike and leather shop and ripped off $30,000 worth of goodies. Like any other businessman, T.R. put in a call to the fuzz. Unfortunately, the local officers who responded were less interested in the robbery than in T.R.'s collection of stuffed owls. A while later, two federal fish and wildlife agents attempted to confiscate the birds on the grounds that they'd been killed in violation of the Endangered Species Act. T.R. pointed out that two of the birds had already been stuffed when he got them and that the other, the screech owl pictured behind his right shoulder, had been acquired in 1975 when he had a falconer's permit allowing him to keep it. When it died, he had it stuffed and allowed his permit to expire. Reasonable though his arguments may have been, T.R. Vanhorne soon found himself in U.S. District Court, where he was fined $100 for not renewing his permit or turning his screech owl — dead or alive — over to a licensed falconer. Charges relating to the other two birds were dismissed. "I guess," said T.R.'s attorney, "the judge didn't give a hoot about them."

Photo by Karen Kasmauski

## oh, really!

***"Bikers tend to spend more freely than other tourists. We think they represent a great segment of American society."***

—Lou Fifer, vice president, Daytona Beach Area Chamber of Commerce

# Asstrology

*By Denise (Dusty) Sage*

**Aries** (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
Some unexpected changes on the job may be both costly and mind-boggling. Keeping your ears open to gossip could give you a clue and put you a step ahead of the situation. VIPs could be eyeballing you, so keep your shit in one pile and watch out for the royal flush. As long as you don't make waves, you can ride this one into the winner's circle and collect the prize.

**Taurus** (Apr. 22 — May 20)
The signs are right for travelin' and takin' 'er easy in general. In fact, Lady Luck might dump her load in your lap while you're on a trip. Contacts and partnerships formed now have a great chance for growth. (So does the hair on your ass.) Travel may be just what's needed to blow the cobwebs from between your ears, so you can see things from a different angle. Kick back, smile big, and enjoy!

**Gemini** (May 21 — June 21)
Poor you, the most exciting thing on the agenda now is a wet dream. Maybe you're recuperating from a gang bang, or did you catch your tongue in the wrong twat? Could be your set of summer nuts is dragging you down, or you're just plain petered out. This is time for breaking outta your rut. Try something different and daring and surprise yourself with the results. Keep it legal, though.

**Cancer** (June 22 — July 22)
Tight partners and mattress mates are either having a fling or putting up a fuss. The end of the month finds you either down on your knees or crying in your brew. Best now to flow with it until you feel things out. Just don't take a dive for anyone. Stand up for your rights in subtle ways. Use your charm to iron out the wrinkles before the ring around your collar gets too heavy to wear.

**Leo** (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Happy birthday! All the favors are in your favorite flavor now. Legs open and widen the gap for that first gulp. So go ahead and wade in, as long as you don't get in over your head. Knee-deep is fine for now. Opportunities open up workwise, if you take advantage of help from those in authority. Then again, if you snooze, you lose! So stay outta the pie long enough to bring home the bacon.

## Astrological Profile For Leo

Leos are easy to recognize — they're usually wearing neon lights! They are born with applause signs on their asses and go through life bending over and waving 'em like flags. Leos tend to overdramatize (brag, brag, brag) everything. They are also prone to sprained arms from patting themselves on the back.

On the other hand, Leo is loyal to a fault. If you can't have a dog, at least have a Leo. All you have to do is feed their egos and they'll follow you anywhere. Of course, they expect complete loyalty in return. So, if you start passing out pats on the head, you can kiss your Leo's ass goodbye.

Except for a "me-first" attitude, Leos are basically generous with both bucks and fucks. They may snivel till they get whatever tickles their fancy, but they'll always share, and even use their last buck to pick up the tab.

One of Leo's positive points is his optimism for life. It's hard to keep a Leo down for long (unless you're on your knees). Leo likes a challenge, is usually fair, and even a good loser. Lucky Leo knows instinctively where and when to stir up another chance.

The only way to really get to a Leo is through lack of attention or appreciation. Worse yet, Leo feels he deserves them, even without earning them. The negative-type Leo is always giving out advice, but without practicing what he preaches.

Some famous Leos are Mick Jagger, Mae West, Robert Redford, Lynda (Wonder Woman) Carter, Napoleon, Andy Warhol, Alfred Hitchcock, Fidel (infamous) Castro, Lucille Ball, Sally Struthers, and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Leos should guard their health against heavy use of smokes and booze; otherwise they are prone to heart problems, also problems involving the circulation and lower back.

If nothing else, Leos have class with a capital C. They are proud, independent individuals who always stick up for the underdog, and always find time for a friend. Leos succeed best when in a position of authority. They have leadership qualities, without being dictators. Leos rule with a velvet glove. Although quick-tempered, they do not hold a grudge for long.

**Virgo** (Aug. 23 — Sept. 23)
Mother Nature is up to her old tricks again — maybe you shoulda passed on a piece. You may have to sleep alone till your runny banana gets its appeal back — no matter how loud your horny honks are. It's to your benefit to cut loose some cash and have your bod tuned up before the mileage catches up with you. This month is good for whatever ails your ass — so go for it, before it goes for you!

**Libra** (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
It's best to put off mind-blowing till a later date; otherwise it could backfire. Better yet, compromise and cooperation should be at the head of your list. There's something strange shaking, and things just aren't what they seem. (Check for a leak in your favorite crack.) Maybe you need to re-evaluate your lifestyle or habits. By the end of the month, you will arrive at a logical explanation.

**Scorpio** (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Nothing spectacular is in store for you now, just the usual on and off the crapper and wetting your old kazoo. (Even checking your ol' lady's oil can get old.) It's prime time to wrench the kinks outta your machine. In fact, if you've been putting off a rebuild job, bros should rally to your aid. Make 'em an offer they can't refuse, like some party supplies.

**Sagittarius** (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Unless you thrive on explosions (not the same as a big bang), steer clear of anything that ain't yours. Don't even borrow. Misunderstandings involve cash assets and in-laws. It's a case of not what you say, but how you say it. A mild case of amnesia will ease the strain on relationships and might even prevent a big confrontation at home base. Learn how to draw a blank.

**Capricorn** (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
While the shit is hitting the fan all around you, you should be able to make a clean wipe of things. Sit back and twiddle your diddle and don't let it ruffle a hair on your horn. By the month's end it should all pass like a bad case of gas. Don't force what doesn't fit or can't be changed. Instead, gallop your gonads across the sheets and point your prong at some clits and tits.

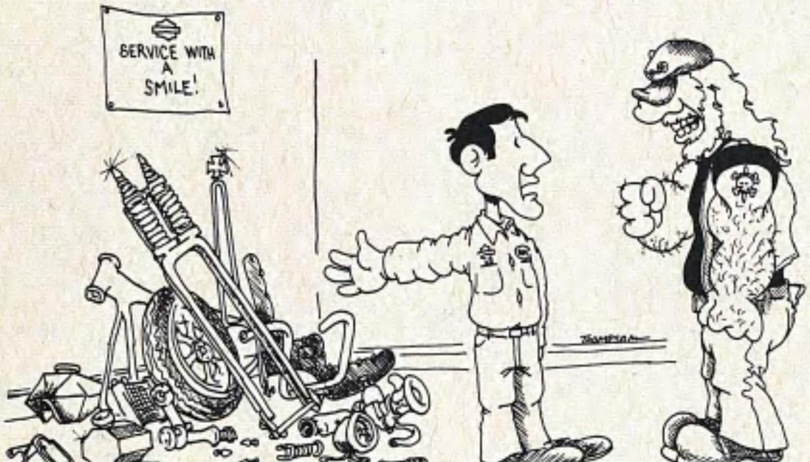
**Aquarius** (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Cut your ego a little slack and listen to the experts for a change. Impulsiveness, desire for emotional gratification, and a rebellious attitude could easily fuck up an otherwise good one and set you up for the take. Remember, two heads are better than one (unless you're a Siamese twin) when making an important decision. On the other hand, don't be flimflammed by fancy wrappings. Look inside!

**Pisces** (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This month it's what's-up-front, a-bird-in-the-hand, and don't count-your-chickens-before-they-hatch all combined. In other words, go with what ya got. Don't trust to any angle dangled or any grab-bag chances. Money's still tighter than a virgin's pussy and just as hard to find, so don't let anyone put you on a head trip with any fast-buck schemes. Stick to the tried and true, like you. ■

# WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

**Ever since we put Witty "No-Relation-To-The-Red Headed-Stranger" Willie in charge of the yuks page, it's been one snivel after another. Seems the sorry-assed little prospect can't take a joke (pardon the pun) and gets all het up at seein' the same stale gags pop up in the mail every full moon. Now he's gone and mined what we laughingly call our evidence room (you know what the cops keep in evidence rooms) and he's threatening to blow it sky high if you don't shape up. Have a heart, bros — we can't get out a decent rag while our dope's fallin' down with the acid rain. Brainstorm up some real hot zingers and kite 'em off to Witty Willie, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We'll even send ya $25 bucks for every one Willie prints.** ■

Easyriders




**"While we had your bike in for service, we replaced this stuff with genuine stock parts!"**

What did one leg say to the other? "Hey, look, Shorty's growin' a beard!"

—Shotgun Ida
St. Davids, Pa.

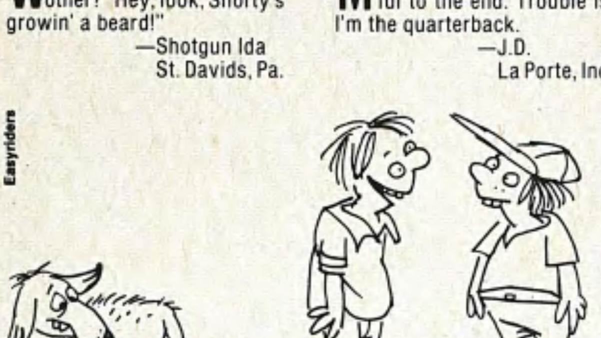
My ol' lady says she's faithful to the end. Trouble is, I'm the quarterback.

—J.D.
La Porte, Ind.

A man worked in a pickle factory until his boss caught him with his dick in the pickle slicer and fired both of them.

—R.E.F.
Anderson, Ind.

Easyriders



**"I've already had a lot of sex experience. Someday I'll try it with a girl."**

The Sunday school teacher asked a biker's son what his daddy says before each meal.

"Well," he replied, "I guess my daddy mostly says. . ." He thought for a minute and continued, "Oh, fuck! Not this shit again."

—Susan Harris
Springfield, Ill.

Did you hear the one about the man with two wooden legs? He caught fire and burned to the ground.

—Black Knight
Mentone, Calif.

John and Tom went out bird hunting with what John called his fantastic bird dog. He sent the dog into a bush, and the pooch came back barking twice, indicating, said John, the number of birds in the bush. Sure enough, there were two.

Tom didn't believe what he'd seen and demanded that he be shown again.

John sent the dog on his way. When he returned, he barked four times. Tom checked, and found four birds in the bush.

"Hey," he said, "I have this girlfriend that I'd really like to bring hunting. Maybe if you let me borrow your dog, she'll be impressed and come along."

Well, it worked, and Tom and his girl went hunting. Tom sent the dog out, and the mutt came back with a big stick in his mouth. He started humping hell out of Tom's leg, shaking his head at each stroke. Nothing would make him quit, so Tom finally had to shoot him.

When he went to see John and explain what had happened, John was furious. "You dumb ass," he yelled, "my dog was just trying to tell you there were more fucking birds in that bush than you could shake a stick at!"

—Marc Wilson
Dallas, Tex.

One has to tend a woman and a wood stove in the same way: damper, hole, and scraper; lifter, leg, and poker; then, for chrissakes, don't forget to stoker.

—D. Randall
Moncton, N.B., Canada

**"Look, man, when you said you ha wanted to sell cheap**

A toast for the girls: Here's to the girls who wear black boots. They smoke my dope and do some toots. They ain't no virgins, but that's no sin; they still got the boxes that their cherries came in.

—Polock
U.S.A.

Question: How do you get six tigers in a Volkswagen?
Answer: You can't. You can barely get a little pussy in a Volkswagen.

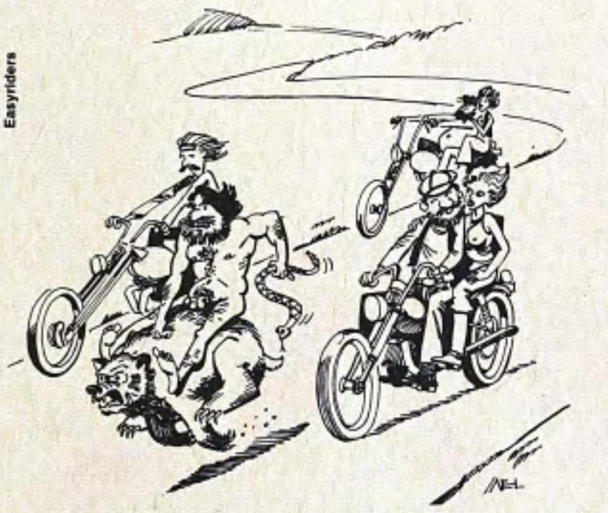
—Bob Hamel
Encino, Calif.

The pregnant mother was in her seventh month when she decided she should discuss her condition with her small son.

"Honey," she began, "You see Mommy's tummy? Well, there's a new baby in there for our family. If you had your choice, would you prefer a little brother or a little sister?"

"Well, Mommy," the boy replied, "If it wouldn't stretch you too far out of shape, I'd rather have a pony."

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.




"Shit, I know he's not a biker — but who in hell is gonna tell *him* that?"

"Just pay no attention to them, Estelle. . .Estelle?"

Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm schizophrenic — and so am I.

—Violet
Simi Valley, Calif.

I like girls in leather; I like girls in lace; but I like them best of all when they sit on my face.

—Bert Adams
Carmel, Calif.

The biker's ol' lady was in the doctor's office. Examining her, he found a nine-inch vibrator inside her and said, "I'm going to have to operate to remove this."

"Oh, no," she cried. "I don't want it out; I just want the batteries changed!"

—Wayne Doucet
San Leon, Tex.

There once was a girl from Van Nuys who loved to take on all the guys. With a cunt like a drain, when she pulled a train, she could take it clear up to her eyes.

—Gringo
El Paso, Tex.

At a 25th wedding anniversary party, the husband seemed very sad and morose, so a friend tried to console him. The saddened husband explained, "On our fifth anniversary I wanted to kill my wife, but my lawyer told me I'd get twenty years. Just think, today I could be a free man!"

—Herm Albright
Indianapolis, Ind.

What do a screen door and a woman's snatch have in common? The more you bang 'em, the looser they get!

—Eddie
Albuquerque, N.M.

A big-titted blonde was trying on an extremely low-cut dress. As she studied herself in the mirror, she asked the saleswoman if she thought it was too low-cut.

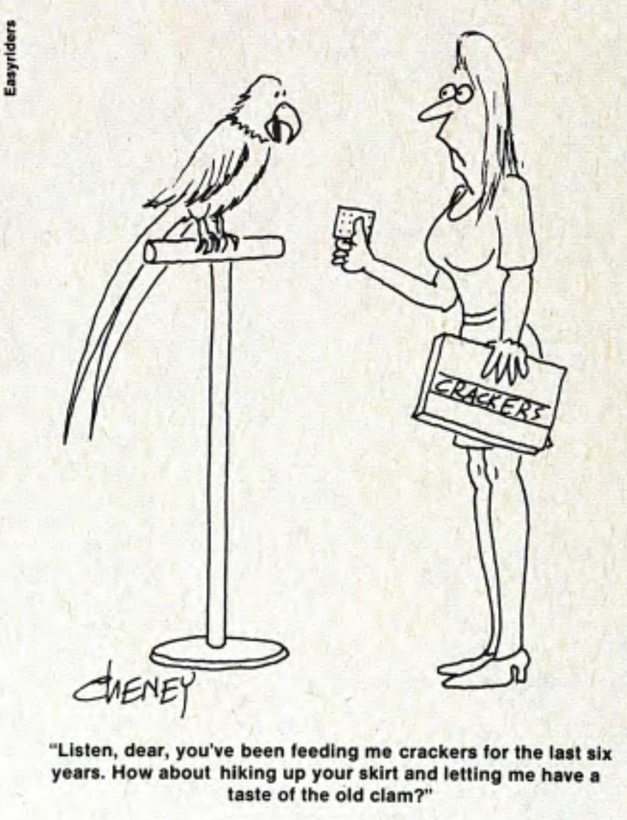
"Do you have hair on your chest?" the saleswoman asked.

"No!"

"Then," the saleswoman said, "it's too low-cut."

—Mark Norcraft
Ogden, Utah

an old Indian in your garage you
I thought you meant. . ."




"Listen, dear, you've been feeding me crackers for the last six years. How about hiking up your skirt and letting me have a taste of the old clam?"

# LOCKDOWN

*The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.* —*Anatole France*

**by Boomer**

The appointment of Sandra Day O'Conner to the Supreme Court of the United States may have been a great step forward for women's libbers, but it's beginning to look a like a grim blow to the rights of every incarcerated person — man, woman, or child — in the country.

In the two most significant rulings of her fledgling court career, O'Conner has authored decisions that, in one case, substantially restrict the right of prisoners to appeal their convictions and, in the other case, turn upside down the entire presumption of innocence theory upon which the American judicial system is supposedly based.

The more insidious of the two rulings came in the case of Lincoln Issac, convicted of a 1975 assault. During his trial, in Pickaway County, Ohio, Issac said he had been acting in self-defense and, indeed, produced substantial evidence supporting his claim. In charging the jury, the trial judge contended that Issac had not proven by "a preponderance of the evidence" that he was innocent and therefore he should be considered guilty.

Acting upon these instructions, the jury had no choice but to convict. Upon appeal, the 6th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals overturned Issac's conviction, holding that the burden of proof did not rest upon the defense but the prosecution. Specifically, the Appeals Court restated the traditional legal assumption that in order to win a criminal conviction the state had to prove "beyond a reasonable doubt" that the accused's defense — in this case acting to protect his life — was not valid.

Ohio prosecutors appealed the case to the Supreme Court contending that the state was in danger of having to vacate what the prosecutors called "numerous final and fundamentally fair convictions."

What the Ohio prosecutors did not say, and what O'Conner and company, who struck down the Appeals Court decision by a 7-2 margin, apparently did not ask, was how any conviction can be "fundamentally fair" if the burden of proof is on the defendant.

In writing the majority decision O'Conner also lashed out at previous rulings giving state prisoners expanded rights to appeal their convictions in federal courts. Such appeals "frequently cost(s) society the right to punish admitted offenders," she wrote. "Passage of time, erosion of memory, and dispersion of witnesses may render retrial difficult, even impossible [and] in practice it may reward the accused with complete freedom from prosecution."

An interesting concept, that. Suppose a dude is convicted of a crime he didn't commit. After years in the slam, a higher court finally agrees to hear his appeal and his conviction is reversed. The higher court remands the case back to the original juridiction for a retrial. The district attorney, perhaps knowing he never had a legitimate case in the first instance, announces that the "the passage of time, erosion of memory," etc. make a retrial impossible. Finally, the prisoner is released.

According to O'Conner, his release constitutes a "reward" and his treatment, including the years in prison, "freedom from prosecution." Maybe so — the Supreme Court is supposed to know these things. Still, it does seem to me that back in high school civics class they taught us that allowing the innocent to go free after they proved they were falsely convicted was simple justice — and slow justice at that.

In the second case, O'Conner authored a 6-1 decision striking down a prisoner's right to appeal a conviction on the basis of trial error, unless he can prove "actual and substantial disadvantage" to his defense.

Basically, what this decision — which struck down an Appeals Court ruling overthrowing the murder conviction of a Washington, D.C., man — means is that a defendant appealing a conviction will now have to prove that errors committed by the judge or prosecution were, in fact, substantially responsible for his conviction.

For example, if a defendant is convicted in a drug case and some of the evidence used against him was illegally seized, the defendant would, on appeal, have to prove that it was the illegal evidence that most influenced the jury to vote for conviction — a tough task, since juries deliberate in secret.

## DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

### Overtime In New York

A class action suit has been filed to force the New York State Department of Correctional Services to obey a state law requiring them to give prisoners full credit for time served in local jails prior to sentencing.

An estimated 1,000 to 2,000 prisoners in New York have received no credit for the average four to eight months they served in local lockups before starting their state pen sentences. They are, therefore, being forced to stay in prison for longer stretches than they were sentenced for. Bizarrely enough, all these prisoners are from counties outside New York City. Convicts transferred to the state system from NYC jails are credited with time served.

### Right To Fire Counsel Affirmed

The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed a lower court decision that a defendant must accept the services of a court-appointed attorney even though he feels the attorney does not intend to represent him adequately and does not have his best interests at heart.

*Continued on page 93*

# FREE IRON-ON

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following matertial: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 65% polyester-35% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's all there is to it.

# Gettin' Ready With Anita

Our lustful photog happened to catch Anita, the tasty morsel you see pictured here, while she was gettin' ready for her first date with a real, no-shit biker.

Seems she'd been dyin' to pack behind some scooter bum ever since she spotted a dude flyin' down the road on a flashy knuckle. There he was, all hair and denim, screwin' the throttle to the max — poetry in motion, a beautiful blur from a free world she'd only dreamed about. She felt her thighs grow moist with salacious thoughts of nights spent in the tattooed arms of a righteous scooter tramp, thoughts of crazy parties.

But most of all she dreamed of feelin' the sun and the wind on her face, her trim arms encircling the biker's waist as they flew down the highway, hellbent for leather. She just *had* to find herself a biker.

Well, one thing led to another and she wound up putting an ad in the classifieds section of this rag, advertisin' one foxy dish looking for one serious scooter tramp. The response was

tremendous — horny cats from all over the country wrote and offered everything from a ride around the block to marriage, kids, and a white picket fence.

But her eye was caught by one scooter bum in particular, the one you see her droolin' over in these pictures — all that hair, that luxuriant beard, that certain hard-assed look. Suddenly her mind was flooded with memories of that special day she saw her first real biker bookin' down the highway. Just to think of it was a labia lube-job.

So they agreed to meet, and she also agreed to let our photog snap her as she prepared to meet the Biker Of Her Dreams. As you can easily tell from the photos, she first got herself squeaky clean in preparation for what she knew would be the best night in the sack she'd ever had. Then she donned her best bike-ridin' britches, her little heart poundin' behind them sweet titties at the thought of droppin' her drawers for this vision of Harley He-Man. As you can see from the accompanying flicks, she couldn't resist fondlin' the

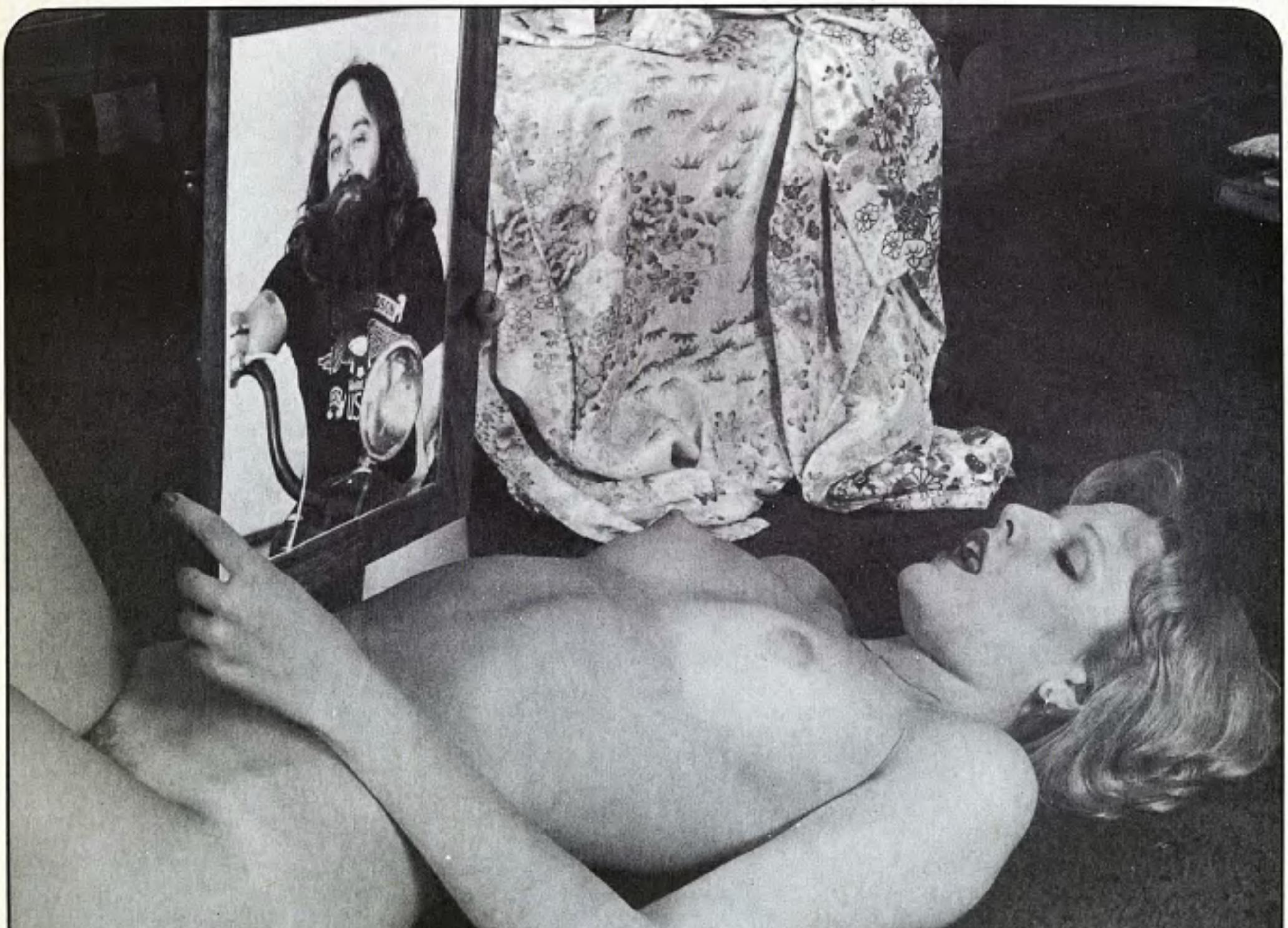


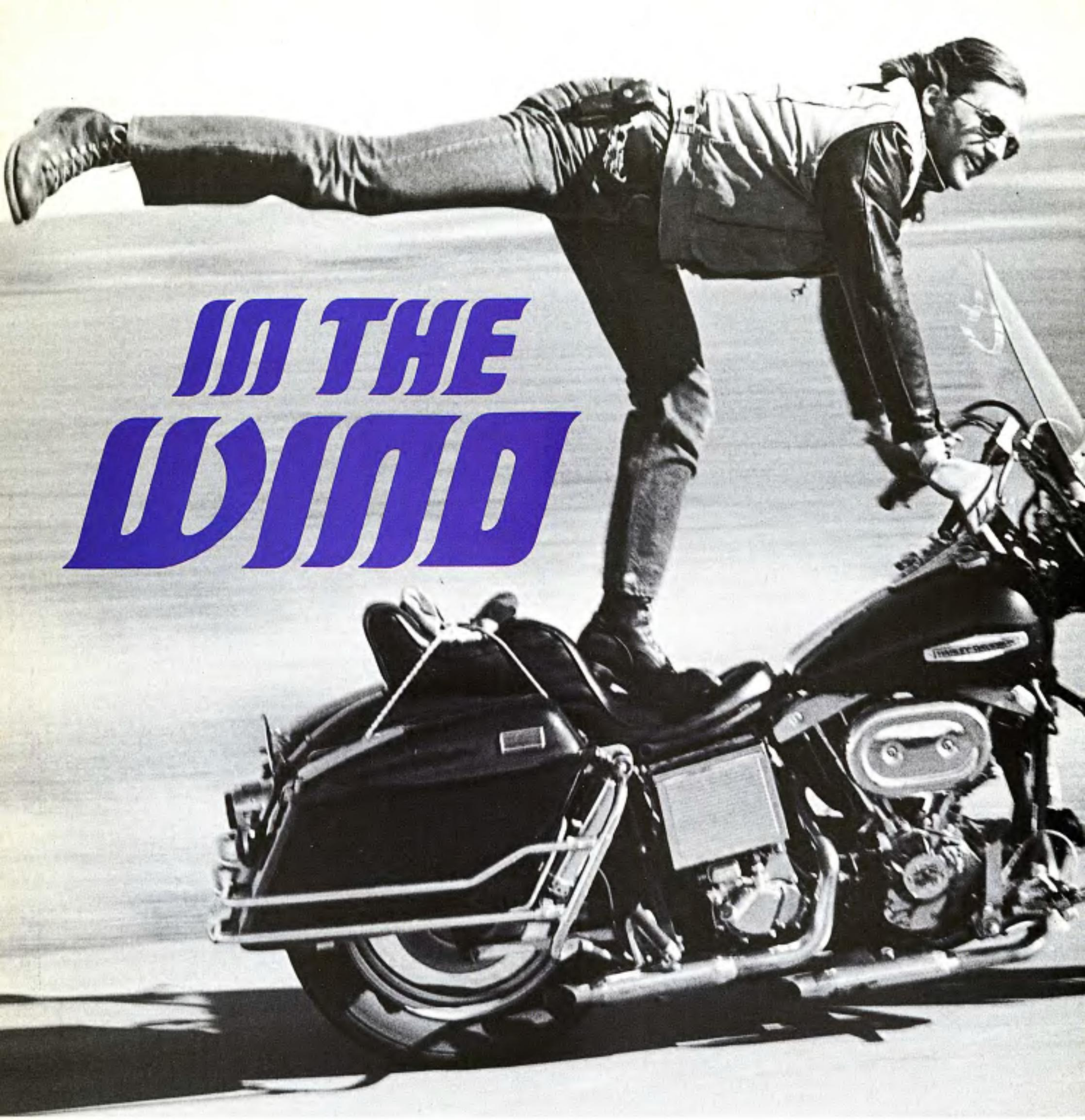
photo he'd sent. In short, she was drippin' with anticipation.

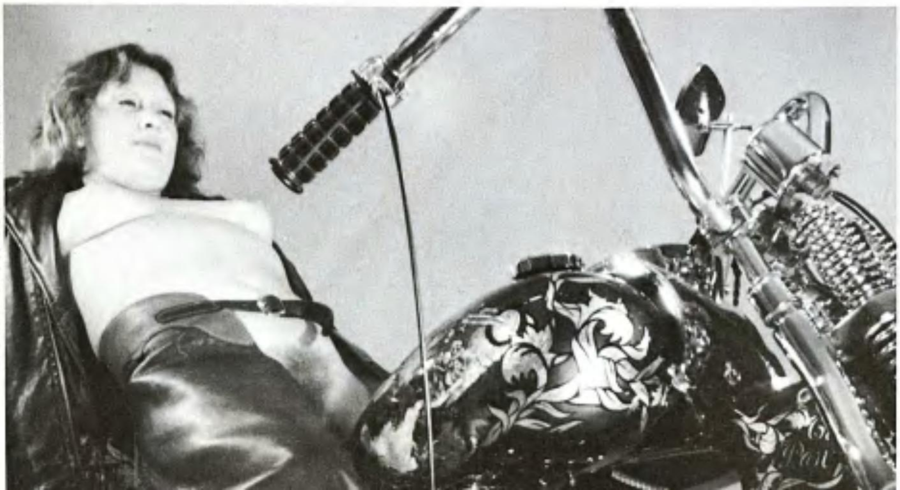
All that was a while back and I'm not really sure how the date turned out. However, I do know that our photog happened to know the dude in the picture, but he didn't have the heart to spoil Anita's preparations by telling her the guy had gotten himself into a beef at Tiny's Bar the night before. I guess he picked a fight with some blade freak, 'cause the way I heard it, his face looked like a road map of Texas when the cops finally arrived — not to mention the fact that he was missin' half his teeth.

Well, whatdafuck — nobody promised her a rose garden. And the road to romance is always rocky — especially with no teeth. —Slash

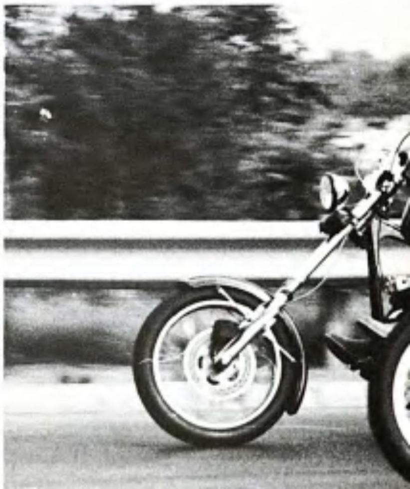
Photos by Ralph Hampton

# IN THE WIND



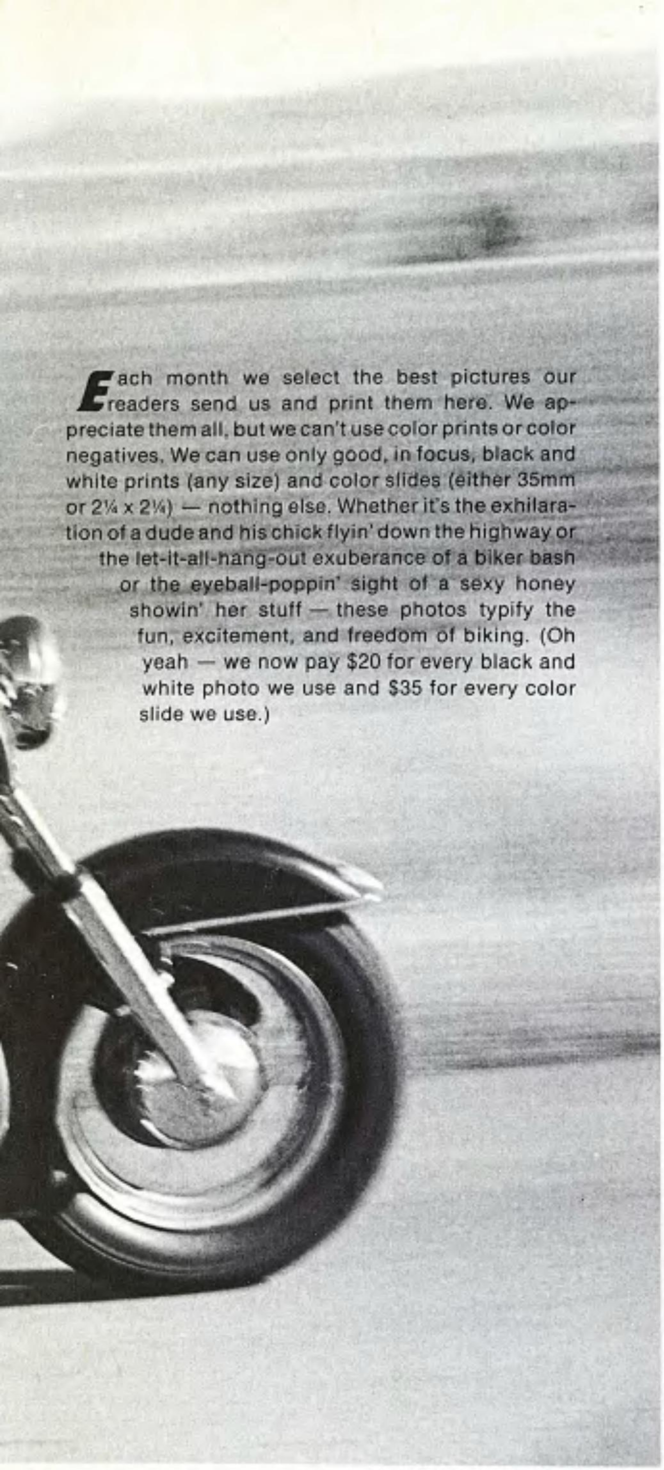


—from Moses, South Bend, Ind.



—from Bob Touchette, Eastern Mass.

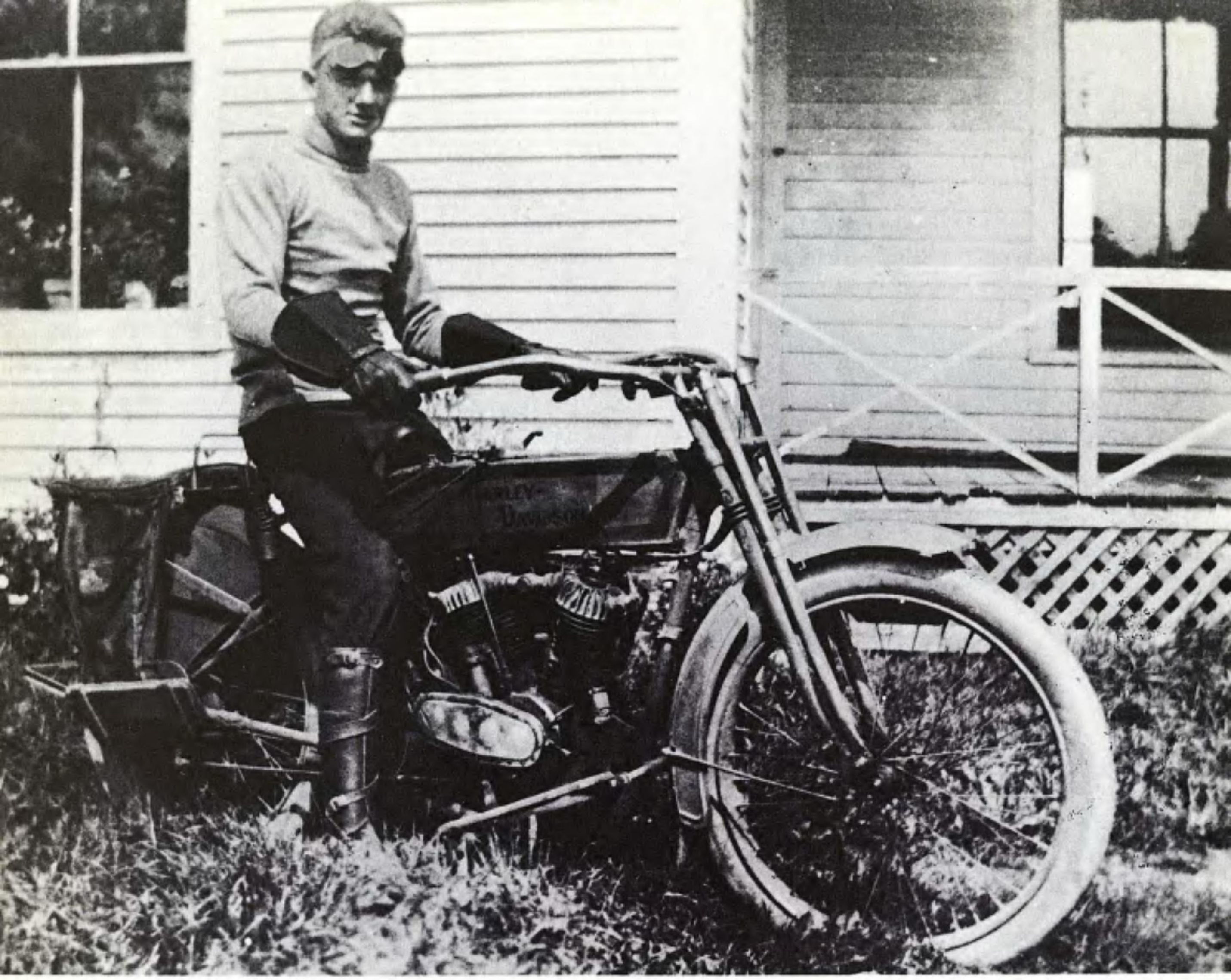
**E**ach month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)



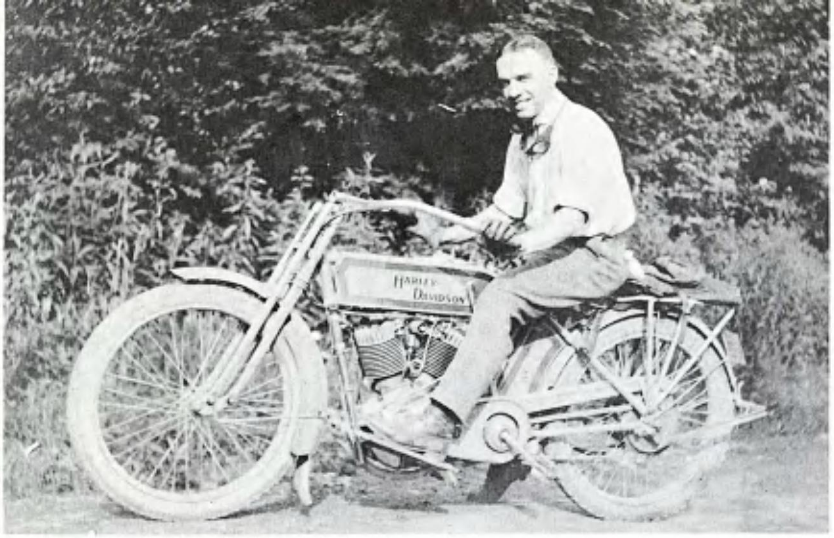
—from Deadwood, Powell, Wyo.

—from J.R. Larson, St. Francis, Wis.

—from Deadwood, Powell, Wyo.




—from Brad Hewes, Bath, Maine




—from Taco, Marion, Ill.

—from Bo and Bugs, Madison, Wis.

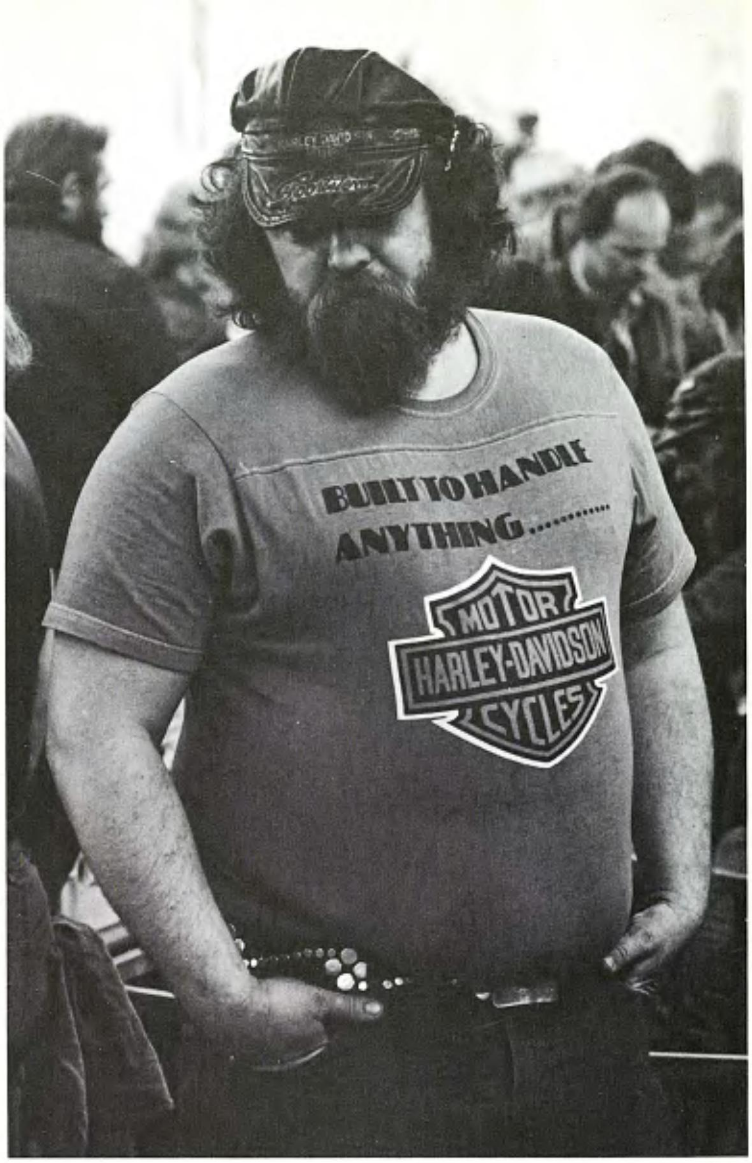
—from Richard, Sandy Mush, N.C.

—from Sissy Muscheid, Hocky Point, N.Y.

—from J.R. Larson. St. Francis. Wis.

—from Richard, Sandy Mush, N.C.

—from Richard, Sandy Mush, N.C.

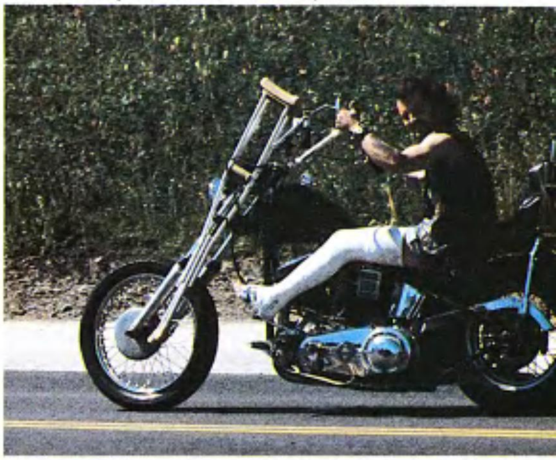



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

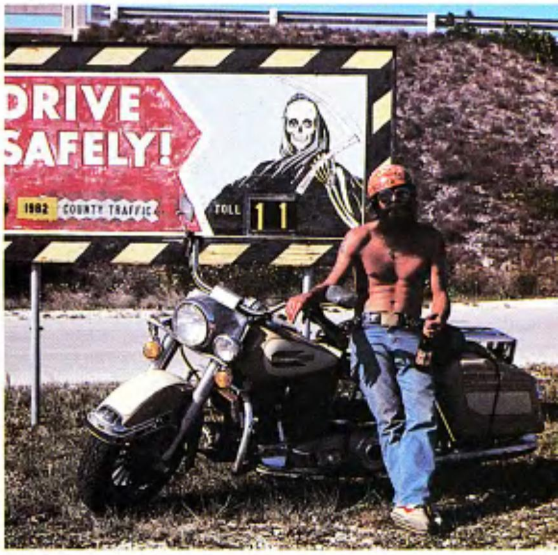
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

*—from Hotel Hal, Denver, Colo.*

*—from Larry J. Harris, Concord, Calif.*



*—from A.D., Houston, Tex.*

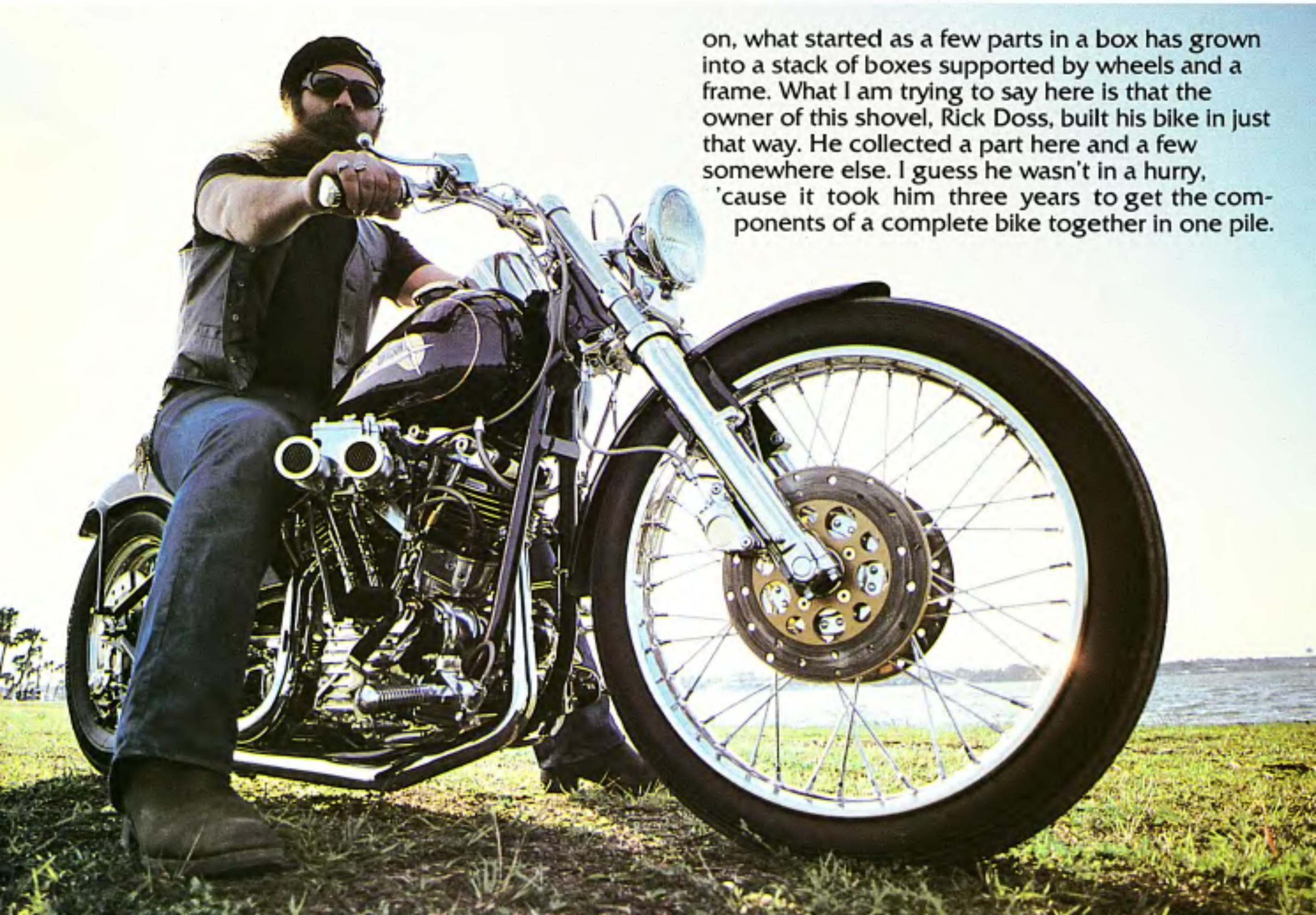


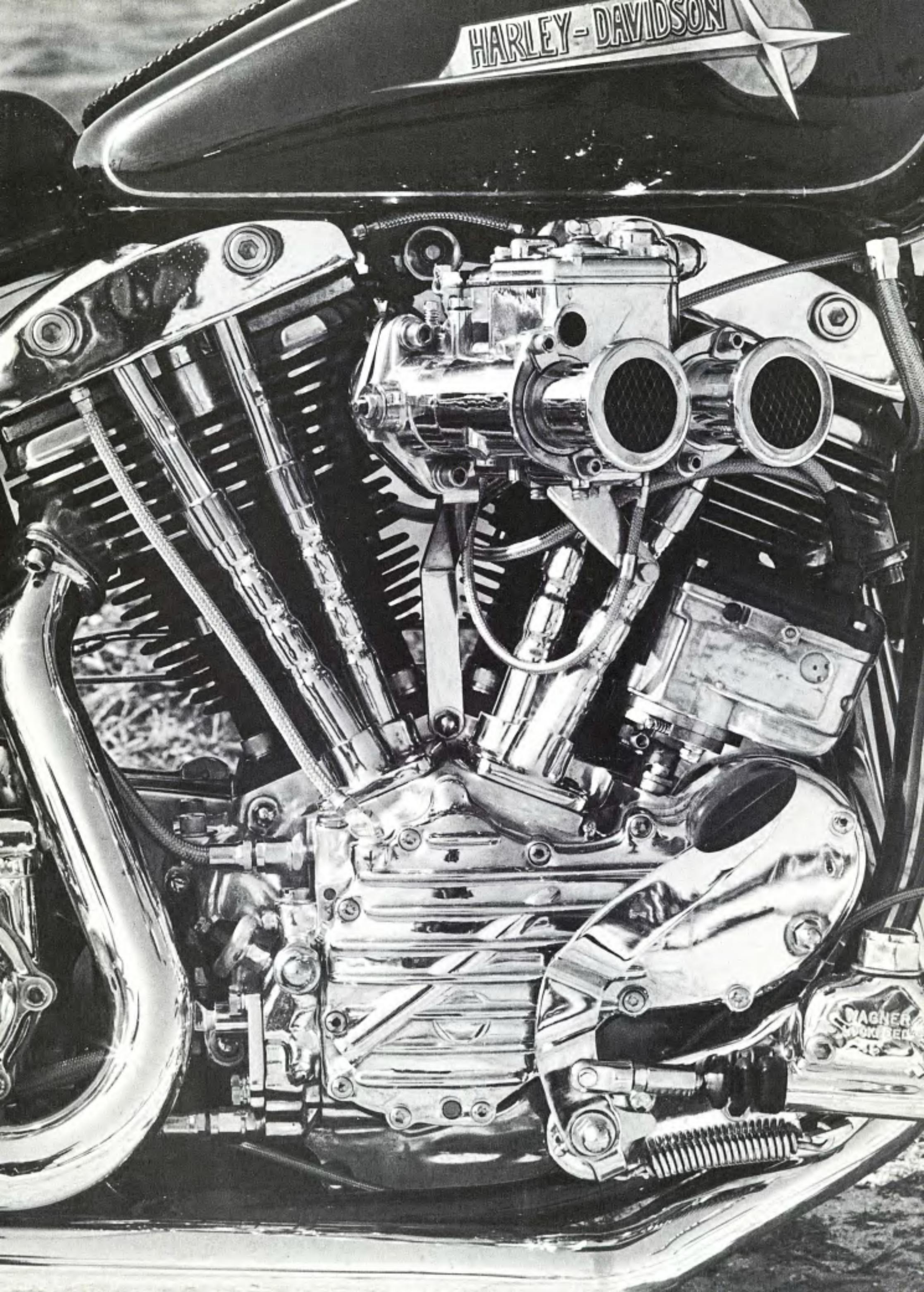
*—from Frank, Malibu, Calif.*

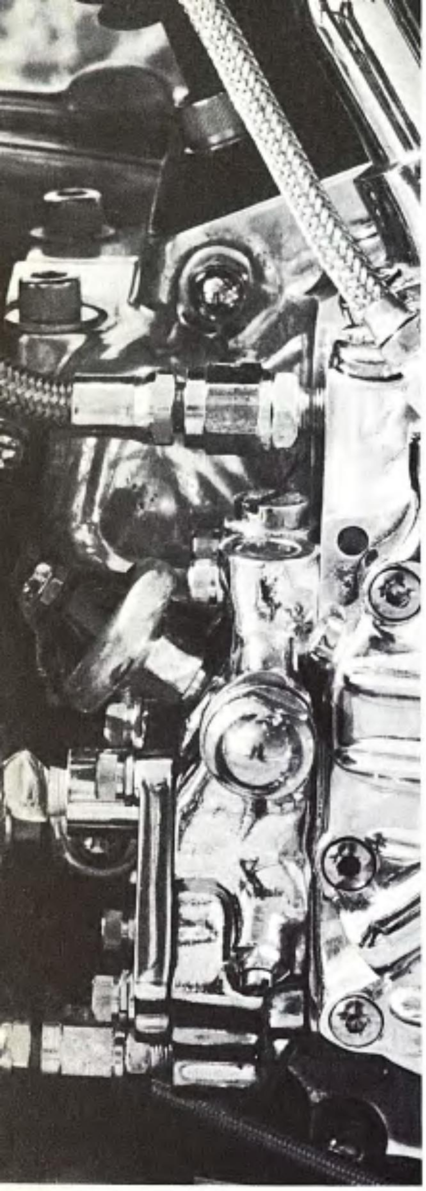
Easyriders Magazine

# A Long Time Planning

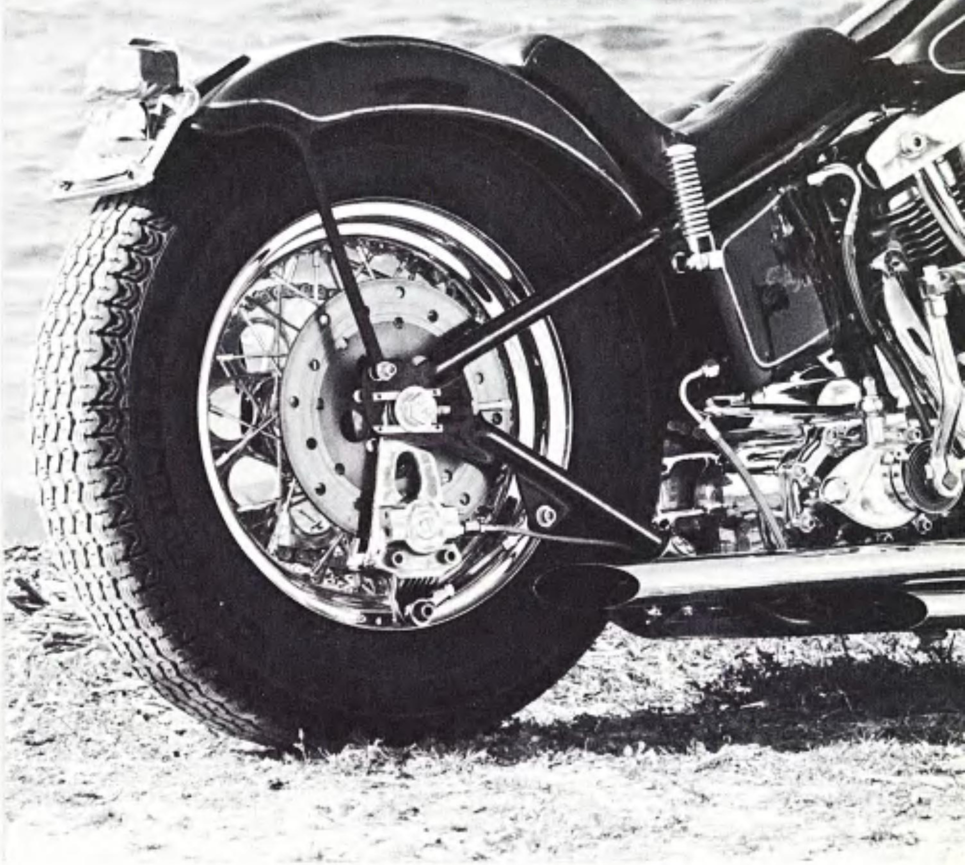
Some scooters are built in the head long before a bolt is turned. It's easy to visualize a complete bike, relying on every trick idea you can remember. Even now, somewhere in the back of your mind there is a list of what to get, who has what, and what is already buried in the garage. As time rolls on, what started as a few parts in a box has grown into a stack of boxes supported by wheels and a frame. What I am trying to say here is that the owner of this shovel, Rick Doss, built his bike in just that way. He collected a part here and a few somewhere else. I guess he wasn't in a hurry, 'cause it took him three years to get the components of a complete bike together in one pile.



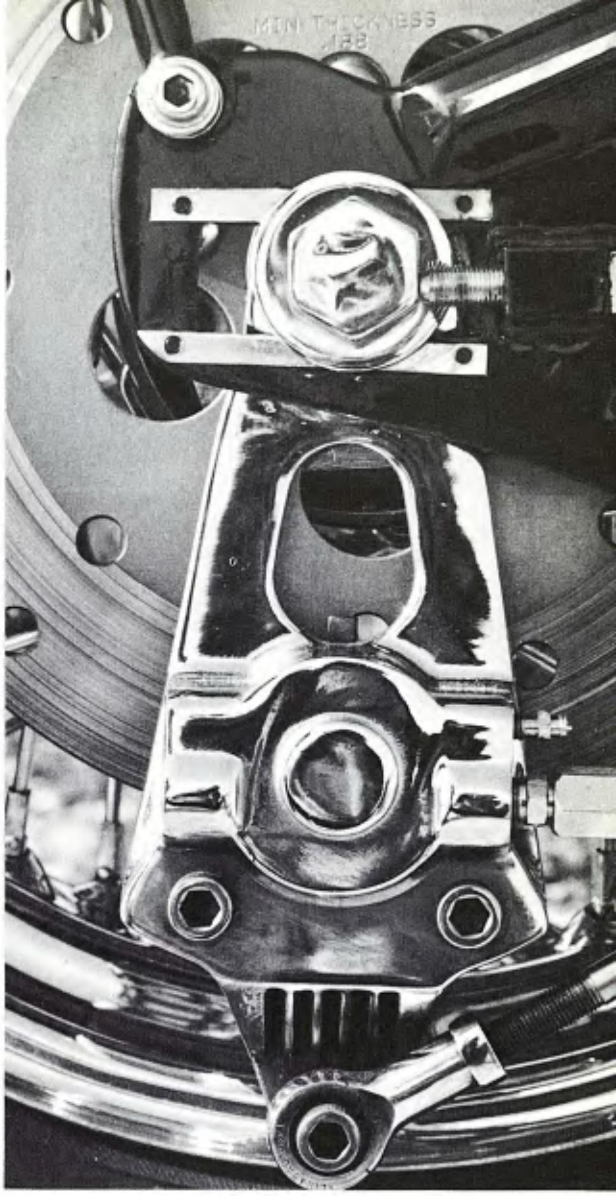

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



After collecting and thinking for three years, it shouldn't be a hard task to put the scooter together. It took Rick only six weeks to finish off his shovel, and that included a half dozen trial setups. Most of the small parts he collected came off insurance jobs that he reconstructed in his shop. One month, it might be a bottom riser and a fork slider; the next month, it could be a rocker box and an oil-



HARLEY-DAVIDSON


MIN THICKNESS
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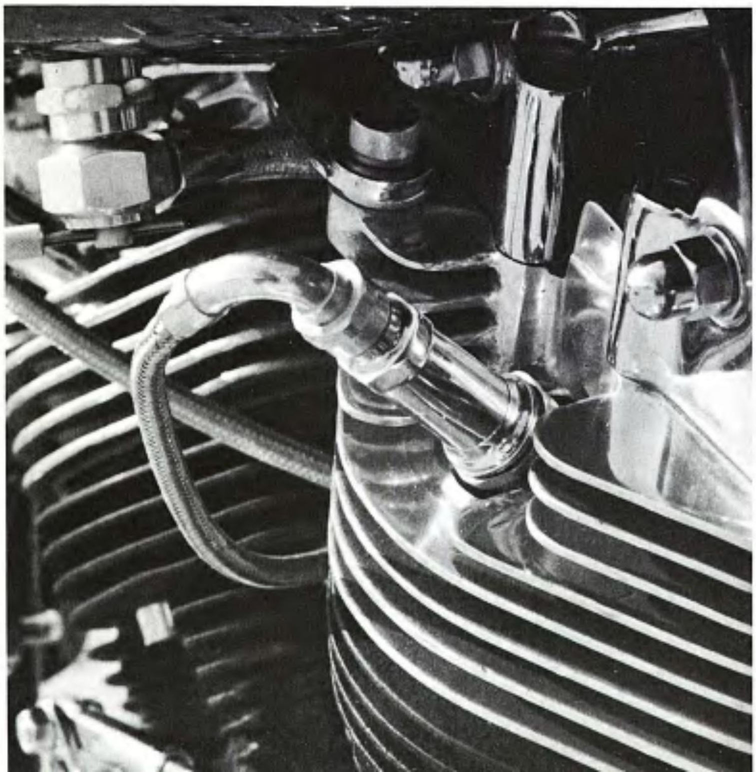
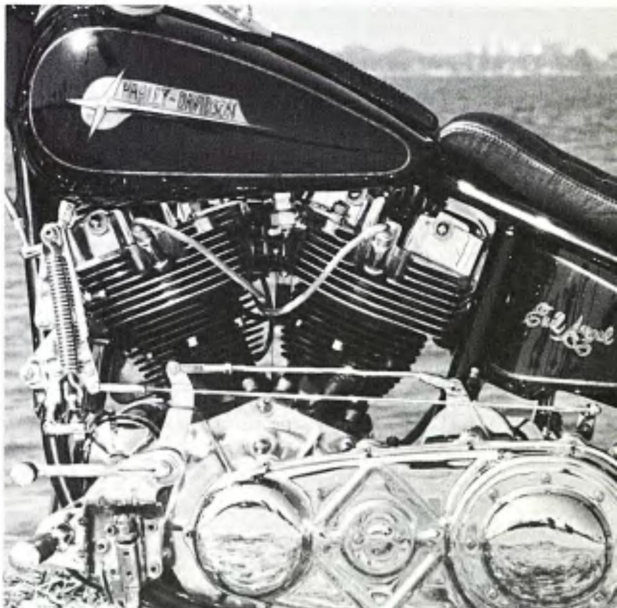
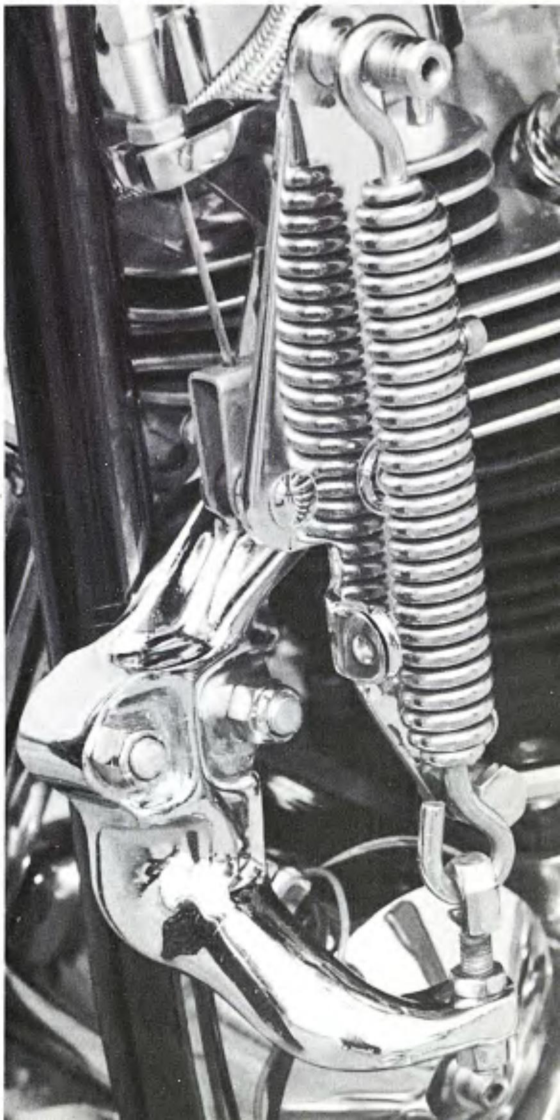


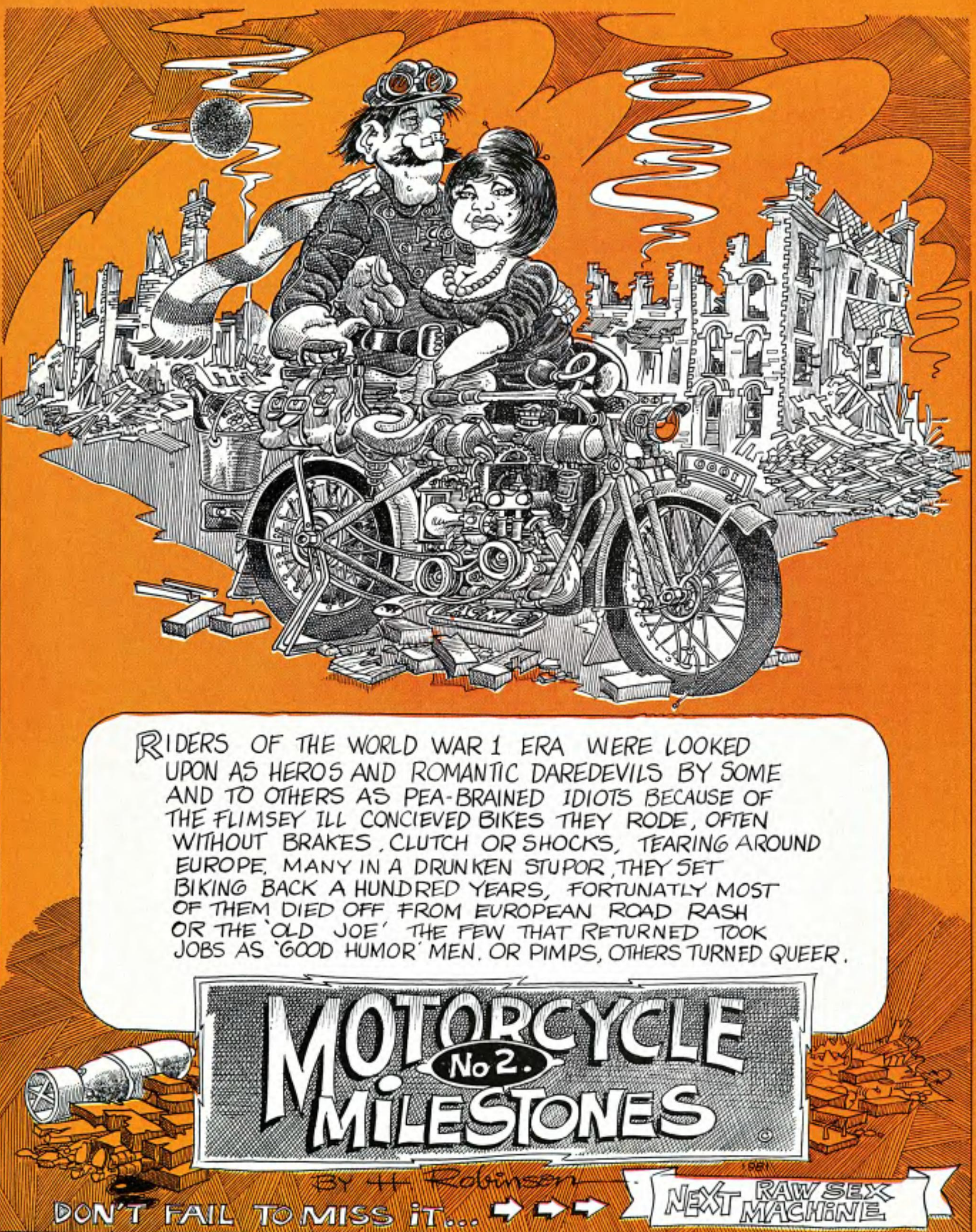

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

pump cover. Everything that was collected was inspected beforehand — Rick didn't want any surprises while the bike was going together. There were plenty of other bridges to cross, such as paint and chrome, so he didn't need the irritation of unusable parts. Once the paint had been rubbed out and the chrome checked out, he was on a roll. The wait was well worth it, 'cause the shovel fired up on the first few kicks. What better reward for three years of planning can you have? The first trip out of the shed was to the sunny skies of Florida for Bike Week. That's where we caught up with Rick and got the photos. I hope you enjoy 'em. —Frank

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Owner:** Rick Doss | **City:** Danville, Va. | |
| **General** | **Frame** | |
| Fabrication by: owner | Year: 1960 | |
| Year and make: 1949 H-D | Builder: H-D/owner | |
| Model: FL | Type: rigid | |
| Value: $10,000 | Rake: none | |
| Assembly by: owner | Stretch: none | |
| Time: 3 years | Other alterations: cherried | |
| Chroming by: Brown's Plating | **Accessories** | |
| **Engine** | Bars: drag | |
| Year: 1949 | Risers: Low Rider | |
| Model: pan-shovel | Fender(s): owner/H-D | |
| Rebuilder: owner | Headlight: Bates | |
| Ignition: Morris Magneto | Taillight: Drag Spec. | |
| Displacement: 88 cu. in. | Speedo: original | |
| Lower end: S&S | Front pegs: Paughco | |
| Balancing: owner | Rear pegs: Paughco | |
| Pistons: S&S | Electrics: 12-volt | |
| Cases: polished | Gas tank: 1977 fatbobs | |
| Heads: 1974 shovel | Oil tank: original | |
| Cam(s): Leinweber 550 | Oil system: full return | |
| Lifters: S&S solids | Primary cover: Paughco | |
| Carb(s): Weber 25-degree intake | Seat: leather | |
| Air cleaner: velocity stacks | Sissybar: fender struts | |
| Pipes: 1¾ in. drag | Height: frame to fender | |
| Muffler(s): blew them off | Material: ½ cold roll | |
| **Transmission** | **Forks** | |
| Modifications: rebuilt | Type: stock glide | |
| Year: 1975 | Extension: shortened 3 in. | |
| Shifting: foot | Builder: H-D | |
| Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive | Special features: lower legs turned down | |
| Trans sprocket: 22 | **Wheels** | |
| Wheel sprocket: 51 | **Front** | **Rear** |
| **Painting** | Size: 21 in. | Size: 15 in. |
| Molding: owner | Hub: stock chromed | Hub: stock chromed |
| Painter: owner/Red Turpin | Rim width: 1.85 | Rim width: 5 in. |
| Color: blue pearl over black lacquer | Tire: 2.75x21 | Tire: 185x15 Pirelli |
| Type: lacquer/Imron | Brake: dual disc | Brake: Hrst. Air-Hart |
| Special paint: gold & silver leafing, emblem replica, gold leaf striping, med. blue & purple pinstripe. | | |
| Other special modifications: handmade chain guard, license-plate mount, Teflon wiring in frame, Velcro seat fasteners, braided steel oil and brake lines. | | |

Photos by Mike Lichter




ACME
RIDERS OF THE WORLD WAR 1 ERA WERE LOOKED UPON AS HEROS AND ROMANTIC DAREDEVILS BY SOME AND TO OTHERS AS PEA-BRAINED IDIOTS BECAUSE OF THE FLIMSEY ILL CONCIEVED BIKES THEY RODE, OFTEN WITHOUT BRAKES, CLUTCH OR SHOCKS, TEARING AROUND EUROPE. MANY IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, THEY SET BIKING BACK A HUNDRED YEARS, FORTUNATLY MOST OF THEM DIED OFF FROM EUROPEAN ROAD RASH OR THE 'OLD JOE' THE FEW THAT RETURNED TOOK JOBS AS 'GOOD HUMOR' MEN. OR PIMPS, OTHERS TURNED QUEER.
MOTORCYCLE No 2. MILESTONES
BY H Robinson
DON'T FAIL TO MISS IT...
NEXT RAW SEX MACHINE

# OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady Contest, showin' their stuff, tryin' to win the $1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets $100 and runners-up each get $25, with the contributors gettin' $10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on this page must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is July 28. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #110 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. ■

**Angel**

## OL' LADY CONTEST

*Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name ______________ Phone ______

Model's Legal Signature ______________

I am ______ years of age, born ______________

Address ______________

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Photographer ______________

Address ______________

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Witness to Signature ______________

In 25 words or fewer, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a *notarized* model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

**Amy**

Lisa

Gina

Linda

Amanda

P.J.

# A FINE FEELIN'

## BY TINKER

Hunkering down on the heels of his worn boots, Ackerson calmly puffed his last butt and unhurriedly gazed in all directions — feeling nothing. Beside him, the shovel leaned on its stand, its rear tire completely flat.

I knew about the slow leak, Ackerson thought. Had plenty of chances to get it fixed. He glanced coldly at the tire, his eyes moving to the scenery surrounding him: the unusually quiet Interstate 40, the New Mexico desert on both sides of it, mountains in the distance. None of it seemed to matter.

In the distance, an 18-wheeler appeared, approaching steadily, moving fast. Ackerson watched it with detachment. He knew it wouldn't stop, and he didn't really give a shit. Sometimes his own indifference almost — but not quite — worried him. The truck rumbled by, followed by several cages. Now the highway was empty and quiet again. Somewhere behind him a bird emitted a series of complicated trills. The sunlight was comfortably warm, the sky clear. Ackerson gave the shovel another flickering glance. Fuck it. Sooner or later, somebody would come along and stop. Maybe haul the scoot and him on to the next town.

He stood up, rubbing at the cramped muscles in his legs and trying to recall when he'd last had any strong feelings about anything. It hadn't been in a long, long time. Not since that rotten day he'd returned early from a run, rolled silently into the garage, walked into their house, heard the weird sounds coming from their bedroom — and found his beloved wife 69ing with his best friend. His daughters — his own two little girls — were looking on in frozen fascination.

That's when he had gone numb.

Sighing, he flicked the butt across the highway, hearing a lone engine from the other side of the distant crest. Yeah, that had been the turnoff. Now he was single again. His folks had the little girls. And a year later he was still so fucking numb it was unreal.

A bright-gold van came over the crest, sunlight glinting on its shining paint job.

Ackerson watched it growing larger and louder without being completely aware of it, his thoughts clinging to all the numbness of the past year. The wonderful things that

*Continued on page 111*

Illustration by J. Kiskis


# Protect Your Valuables

**Won't open until you open it.**

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## Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?

With this **Stash Pouch** you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the **Stash Pouch** will stay in position — it does not slip down.

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# DOWNTIME

*By Ben Doverdahl*

It's about time we took a look in our own backyard for some kickass rock and roll. America's got it. It's tucked away in the South and comes burstin' out in a flurry of multiple guitar explosions. Specifically, you can look to Jacksonville, Florida, for the origins of the best hard-edged, people-pleasin' music anywhere.

The roots can be traced to the Allman Brothers Band, and, more important for today's sound, the former Lynyrd Skynyrd. It was these groups that opened the theater doors for later acts of rock rebellion.

Not going over the already rehashed grim story of Skynyrd's untimely demise in an airplane crash is tough, since their latest album **This Is The Way**, under the group name of Rossington Collins Band, captures the feeling of loss, and the mood of starting over. After the successful debut album, **Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere,** which had for the first time a female, Dale Krantz, leading, you had to wonder where the band would go from there. Well, they're goin' onward and upward if this record is any indication.

Right from the opening, "I Gotta Get It Straight," it's obvious that the band is as tight as ever but more subdued, with longtime member Billy Powell chopping the keys. A song of pickin' up the pieces and believin' in dreams, "Straight" is positive. Then the mood goes melancholy with "Tashauna," a tune about contrasts. ("He called himself a freebird, they pulled him from the sky.") It shows that the group isn't afraid to address the realities that have dealt it such a shitty hand. The lyrics conclude with "Dear Sir Lennon, where are you now? He was one of a kind. . .You are one of a kind. . . All of us one of a kind. . .")

The old Skynyrd sound appears on "Gonna Miss It When It's Gone." Behind Krantz's dynamic voice that eerily reminds us of the late Ronnie Van Zant (particularly the phrasing), the key to the tune is the lyrics, written by Allen Collins, Gary Rossington, and Dale. The theme: the good times are now. It's like there's no gettin' around what's gone down — play whatever cards ya got. "You gotta make the most of every day, it may be gone before you know it." They oughta know.

The record goes into a spiritual hymn written by new member Barry Harwood, who also plays lead to Allen's and Gary's dual guitars. The hymn is "Pine Box," and in a way it sets the tone of the album. Humming together, without instruments, they, as one, reject death. "The pain of death is loose from me." Then, breaking the quiet soul search comes a piercing guitar putting you back on track with a fine example of the "old Skynyrd's" independence, "Fancy Ideas." Ronnie'd like it.

The band has always had its musical feet on the road, and it continues here on side two. The travelin' song "Don't Stop Me Now" takes them cross-country from west to east. Jammin' through the states, the band is as hot as ever. The lure of a lover on the other coast makes the miles fly.

From there comes "Seems Like Every Day," with a triple guitar intro that is invigorating. It's a positive, "get your ass in gear" tune. You know — forget about the bad days. The idea rolls into the acoustic start of Harwood's relaxing "I'm Free Today." About a framed dude on the run, it shows the guitar player's potential as a singer.

The album rounds out with "Next Phone Call," like what's the next bummer gonna be? And finally "Means Nothin' To You," also by Barry Harwood, but sung by Krantz, about the killin' pace of the road: "Why don't you take my place, see how it feels. Let the road age your face, while you spin your wheels."

Sounds kind of bitter. The truth hurts, right? Well, behind the snake-dancin' guitars that could woo a cottonmouth out of a creek, the album makes it. The reports we've heard are that their live shows are a knockout, particularly a chilling instrumental version of "Freebird" that the audience impulsively sings along with. Gotta admit, one of the best live shows ever witnessed by this thug was Skynyrd outdoors in Oak-

**.38 SPECIAL**

ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND

land in '75 with Johnny and Edgar Winter. Pure rock. They haven't stopped yet. Onward and upward.

Two other groups from Jacksonville that owe at least partial credit to Lynyrd Skynyrd are .38 Special and Molly Hatchet. Both groups have dynamite kegs of music to blast with on their latest offerings.

Playing **This Is The Way** back-to-back with **Wild-Eyed Southern Boys** by .38 Special is like night and day. Right from the gate it's an alive offering of clean production, catchy guitar riffs, and fine singing by Donnie Van Zant, Ronnie's bro. Van Zant sings with a feeling that is typical of his family. By the way, he's got a younger bro, Johnny, who's got his own band. Talented clan.

Starting with the hit single "Hold On Loosely," then a faster one, "First Time Around," and on to the title cut, it is apparent that these guys have hits on their hands all the way through. But a bigger hit with us is the right-on cover art. I'd be wild-eyed too if a pair of hams were struttin' up, half hangin' outta them hot-pants. Yeah!

The style of .38 Special seems to be one of combining hot licks from Don Barnes and Jeff Carlisi, double drumming by Steve Brookins and Jack Grondin, steady bass from Larry Junstrom, and wrapping it up in a nice, neat pack, emphasizing clarity. Like on "Fantasy Girl." A couple of songs that get away from the mode are "Honky Tonk Dancer," jazz-like in its tempo, and "Bring It On," with its double-guitar, gun-down intro. They get down.

Another guitar army band from Florida that comes down like a twenty-pound sledge on a plate-glass window is Molly Hatchet. Now, Molly Hatchet was a 17th-century chick who supposedly had a penchant for hackin' up her lovers. This Molly Hatchet has a thing for lettin' loose with their own axes. It ain't as bloody, but on **Take No Prisoners** they do have a "Bloody Reunion" song.

The hardest sound in the South starts off fiercely. Triple guitars led by founder Dave Hlubek, Steve Holland, and Duane Roland merge into Jimmy Farrar's guttural howls. From there it's strictly muscle music all the way, side to side, from these big boys. They look like they've put in some time in the iron yard.

The rockin' warriors from Jacksonville (again) have an onslaught from "Bloody Reunion" to "Respect Me In The Morning," with vocal support from Joyce "Baby Jean" Kennedy of the group, Mother's Finest. Then a surprise screaming version of "Long Tall Sally" that'll shatter wineglasses and more.

Their aggressive, frenzied pace is a hot wick throughout, only slightly slowing on "All Mine," ("When she's good she's very, very good. And when she's bad she's great.") That leads into side two's opener, and the record's best song, "Lady Luck," a killer that picks up momentum from horns (a rarity with the group) supplied by Tower of Power. That, combined with the solid cornerstone of guitar work, will sit ya up in the saddle. So will "Power Play," a well-written song from Steve Holland about how things really ain't changed for shit when it comes to dealin' with a career and tryin' to advance yourself. Not beatin' the odds, ya might say.

Happily, it appears they are a group for chauvinistic rebels, dealin' with love of the ladies for the man who feeds 'em and takes care of 'em and for the ones that split out the back door. "Don't Leave Me Lonely Tonight," and "Don't Mess Around" fit the mold of not takin' any crap, as does the final splash, "Dead Give-away," about a dude who gets tricked into love by a chick, only to have her jam out. ("The sign on the wall said, No prisoners taken.") Just busted hearts and wallets.

An interesting thing about Southern bands is that they seem to get along like brothers, instead of being pampered whiners. They give each other credit for helping maintain on some albums, and don't appear to be overly competitive with each other. They can all thank Lynyrd Skynyrd, and they usually do.

They stick to their rock guns and don't lower themselves to gettin' cute in hopes of a monster AM lollipop single. They got guts. ■

MOLLY HATCHET

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## Saturday, July 31
## Sunday, Aug. 1
## 1982

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SAT. 11:00 A.M. - 11:00 P.M.
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## WET T-SHIRT CONTEST SAT. NIGHT

REGISTRATION FEE $10.00/APPLICATION AND MUST BE IN BY JULY 15/82.

— Set up and Registration Friday, July 30; 11:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. Exhibitors meeting Friday, July 30, 9:30 p.m.
— Classes will be assigned at Registration.
— Exclusively Harley-Davidson motorcycles or trikes.
— Awards Sunday, August 1, 6:30 - 9:30 p.m.
— Take down 9:30 - 12:00 midnight; building must be vacated by midnight.
— Hotel accommodation available (403) 242-1191 before July 1/82.
— Campground information (403) 242-1191.

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**JOIN US ON OUR RIDE TO STURGIS '82**

**Cheryl Chimes In**
Mutha, here is a poem I would like you to print, so all the bros will know what to expect if we wind up in the sack together.

Tickle me, tickle me,
You know where,
Through the cunt and in the
hair.
If you don't tickle me
In the right place,
I'll lift up my clit
And piss in your face.

Cheryl
Winnipeg, Manitoba

• Most bikers I know ain't much for washin' their faces.

**Giggle Gobble**
My ol' man has broken me in to the joys of givin' head, for which I am grateful. However, no matter how he blows his nuts, he still laughs after he comes. He doesn't know why and I'll be damned if I do. We thought that you, being a person with a lot of experience on marital problems, might know.

Sundance's Ol' Lady
Huntsville, Tex.

• It probably has somethin' to do with your dentures floppin' out of your mouth at the same time as his cock.

**Colorful Query**
I fucked this cunt inside-out. I mean really humpin' hard, but her hole was so tight that when she clamped down on me she damn near broke my crank. When I got it out of her it was swollen and black, blue, orange, and green! I think she ruptured all the blood vessels. Will it get better by itself, or should I have it looked at by a doc?

Puffy Pecker
Martinez, Calif.

• Same thing happened to Rufus when he fucked a toy poodle once. He fixed it by lying in the sun and licking his dork for a few days.

**Hairy Sac**
Every time I go over 70 miles per hour on my Trumpet, the twin Amals try to suck my balls into the motor. Should I fuck the bike to calm it down?

Dad
Long Island, N.Y.

• Better put a hair cleaner on the carbs.

**My Defender**
Someone once told me that you eat horseshit, drink pig piss, and dig dog jizz on toast; but I stuck up for you — I told 'em you don't like toast.

Clap of the Yap
In the Sea of Japan

• Toast is nothin' but cooked bread. I prefer to eat things raw.

**69 in 86**
I'm presently locked up in Jackson Prison. I've been reading *Easyriders* for two years now and dig your section best. I was wondering if, when I'm released in 1986, you'd climb up on the roof of my house and jump off on my face, then allow me to drive this 10½-inch swipe in your back door. I would really dig that.

Big Dick
Jackson, Mich.

• I'd jump on your face if you'd jack off on mine.

**Flying Farter**
Do you know the kind of person that farts by you, then walks away? Well, that's me. One day, however, my bros got on to me. They lit me up and I shot across the room and into a wall. How can I get even?

Ratster
Ashtabula, Ohio

• Refer to the story "Perfect Payback" in last month's rag.

**Change Of Position**
I've got a problem with my ol' lady. She's a damn good piece of ass, but when we're fucking she never gets off. I'd do anything to get her off. What's the best method?

Willin' Willie
Salem, Ore.

• Try fuckin' her from on top, and let her worry about when you're gonna get off.

**Spider's Place**
You remind me of an egg-suckin' dog! I've never seen Spider, but if he looks anything like you, I throw pity upon him. Also, if I were in his shoes, I'd rather be dead than be seen with you.

Varmint
Cumberland, Md.

• Spider's only seen in me, never with me — and only after dark.

**Who's A Virgin?**
Who the hell do you think you are? All you do is talk about sex, but your sister, Loose Louise, told me you are a virgin.

If you want to lose your cherry and get some real he-man dick, come to Florida and look me up. Your other sister, Willing Wanda, agrees with Loose Louise that you're the black sheep of the family. They say you wouldn't know what to do with a dick if you found it in your mouth.

How can two such sexy broads have a sack-of-shit sister like you?. I want you to know my dog throws up on your picture. Are you ready to become a true biker woman and learn about sex? Come to Tampa and look me up — and I'll drop my pants.

Skull
Tampa, Fla.

• Those flabby bitches have always been jealous, 'cause I got all the looks in the family.

**Canadian Lumber**
The bros just voted you in for a momma. Why don't you come up to Canada and get your initiation presents? They grow 'em big up here. Who knows, you might even forget Spider.

The Brotherhood
Vancouver, B.C.

• I just can't stand the cold breezes blowin' through me every time I lie down and spread my legs.

**Back To The Joint**
I might be goin' back to the joint for beltin' some sissy cop in the chops, and my ol' lady is threatening to leave me over it. I been fuckin' her day and night, trying to convince her to stay, but it ain't workin'. What should I do?

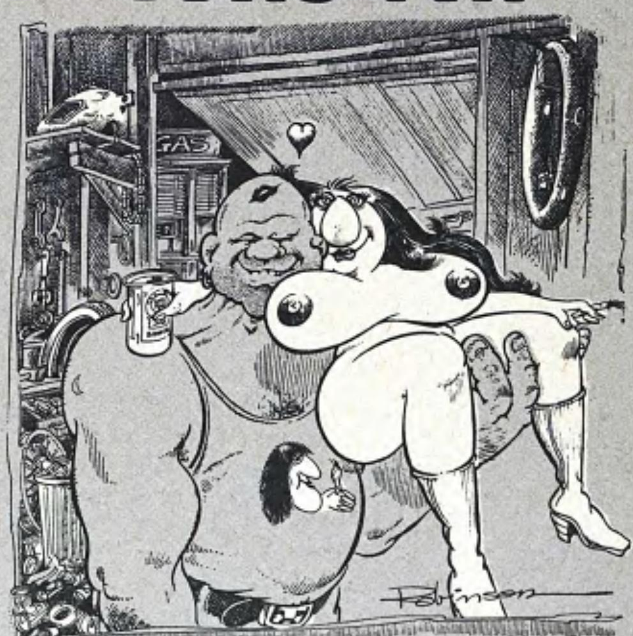
Ace
Seattle, Wash.

• Maybe you shoulda belted the ol' lady and fucked the cop.

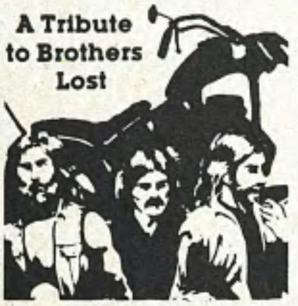
---

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

# Miraculous Mutha Tells All



## A Tribute to Brothers Lost



**S**pace limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Rex "Red" Calfy,** 3/25/82. Your future is your own—an unexpected trip, for sure. Save me a parking space in Bikers' Heaven. Ride on. Woody.

In memory of **Richard "Indio" Madrid,** who died on his scooter with the wind in his face. A bro who lived for today and not for tomorrow. Forever, your bros, Fukowee Tribe, So. Calif.

In memory of **Steve King,** who was called away from us 3/12/82. You filled us with memories and love, which all who knew you will remember and cherish forever. Ride free and easy, my Sweets. Baby.

In memory of **Detroit Mike,** 2/10/82. May you rest in peace and ride forever in Harley Heaven. You made my days happy and bright. I loved you then, I love you now, and will love you forever. Little Butterfly, Longview, Tex.

In sweet memory of **Milt Robinson.** We miss you, brother. Ride free for us. See you in Harley Heaven. Love. Your friends in Cabin John.

In memory of **Ron "Abe" Abraham,** found 3/27/82. Downed by a noiseless gun. You burned your candle at both ends; it did not last the night. But to your foes and for your friends it gave off such a light! Ride easy, bro, wherever you are. Your bro Jim.

In memory of **Andrew "Rat" Brake,** 3/12/82. He rode hard and he died free. His spirit will ride in Harley Heaven forever. See you soon, bro. Micky, Tracy, Sam, Andrea, Will, and Babe.

In sweet memory of **Harley.** You rode right out of this life on a dark Texas highway and never seemed to notice. It isn't the same now, but we're glad you touched us. Your spirit rides easy with us always. Snoozie and the bunch.

In memory of **Larry "Coot" Melancon.** You were so young and had so much more of life to live. You are badly missed. Wish you were here now. Baby, we all love you and always will. Your ol' lady and brothers. 3/5/82.

To **Skunker,** who was taken from us by speeding. In hopes that you've finally slowed down for a while. Ride high and free, brother. Gypsy Rose.

To **Rick,** whose life was taken unnecessarily by a car. Hope you ride long and hard. Gypsy Rose.

In memory of **"Link" Boles.** When the ground shakes and the sky turns black, we know you're still out raising hell with the winds. The Crew.

# Male Call

**B**ecause of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — $12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send $12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

*Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Two solid white biker tramps from Calif. got time in Okla., looking for foxy ladies to write and send pics. Will answer all. Garland Martin #117022, and Billy Martin #114466, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 22, brn. hair, brn. eyes, well built, been down a little bit and got a while to go. Looking for a lady to write. Please send picture. I will do the same. With love, Duke Mullen #42982, Box 7, 2-B-464, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Fine, righteous, 21-year-old dude getting ready to ride soon. Would like to find fine, righteous lady. I'll send photos if you do. Will answer all. Darren Richmond #16331, Box 100, Jean Prison, Jean, Nev. 89019.

Down white biker tramp, free in '83. Looking for young lady with a heart for letters, pics and ? Write to Preacher McKinley #97184, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I need someone. Young w/m, 27, blue, blond, 6'3", 202 lbs., and needing a righteous, sincere lady who wants a serious relationship. All letters answered. Steve Sikanas #74936, Box 500, Grady, Ark. 71644-0500.

Dirty white boy, tall, long-haired, good-looking, and crazy, from California, is caged in Cons-DSS for 3 to 10. I need mail and flicks from ladies anywhere. Will answer all. Steve Morrison #35384-A, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Looking for ladies 16-21 to write to a lonely inmate. I'm a w/m with blond hair and will be 21 in March. I will answer all. Exchange photos. Timm Larson #114745, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

I'm 30, good-lookin', gettin short, needin' an ol' lady. Ralph West, P.O. C39284, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

W/m 28, Pisces, green eyes, long blond hair, would love to hear from ladies of any age who love sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Wayne Whitley, Box 520, Newton, N.C. 28658.

We all need your letters and pics. Please write and bring some happiness to lonely bikers: Wayne Benton #285072, Thomas Lehew #312263, Sam Lowery #287250, Richard McGinty #260486, Marshall Killen #272271, William Stotts #258223, and Jimmy Lewing #303418, Wynne Unit, Rt. 1, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed biker, 19, 6'4", doin' six, needs correspondence from chicks to help do easy time. Mick Cole #357, Long Bay, Box 13, Matraville, N.S.W., Australia.

White, right, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, riding 15 years, running like the wind even longer. Down, be free in about two, educated in the good things in life that don't come easy. Want attractive woman, strong and tender-lovin'. Send photos to Artie Winkler #81A2471, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562.

In maximum security solitary confinement and out of touch with the outside. Would like letters and pics from all you chicks. Scott Riley #062982, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Northern Calif. white male would like to hear from all open-minded ladies. I'm 28 with brown hair and eyes, 190 lbs., and gettin' out in December. Send flicks for fast reply. David Hamilton, Box C-30100, Tamal, Calif. 94974.

How about doing something different tonight? Write a bro who is on death row. W/m, 34, 5'9½", and lonely. I'd like to hear from anyone. Stephen Binsz #103922, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 38, brown hair, beard, and eyes, 5'11", 165 lbs. I need letters and photos from ladies. Will answer all. James Hodges #14439, Box 607 NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I'm not dead after all. Just in the joint and in need of visits. Alex Lopez #895-82-122, 14-14 Hazen St., Rykers Island, E. Elmhurst, N.Y. 11370, 3 Block 1B9.

Hey, girls, for some rap, write to me. I'm 36, 6', blond, 200 lbs, well built, and white. I dig ladies 18-40. Send pics and stamps to Dale E. Ratliff #C-36920, D-36/03, Box 3535, Norco, Calif. 91760.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed, 28-year-old Virginia boy, fucked up in Alabama, would like to correspond with any willing female. John H. Thomas #111241, Box 37, Holman Sta., Ala. 36503.

Downed w/m biker doing hard time in county slammer. I'm 26 with blue eyes and brown hair, 6'5", 165 lbs., and would like to hear from any sexy hot ladies. Johnny Wager, 37 Munsell St., Binghamton, N.Y. 13901.

Attention, hot/wet women of all ages and sizes who will correspond with two partners down and out: Will answer all letters with photo. Todd Gartrell #113587 and Jack Paulk #113589, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Down and lonely w/m, 28, brown and blue, lookin' to hear from serious-minded women between 19 and 25 for correspondence now and possible long-term relationship in the future. Steve Clements #142284, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Downed bro doing hard time would like letters and pics from some foxy, warm honeys to ease the pain. Will answer all. Send pics and scribes to Oscar Ward #111214, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Downed Chicano bro into body building, weight lifting, handball, poetry, and drawing wants to receive letters and photos from nice-looking young ladies. George Bracero, Box B-93761, CTFC, X-Wing-325, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm being held prisoner by the CDC fools. Need some good white chicks to write me and send flicks. I've enough time to answer all. Been in the hole for two, got a couple more to do. Rick Wichman #C-19580, CTF Central, SHU #216, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

White scooter tramp, 22, with two to go, would really like to hear from all you ladies out there. All letters answered. Gordo Stern #C-17108, G-258, Box 686-CTF-C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Locked-down scooter tramp needs scribes and flicks from together babes. Will answer all. Patrick Gilham #18792, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

# Female Call

W/f, 22, long blond hair, green eyes. Society's turned its back on me, but I hope a righteous scooter tramp won't. Need a crazy, no-bullshit Harley man. Debra Knauer #277033, Box 8540, BWCI, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

I am a lonely sister from up north doing time in the south. Cotton was my name on the road. Waiting to hear from old friends and new. Donna Wright #573767, Box 147, Forest Hills Unit, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Two fine chicks imprisoned down here. Need some mail 'cause this place is hell. So drop us a line to help pass the time. Brenda Campbell #108675, and Rosa Ward #116561, Mabel Bassett Corr. Center, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73116.

Righteous biker ladies downed in Florida, Little Alcatraz. Send scribes and lighten our load till we street in '83. Sharon Nix #150531, and Mary Hughes #203222, Box 8540, BWCI, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Downed sister doing a dime, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'3", 110 lbs., scooter trash all the way. Only interested in true 1%ers. Tresa Boykin #323199, Vally Unit Dorm 1, 1401 State School Rd., Gatesville, Tex. 76528.

I'm an Aussie lady, 21, and will be in the joint for a few years. I would dig hearing from bros and sisters who are into everything and anything. Age unimportant. I dig photos and heaps of letters. Janene Mason, HM Women's Prison, Yarra Bend Road, Fairfield 3078, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

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**You got it—just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.**

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**Performance H-D** 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
**Piggy's H-D Parts & River Bottom H-D** 403 S. Arizona Ave., Chandler
**Iron & Thunder Cycle Works** 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

**ARKANSAS**
**Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc.** Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs

**CALIFORNIA**
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**On Any Sunday, Inc.** 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
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**Gordon Show & Go Choppers** 773 N. Broadway, Joliet

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**Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc.** 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City
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**P.M. Cycle Specialties** 309 W. 5th St., Waterloo

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*Can be branded with "Harley-Davidson," "Live to Ride" or ordered plain.*

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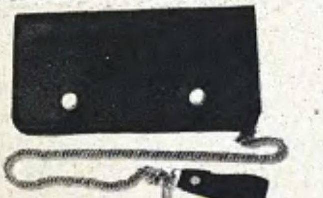

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## Two-Wheel Tales

# NECK-WRINGIN' RIDE

I'd say my favorite bikin' experience happens any time I start ridin'. Aside from that, a particular putt I took years ago, in my novice period, is the most memorable to me. Memorable in that whenever I take a run around the block, or jam to town on the Interstate, I think about it. It freshened me to how fast you can eat it, totally, by bein' a wiseass rider and not payin' attention.

It had been a great weekend — partyin' to the limit with people who were stimuli to the spirit. Lots of cleanin' on the scoots — done by us dudes, not the chicks. They were busy gettin' a pig barbecue together. For a couple of 'em, it was the first attempt at cookin' for their ol' men. Like mine, for instance — she hadn't cooked shit in the two months we'd shacked together; but here in front of the other ol' ladies, she was doing her damndest to satisfy my gut. She did all right, but I really went to town, chow-wise, on some of the professional cookin'.

The merriment went zippin' through Saturday. Sunday started late with a header from the recruit I'd picked up after the by-now ex-ol' lady had split the night before. No hassle, just found a better satisfier. With a load of hotcakes and maple syrup turnin', we got out on the road and took a hundred-miler. It wasn't long in terms of goin' to a national, thousands of miles away, but it got the scoots warmed.

All the bros had gone the route with no problems. Or as we said, "ruty," for routine. I split from the party scene to hit my pad for some crash time before work. It was about forty miles, a piece of cake — till I found myself starin' at my shadow on the asphalt.

Next thing I remember, after flashin' on how cool I looked with my Harley neck scarf blowin' out behind me, was how lucky I was that I wasn't hanged by my scooter. The scarf got sucked into the chain. Pronto stop. I was lucky. After hittin' the pavement I woke up. —Cougar

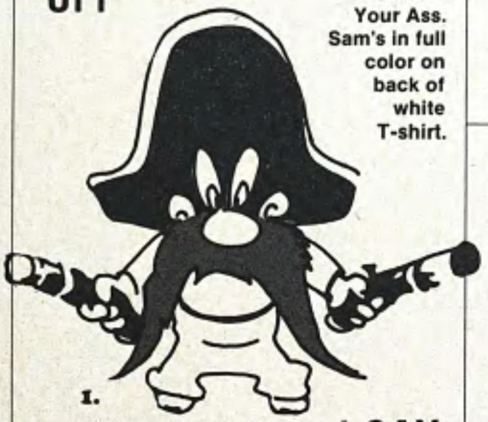
## $100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

Remember the time you got really loaded before leaving the bar and forgot to put your feet down when you got to the first stop sign? How about the night you met that stone fox who arrived at the club next to some dude in a cage and left behind you on your scoot? Didja ever feel the adrenalin rush that comes from outrunnin' a county mountie?

This new feature is where you get to tell us about all the good, off-the-wall, unusual times. The stoned times, the sexy times, the funny times, the wild times. Write us, in about 250 to 700 words, your favorite biking experience. We'll pay $100 for every one we publish. There's only two rules — the stories have gotta be true, and about good times; no fuckin' downers please. Send your stories to Ridin', c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Sorry, but entries can neither be acknowledged nor returned.

# Under New Ownership Dirty Shirts

**BACK OFF**

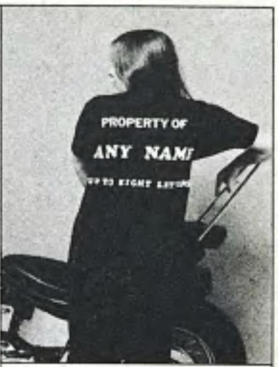


Tell Them to Get Off Your Ass. Sam's in full color on back of white T-shirt.

1. **I SAY**

2.

3.



4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.

## Ladies:

Show your ol' man and the world who you're with. We'll print any name with up to eight letters at no extra charge. If your name is longer, it's okay. Just add $1.00 extra for every letter over eight and we'll print it for you.

Send $8.00 plus $1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted.
We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for $12.00 each plus $1.00 shipping and handling.

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10.

11.

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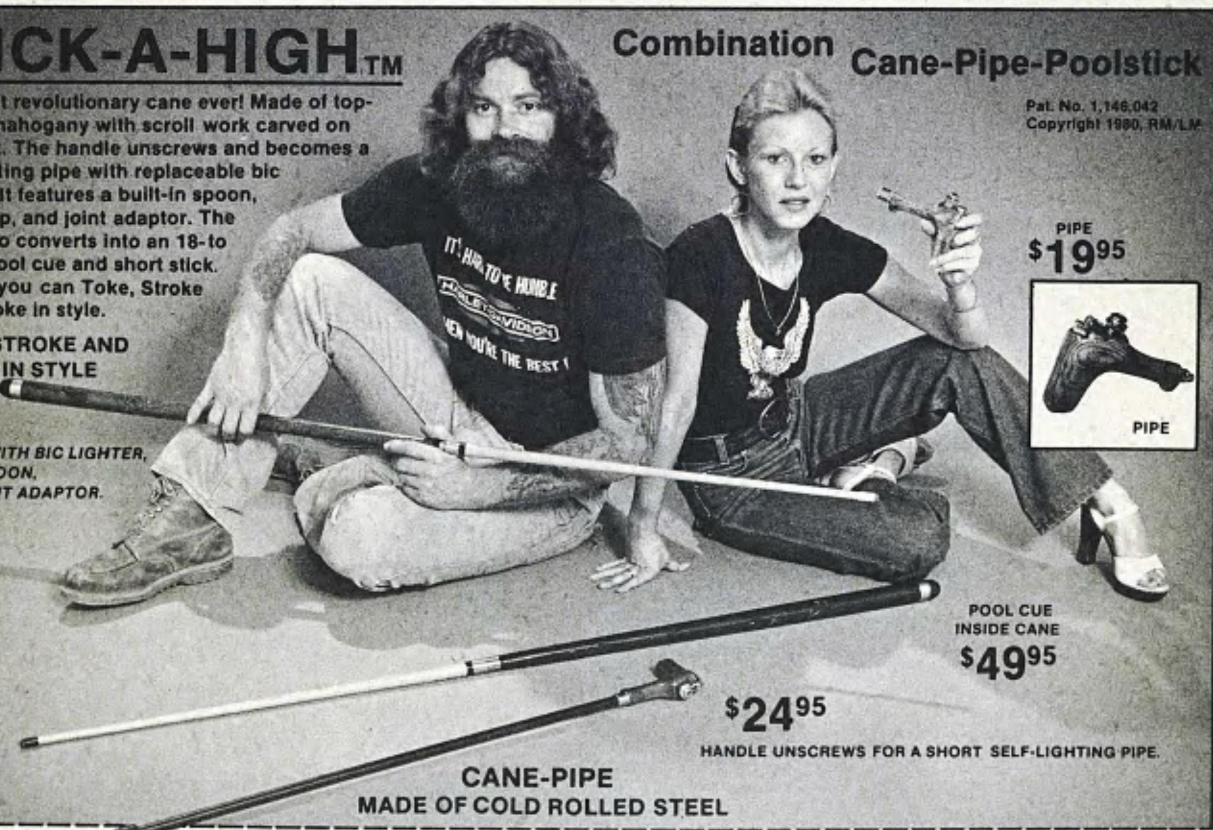


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*Add $2.50 shipping. Calif. residents include 6% sales tax. Allow four weeks for delivery.*

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**Coco**, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

**Outside USA please send money order (US funds) for shirt price plus $2.50 per shirt for shipping and handling.*


## Toughest Biker

Continued from page 27

another brew. "Don't think I've seen you in here before," he said, lowering the longneck to the bar. "What's your name?" I told him, and he introduced himself as Charlie. We shook hands, while his other mitt scooped up the money.

The first beer had pretty well chased the road dust. I was getting in the mood to kick back and rap. Charlie deposited the money in the till and came back, dragging a bar stool behind him. I was somewhat surprised that he didn't carry it back in his teeth. He was that big. I mean, Charlie must have weighed three hundred pounds and probably stood six-five. He was dark and had skin like a bull that had died of thirst. He looked like a really mean dude, but still had an almost friendly air about him.

He plopped down right in front of me, smiled and asked, "What are you doing in here anyway?" The big moment had arrived. Though the other customers were busy with pool and grabass and noisy stuff like that, I knew it would become dead silent when I finally up and said it. "I'm looking for the toughest biker in town."

I was right. Bottles and glasses came down hard on the bar — then silence. All eyes were on me. Charlie winced, studied me for a moment, and said, "You gotta be kidding." Somehow he knew I was not.

"No, I'm dead serious," I said, surveying my surroundings. "Know where I might find him?"

By this time everyone in the place had me under a microscope. Mean, ready faces appeared to be deep in very serious analysis. No one spoke. They just stared daggers. Charlie looked absolutely perplexed, not knowing exactly what to say or do. At the far end of the bar, a scraggly-looking blonde began to laugh. In a moment everyone was laughing.

The past few weeks had taught me well. I'd been from one bar to another all over town. The scenario was almost always the same. It was as though I were rehearsing for some elaborate stage production, a play or movie in which I got to be Steve McQueen. By now I had the part down pretty well. And I was having a lot of fun playing it. Fear was a word I had almost forgotten.

"Hey, man, I'll call yer bluff."

I turned to see a very rugged-looking guy standing to my left and slightly behind me. He stood only


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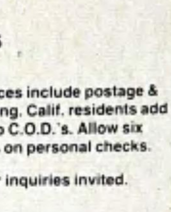


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about five-ten, but was brawny as hell. He had shoulder-length dirty-brown hair with a lot of gray in it. He was dressed in greasies and a well-worn cutoff. Over his left boot was a dog's choker chain with what looked like a rabies tag attached to it. I wondered if he'd had a booster shot lately. I decided not to lean back to check out his patch. When he opened his mouth again, I expected fire to come shooting out. I was relieved to hear only words. "Who the hell are you?"

I gave him my name, and asked him to take the empty seat next to me. At first he hesitated, but then he shrugged and sat down. He signaled the scraggly blonde to deliver his beer, then looked back at me and said, "Well?"

"I'm a writer," I told him.

"We're all riders in here. What makes you so special?"

"The spelling." I wanted to laugh at his expression, but not as much as I wanted to keep on living. Eventually, he caught on.

"Mmm. Now I got it. You writin' a book or somethin'?"

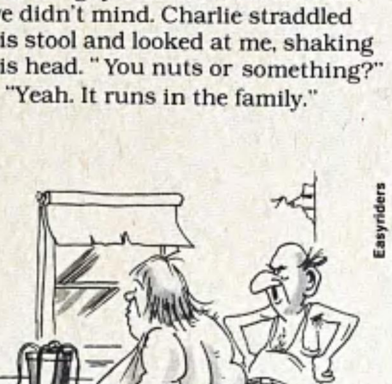
"Sort of. I have this half-assed idea of finding the toughest biker around and doing a story on him. Ready for another?"

"Yeah. Hey, let's split a pitcher."

"Sounds good. Why not?"

Seeing that I wasn't about to be pounded into 165 pounds of city boy dogshit, the bar had returned to normal, with only an occasional curious glance coming our way. Scraggly was punching out music on the jukebox. Charlie returned with the pitcher and three glasses. "Mind If I sit in?" Wildman (that was the guy's name) and I said no, we didn't mind. Charlie straddled his stool and looked at me, shaking his head. " You nuts or something?"

"Yeah. It runs in the family."



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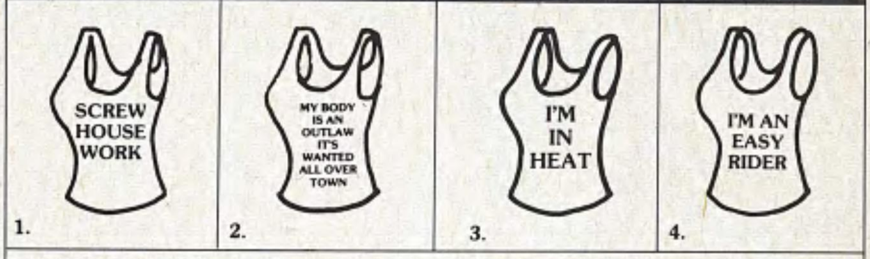


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2 LITTLE SUSSIE SHALLOW THROAT
3 PICK 'EM LICK 'EM STICK 'EM
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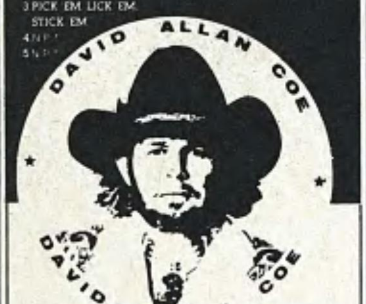


NOTHING SACRED

side one
1. jimmy buffet doesn't live in key west anymore
2. 3 biggest lies in the world
3. i was into whips & things and she was into pain
4. lay me down some rails
5. N.P.* blues

side two
1. nothing sacred
2. N.P.* 3. N.P.*
4. i made linda lovelace gag
5. N.P.* aneta briant

DAC0002 WHITE COVER
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Finally Wildman spoke up, "Man, you gotta be nuts. Do you have any idea what kind of shit could come down from doing a story like that? I mean, fuck! It would be like the days of the old west. The old fastest-on-the-draw type thing!" He hesitated a moment. "It would make a good yarn, though. Tell me, how long have you been looking for this monster? Have you run across any good candidates yet?"

* * *

In fact, I had. Several of them. But, up to now a guy called Smilin' Jack had been the roughest, toughest, and meanest sonofabitch I had enountered — or at least he had put on the best show. His name had popped up a number of times before I finally tightened my asshole and went looking for him.

I found him in a place called the Rat Shack on the south side of town. An out-of-the-way place that had earned its name, it made Charlie's Place look like a family restaurant.

I had gone down there, despite persuasive advice: "Don't go, ya idiot. That bunch will eat you alive!" I picked my time carefully — early on a Sunday morning — maybe the mean muthas would still be sleeping off Saturday night.

Arriving, I was happy to see only two choppers and two pickup trucks parked outside. I parked Trouble and casually strolled on in.

The bartender was a huge fat chick with red hair and greenish teeth. She was one rough-looking broad, but seemed friendly enough. "Whatcha havin', good-lookin'?" I sort of wished she hadn't said that. I didn't want any attention yet. I needn't have worried. The two dudes who apparently owned the bikes seemed too hungover to even look up. The other four guys, big burly farm types, merely gave me a glance, then returned to their mugs.

It was relatively quiet, with only an occasional grumble coming from one of the bikers. Big Red (as I secretly tagged her) was reading the Sunday funnies. She wasn't too sociable, and I was a bit hesitant in asking the ultimate question. Halfway through my second beer I called her over. "Where's everybody?" I asked, as though expecting someone. "Thought sure it'd be busy in here by now."

"Expecting company?" she asked.

"Well, yes and no." I answered. "I'm looking for the toughest biker in town." She laughed and drifted toward a door I pegged as the office.

By noon the place was jumping, but still no sign of Smilin' Jack. At twelve-thirty he made his dramatic entrance, and you best believe he wasn't wearin' a smile.

Ugly mean, a mountain of a dude with forearms like Popeye's and biceps as big around as my thighs. When he spoke, they listened. There was no mistaking his presence. Yet, despite this formidable air, he was being treated with more respect than fear.

I found myself watching his every move, gesture, swallow of beer. There was no way in hell I would have allowed this dude to sneak up on me. Then I saw Big Red call him over and nod in my direction. He flashed me the coldest stare I had ever seen. His eyes twitching, he examined every inch of me. My mind flashed on the back door, but my senses told me to stay put. In a moment, Smilin' Jack was standing next to me. I found myself hoping he had already had breakfast.

"Who sent ya?" he bellowed, with breath as hot as kerosene. "Are you from the Devil's Brigade?" He studied me as though I had a tommygun in my pocket. He bumped my jacket as if to make sure, and spun me on my stool to see if I was wearing a patch. I kept my cool through all of this.

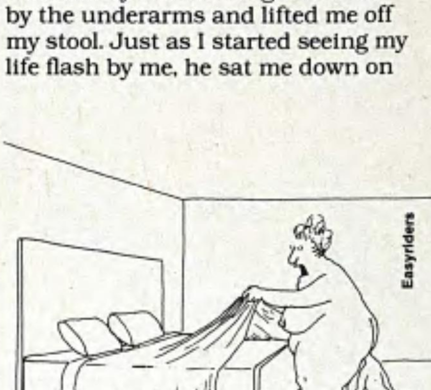
"So you're looking for the toughest biker in town, huh?"

"Yeah, I want to write a story about him."

"You want to put *me* in a story book?" His voice hit about 8,000 decibels and broke the sound barrier.

"I don't know. Are you the toughest biker in town?"

I knew I had said the wrong thing, because for the first time Smilin' Jack finally smiled. He grabbed me by the underarms and lifted me off my stool. Just as I started seeing my life flash by me, he sat me down on




**"Virgil? Virgil? Where did you go?"**

the counter top and said, "Watch!"

He turned and walked toward the front door, shoving bodies aside as he moved. He stopped in front of the table where the four big farmers had been quietly drinking all morning. He smiled and said, "Hi, I'm the toughest biker in town."

He didn't give 'em much chance to dispute it. He reached down and overturned the table, spilling two of the dudes to the floor. Then he picked up one of the two still seated and heaved him across the room. By this time, the fourth redneck had gotten to his feet — just long enough to receive a knockout punch to the jaw. The first two were trying to get up, but one had his progress impeded by a boot to the gut. The other made it up and, for his efforts, was rewarded with a chest punch that knocked him right out the front door. None of the four ventured seconds. And Smilin' Jack had been smiling the entire time. He took a quick look around him and then headed back toward me. "Well," he said, "how did ya like the show?" It had been impressive and I said so. "I'm buying the beer," he said. "I want to be in that story book of yours." Then he gave me a quick wink and grinned.

We spent the next hour or so drinking and swapping stories. I asked him if he knew the four dudes he had just taken care of. He looked at me squarely and said, "Would it really matter?"

I shrugged and said, "Guess not."

* * *

Wildman was bumping for my attention. "Hey, didn't you hear me? I was asking if ya had found any candidates yet?"

"Yeah, a couple. Got any more for me?"

"You bet. Stick around a while."

We spent the rest of the afternoon kicking around the pros and cons of the article and its possible consequences. He introduced me to nearly everyone that came in the door. The ones he didn't know, Charlie did. It was really a close-knit bar.

Evening came and found us pretty much shitfaced. I was glad we had taken time out for a couple of Charlie's famous hamburgers.

Around nine-thirty or ten a pack sounding like a freight train wheeled up to the bar. There must have been fifty of 'em. All big, hairy, and ugly. Some had their ol' ladies with them, some were stag. No one in Charlie's Place seemed to recognize any of them. But no one got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excited, until their leader whistled and got everyone's attention.

"We want the guy who's lookin' fer the toughest biker in town — if he's got the balls to show himself."

The bar tightened and Charlie gave me that if-they-don't-kick-your-ass-I'm-gonna look. Wildman looked at me and said, "Looks like it's time to do your thing."

I suddenly wished I'd taken that piss I'd thought about ten minutes earlier. A deathly silence filled the bar. Now even some of the invaders were starting to look my way. I flashed on Smilin' Jack and his crew and a few others I'd met. Hell, I was sure they could handle this outfit. So could Wildman and his bunch. What the fuck, I thought, if they kill me I won't have to head back home tomorrow. I pulled myself up to my full five-eight. "I'm the guy who's lookin' for the toughest biker."

The intruders' eyes all swung to me; the regulars shifted their gaze from me to the leader of the intruders and back again. Finally, the leader spoke. "Okay, Shorty," he growled. "Who is he, who's the toughest biker?"

All of a sudden I saw the light. Of course! It had been so obvious all along. "Fucked if I know," I said, starting to grin. "There's not a one that ain't tough enough."

The laughter built slowly. First Charlie and Wildman, then the leader of the intruders, then everyone in the joint.

From then on it was party time. Drinks were drunk, pool was played, and poontang was poked. Any idea of kicking ass or settling the tough-guy issue was completely forgotten. Later, much later, as we were mellowing out, with Scraggly on the intruder leader's lap and Wildman buried between the legs of the intruder leader's ol' lady, I took my tongue out of some redhead's ear and beerily summed up my research: "The thing is, my pretty," I pontificated, "there isn't any such thing as one toughest biker. There can't be. It's a brotherhood built like a chain, with every link just as tough or as weak as every other."

It sounded good and I was pleased with it. I smiled, waiting for the tightassed little redhead to sigh and tell me how clever I was.

She stretched and snubbed out the joint she was smoking. She rolled over on her belly. "If you're done runnin' your mouth," she drawled, raising her ass to the sky, "how 'bout a nice doggy fuck for momma?" ■


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Kelly: Please get in touch with Rip. I lost my phone book. Call and leave message at (213) 889-8740. (110)

Here it is, folks: The amazing 31-day wine from Stefan—easy, tasty, and guaranteed to rock your socks. For complete instructions, send $2 to Stefan, 24030 Scotia, Oak Park, Mich. 48237. (110)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tool and test instruments included. Send for free details. Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC52, 4500 Campus, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (110)

Lookin' for lovin' mama, 18-25, with beautiful bod and mind, to rekindle the fire in my eyes and warmth in my heart. Must love Harleys, outdoors, and work. No dopers, freeloaders, heavy drinkers, or cig. smokers. If you can share life with a mellow biker, 25, with a two-year-old son and a small business, send a kite and pictures to Dave, Box 21065, Long Beach, Calif. 90801-4065. (110)

Hummer, Pacer, Scat, Super 10, Nodel 125 and 165, Bobcat, Ranger—6 bi-monthly newsletters, free classifieds, color pics of members' bikes, membership card—$5 a year. Harley Hummer Club, Box 224, Olney, Md. 20832-0224. (110)

Romantic country dude, 32, seeks phone calls from mellow mountain mamas. Steve (702) 882-7725. No collect calls. (110)

Chicago, single, white male, considerate, 39, 6'2'', 185, wishes caring relationship with considerate, not overweight, not mercenary, Chicago-area woman. Write Box 2544, Chicago, Ill. 60604. (111)

Cash paid fast for old boots—engineer, western, Frye, etc. Any size, condition, even if not wearable. Chuck, Box 511, Altadena, Calif. 91001, (213) 797-0195. (112)

1940 custom knucklehead, needs minor repairs, $3,000 or best offer. Send $2 and sase for photo. Cindy, 1612 W. Callender, Peoria, Ill. 61606, or phone, 9-5, (309) 685-4096. (110)

Lonely inmate, 28 years old, white Taurus, looking for down-to-earth chicks for sincere relationship. Will answer all letters. Tony Arrengo #79A3922, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (110)

Front and rear belt drives for 74—Sporty rear only. One-year warranty. Super Max, Box 285, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (213) 516-0500. (111)

Good-looking 30-year-old male would like to meet easygoing, attractive female who knows how to treat an '82 Harley the right way. No drugs, cons, or hard partiers. Please send picture. South Dakota, Montana, or Nebraska area, age 19-32. David J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (110)

W/m, 21, 5'7'', 145 lbs., and doin' time. I have till '84 and I'm lonely as hell. I need kites and flicks from good people out there. All answered. Harry (The Roach) Silvi EF108535, Box 194, Alto, Ga. 30510-0194. (110)

Motorcycle swap meets by Donn Marco Productions, Sunday, July 25, 1982. National Guard Armory, Sidco Drive, Nashville, Tenn. Spaces 10x10, $30. Live music. $5 per Person; children under 12 free. For reservations or information, call or write Donn Marco Productions, 2308 Weona Dr., Nashville, Tenn. 37214. (615) 889-5515. (110)

Free-lance photographer returning to U.S. in Oct. '82 from Germany needs an honest lady for whatever. Interested in photography? Great! Send photo; all answered. 27 years old, 6', 175 lbs. Ken L., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu Calif. 90265. (110)

Pretty Texas lady wants to meet biker for putting, partying, or possibly permanent relationship. Kirby, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)

Ass, Gas, Or Grass; Nobody Rides For Free. Large back patch or T-shirt with silhouette of a bro and his ol' lady flying in the wind on their scoot, with the above slogan. Shirts are top quality 50% poly and 50% cotton—any color. Patch has white background, black border, and black imprint. Send $6 for shirt, $5 for patch, plus $1 shipping to Uncle Doug, Box 462, Oakwood, Va. 24631. (110)

Blakeoo (Beauford): Happy 24th birthday 5-8-58. Ride free in the wind forever. My heart is always yours! Love, Debbie (Pookie). (110)

BSA., Norton, Royal Enfield, AJS, and Matchless parts bought and sold. Iota Products Co., 121 Selden, Detroit, Mich. 48201. (313) 832-1127. (110)

Real women with heart wanted to write California loner who took the wrong highway. Give this convict a reason to smile. I'm 5'10'', 175 lbs., blond, and blue. All letters answered. Charles Grover #81A4916, Clinton Correction Facility, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (110)

Perceptive, versatile Italian male, with a couple of years left to do, seeking mature female counterpart, no barriers. Must be a conceptual thinker. I'm six feet, 195 lbs., grey eyes, brown hair and mustache. Neal Giraldi #75B1049, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (110)

House mouse wanted for 19-year-old loner. No games, drugs, or heavy partiers. Send photo; age doesn't matter. Write to Warrior, Box 293, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126-0293. (110)

Lips, honey: Happy birthday 7-8-82, and happy anniversary 7-21-82. May we see many more together. We love you. Nutt and the kids. (110)

**Moving to Daytona! Need lady who is together, honest, non-smoker, and good cook. I'm sincere, mellow, into music and Harleys. Want tight, lasting relationship. Let's correspond and see if we're compatible. I'll answer all letters and exchange photos. I'm white and 31. Write to Rick V., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)**

Johnny and Brenda, Matadors MC: Lost touch. The Wild Bunch is scattered. No way to contact you. Call collect, Kevin and Jody (616) 849-3124. (110)

Stop! Captured in redneck country; could use some mail from serious-minded ladies (25-35). Charles ''Flathead'' Warden #288755-A, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (110)

31-year-old white male from southern California, getting out of the joint soon. Ready to settle down, and looking for that special lady to do it with. Makes no difference where you're from, or where you've been. Richard McCray #39332, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710. (110)

Wizard: To the only man in my life, happy 25th, 8-7. Love always, Buford, Jessi, Lady, and your lady-in-waiting 10-21-82. (Merrill!). (110)

Tim (Slim) Greene: We are into year three, so I guess you do love me. I love you with all my heart; you are still my little fart. Happy anniversary 6-2-80. I love you very muchly. Annie. (110)

Good-looking, righteous bro doing time, but getting out end of '82. Looking for sweet words from righteous ladies. Will answer all. Les Nolen, B-71773, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710. (110)

Gallo: Happy birthday and happy parole! Hurry home, the nights are lonely (and boring)! Your ol' lady. (110)

Happy birthday, Gerry! Here's to many more years of ridin' down that open road, free as the wind, on your Harley. Love you always, Marilyn. (110)

After three years of loyalty to one man, he leaves me for some bitch. I am looking for a man who needs a good, loyal woman, 5'8", brown hair, loves animals and the country. No drug addicts or jailbirds, please. Ruth S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (110)

To whom it may concern: World's Finest Tattooing Equipment® is the registered trademark of Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. Any other individual or tattoo supply firm using this trademark is in direct violation of the law and will be prosecuted n a court of law. If you don't believe it, try it. You won't like it. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Tall, attractive brunette, 23, w/ child, warm, honest, proud lady, enjoys sports, nature, fine wine, natural food, good smoke, roses, and springtime. Seeks tall, secure, athletic, sincere, romantic, mature gentleman, 25-35, for friend, lover, and partner. No hardcores, drinking, or drugs. Write Kay, P.O. Box 1337, Avon, Colo. 80260. (110)

White dude, 30, into Harleys and the Grateful Dead, would like to meet one good lady who can cook omelettes and stews. Rugrats okay. Send photo to Mike Scott, 17537 Chatsworth, Granada Hills, Calif. 91344. (110)

Steve: Happy anniversary, my darling husband. Love, Your biker chick always and forever, Brenda. (110)

Albert Malthas, from San Francisco, please contact Nick in Pittsburgh, (412) 829-7609. (110)

In memory of Fast Eddy Foster (6-11-81). A brother to many, loved by all—may you ride free forever, Ed. We'll have you in our hearts and thoughts forever. Brian, Steve, Chuck M., Dan, Chuck C., Bud, Art, Rob, Larry, Tom, Mike, Kirbo, Steve, Dale, Don, and many, many more. (110)

Female rugrat, Lynell Rae, born Feb. 20, '82, to the proud parents Eddy and Donna McKenney. (110)

Freak and Burner: You're uncles! Get in touch with us. Eddy and Donna M., PSC 1, Box 21415, APO, S.F. 96230. (110)

Eddy: We hope the next fifty years are as good as the last two. Love ya, Donna and Rae. (110)

Downed biker in need of a left flywheel for my 1936 knuckle. Would appreciate any help in finding one. Dave Fyler, 900 West Second, Mitchell, S.D. 57301. (110)

Happy birthday, Eddie. Happy anniversary 8-9-82. Thirteen great years; give me more. Cathie. (110)

Biker looking for lady to accompany him to Panama— sex, drugs, tattooing, and rock 'n' roll. Finishing off three-year term. Send pics to Sp4 Beadnell, 504 76 0041, ACO 64th Spt. Bn., APO, N.Y. 09358. (110)

Born to righteous parents February 15, 1982: Michael Luke Lowry, 6 lbs., 12 oz. (110)

For sale: One set of Indian Scout tank transfers. P.N. 36-B-369. Still in original pack. Best offer. Box 192, Quitaque, Tex. 79255. (110)

Happy birthday, Stan Cobb, July 16. I will love you and ride with you as long as you will let me. Your wife, lover, and best friend, Jeanmarie. P.S. Happy birthday, Sam! (110)

Ladies: Young gangster, doing five, with eighteen months left, I find it's time to locate a good, solid lady to walk out to. Thin, 5'8", 140 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, 22-year-old Sagittarian, wants to live fast and enjoy! Looking for all sweet, sincere ladies, 18-35, who are hot and want to take it to the limit forever. Write Richard Gurule, Box CO1957, Tamal, Calif. 94974-0001. (110)

White, 30-year-old outlaw, looking for a righteous lady for meaningful relationship. Send pics to G.L. "Flash" Willis, B-62734, C-6378, C.M.C., Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (110)

Ricto: It's been the best seven years of my life. Here's to another seven years of puttin' and partyin' together. Love ya, Lee. (110)

Billy Cole, from the Sanibel during bike week, I would love to hear from you. Please write Linda, 314 Libourel Rd., S. Plainfield, N.J. 07080. (110)

Attractive w/f, 18, 5'5", 115 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, Scorpio, partyer, lives in a stereotyped, no-biker, preppy city. Looking for nice-looking, sincere, together, w/m—true Harley rider. Prefer 19-25, in Ohio area or wherever, for a right hand and to teach this lady how to putt and to putt with. Please send pics and/or write to Judy "Angel" Richey, 2834 Courtland, Shaker, Ohio 44122. Will answer all. (110)

Rowdy Rudy: Happy birthday to the best ol' man in the world! Love, kisses, and nasty thoughts, Barbara. (110)

Glenn D.: Happy 30th birthday November 29th. I've gone with you from bikes to the badge. Wherever the wind may take you, remember that your ol' lady loves you and misses you very much. Take care of yourself if you're down there in Lexington, and know that you are loved. Forever yours, Deborah M., Okla. City. (110)

Militant, white survivalist newspaper available, $2. Free to prisoners. Military and overseas inquiries welcomed. National Alliance, Box 1361-E, Huntsville, Ala. 35807. (110)

"Spidey" Lockeman: I'm out now, too, and my box and APO number are still the same—so how's about some communication? Wolske. (110)

Wanted: 1979 Harley commemorative pocket knife. State condition and price. Mike, 603 Anchor Place, Selah, Wash. 98942. (110)

Easyriders magazines for sale—early issues to present. Mint, $1 each, package deal. Send sase for list. Scooter, P.O. Box 442, Enfield, Conn. 06082. (110)

"Buckles Unlimited": Specializing in reproducing your club logo or design in hand-cut, hand-engraved nickel-silver belt buckles, point covers, and derby covers. For free estimate, send detailed description to P.O. Box 6687, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934. (110)

W/f, 23, strawberry blonde, brown eyes, 5'4", looking for sincere, together, fun-loving man. Will answer all. Photos please. Write Cindy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)

W/m, 30, with freedom in mind soon. Would like to meet that special lady! My freedom is meant to be shared. Special people belong together. Marriage minded (?). Is my sunshine out there? Send flick for fast reply. Gary "Magnum" Nelson, C-21274, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710. (110)

Mehl: Happy birthday July 23. Love you, Pat and Zac. (110)

Chrystal, 18-year-old redhead who called me collect on Feb. 19th, 8:50 a.m., from Oklahoma: Please call again; I need your address. C.E. (Charlie) Freed, 1005 N. Madison, Robinson, Ill. 62454, (618) 544-8041. (110)

Ladies, 18-35: Been lookin' for Mr. Perfect or Mr. Right? They are both doin' time in Oklahoma and want to hear from you. 28-year-old w/males, Gary Harger #112520, and Dave Hoover #110278, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501. (110)

Number One French Frenchman: Come back; the back seat is yours. I'll sell the house. Please contact me, Box 745, Altamont, N.Y. 12009. Barbara the Barbarian.

Swingers accept singles! Wild, swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9700, or write SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (111)

Rolling papers: Job 1.5, Harley-Davidson, E-Z Wider, $11 per box of 24, 80 brands available. Send $1 for price list. Paper Connection, Box 952, Albemarle, N.C. 28001. (110)

To Nancy: You made my life worth living again. I hope I never lose you. My thoughts are with you day and night. Ride with me forever. I love you, George. (110)

Theresa, Sweet Butt: You make my life complete. I love you more with each passing day. Side by side, there's nothing we can't overcome. Together forever. Yer ol' man, Black Flag. (110)

Mark V.: You were great, baby. Merilee. (110)

Light your smokes the righteous way. Heavy metal Harley butane table lighter, over 5", $25, plus $5 p/h. Send m/o or cashier's check in U.S. funds only to C.E.J. Tobacco, Box 362, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422. Pa. residents add 6%. 4-6 weeks delivery. $1 for catalog. (110)

$100 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages; experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, ext. 5275. (110)

Indian metal nameplate, original monkey wrench, circa 1929, for sale; bids open. Scooter, P.O. Box 442, Enfield, Conn. 06082. (110)

Tim Hunt: Happy birthday 8/30/82. Love ya more each day. Kathy. (110)

Wild Bill's Tattooing, Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (110)

Meet sexy women nationwide! Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405-ER, Wilmette, Ill. 60091. (111)

T. J.: You owe me! I'll be gettiing out sometime and I'm coming after ya! "Crazy Horse" Don. (110)

Help! The time I've spent in this zoo has blown my mind. I'm looking for a special "lady" to grow old with. No pen pals, please. White male, 24 yrs., blond hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 165 pounds. Released in Sept. Sincere ladies only, 20-25, need apply. Todd Munsinger #313781, Wynne Unit A4-3-5, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (110)

33-year-old white male doing life at San Quentin. Only sincere white or Latin ladies 24-40 should reply. Send photo. Guy Williams, Box C-35148, Tamal, Calif. 94974-0001. (110)

Nice girls like bikers, too. Call Mary (312) 274-9600, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (111)

Sexy leather halters/custom vests and hides/patterns, reasonable. Catalog 75¢. Windy Mountain, Box 96ER, Pollock Pines, Calif. 95726. (110)

Jim: Happy birthday 6-2-82! Hope you have a wonderful day, year, and forever. Sunshine and giggles. Love, JoAnne. (110)

White woman, Taurus, 26, seeks biker to be future ol' man. Need someone who is real, loving, good sense of humor, not lazy. I have daughter, 2½. Interested in H-Ds, good times, good people, music, photography, and plants. Have heart and am looking for lifetime love. Robin, Box 3063, Ft. Walton Beach, Fla. 32548. (110)

Kerrie: The world has used you in ways I never could. I understand your need to work things out—let me help. You have a place in my heart and in my home. Call collect (618) 985-4005 or write Rt. 1, Box 365-1, 62901. Boomer, the longer you're gone, the more I miss you. I need you forever. Michael. (111)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

Rick: Sorry to have missed your birthday. I hope it was a good one. Love you, Robyn, Deadwood, S.D. (110)

W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., seeks bigtitted fox, 21-35, for lasting relationship. Must know where her head is at and enjoy riding, sex, music, and good smoke. No game players, drunks, or heavy dopers. Letters with photos answered first. Send to Dennis Catron, 3336 Laurel, Indianapolis, Ind. 46227. (110)

Born to ride, on 2-17-82, David Wayne Barrette. Love you forever, Little Mama. (110)

Continued on next page

Li'l Al: I love to give you head! Fuck Me; I'm horny. Cheryl. (110)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (119)

**Mouse: I love you as always. I get out of the Marines soon. Contact my sister Ann for my address. It's been too long without you. They're still playing our song. Bill. (110)**

Help! Trying to locate a friend. Harvey Chamberlain, formerly of Hartford, Conn. Used to be with Comancheros. May be in family auto-repair business in Canada. Any help appreciated. Contact Arthur Moore, 91 Campfield Ave., Hartford, Conn. 06114 (203) 247-0481. (110)

Kate: You're pissin' in the wind! What I wanted was with me all the time. Gene. (110)

Jerry: Happy 36th birthday 4-27-82. Thanx for my bike; I love it almost as much as I love you. Rhonda. (110)

Here's to the man of my dreams—the dude ridin' low on white lightning. I'll always be here. Happy birthday, Honey-Bunny (7-19-54). (110)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (110)

**Downed tattoo artist looking for lady to share life, business, travel. Serious, open-minded, 20s-30s, who likes to draw and is free to travel, meet good people. Send pics and letters. All answered, anywhere. Stephen "Chip" Sowery #165619-1-E-20, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (110)**

N.C., "Hollywood" Gary, and Terry Amos: You give bikers a bad name. Return my things and redeem yourselves, or forever look behind you. (110)

22-year-old male, seeking correspondence with sincere ladies. Send pictures. Will answer all. Perry Green #319191, Box 128, Tenn. Colony, Tex. 75861-0128. (110)

Ted Monty Jones: Don't know where you are, bro, but I'm in the joint. Write to Stephen Ippolito, RFD 6, Box 156, Mahopac, N.Y. 10541. (110)

Billy "Ears/Flipper," of Hurt, Va.: You've fucked up again. You lost more than friends; you've lost family! Please change your last name. Fuzz, forget this punk, 'cause all know we're good folks. Keep the '83 strumming and plan some night moves July 8. Dennis. (110)

**Incarcerated w/m, 21, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'2", 170 lbs., med. build, good-looking. Not a biker, just 100% white boy looking for a good white lady to hook up with when the chains are cut 12-18-82. Flicks with letters, please. Robert King #C-07521, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (110)**

Mike: Remembering the happiest day of my life, 6-6-79. No matter where you are, you know where you're welcome. Your birthday present is warm and waiting. Happy 31st, 7-9. In lasting love, your H.B. (110)

Bob: You're a big 30, 6-6-82. You'll never get old in my eyes. I love you so much now and 4-ever. Ride on till next year. Always, Debbie. (110)

Marty: Happy birthday to a great bro and a good friend. 25 and still hanging in there, 6-4-82. Keep your head up high. Debbie. (110)

**Lenny Carner: You're the best ol' man a lady could ever want. I love you. I need you. I care about you, and I'll stand by your side. If you see this ad, remember what a special person you are to me, and how much I love you. Please don't do me wrong. Goddamn, I love you, honey. Your wife, and your ol' lady forever. Kit Carner. (xxxx) (110)**

Drewski: Happy birthday! Hope we see you at Christmas. We love ya. Scooter and J.C. (110)

Swap meets June 27, July 25, Aug. 22, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo., 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. (110)

Rudy: Happy 26th, 8-4-56. Four years and I'm still crazy about you. Love you always, Sandy. (110)

Lonely man wishes to meet good-looking young woman for future relationship. Must enjoy tennis, swimming, and so forth. David Dauchy, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259. (110)

Doreen: Happy 30th, 6-14-52. I love ya so fuckin' much I could shit. Fuzzard. (110)

Midnight Rider: Happy birthday August 7. The long, slow rides just keep getting better. Green Eyes. (110)

Handsome w/m, 22, in search of gal for moral and financial support. Possible parole 4-83. Robert Jackson #311619, Wynne Farm, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (110)

Attention: Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to FOU, Jasper, Ark. 72641. (110)

Very healthy and athletic 37-year-old Italian stallion in prison for short time. Needs sensitive women, 18-40. Joseph Abruntilla #050774, P.O. Box 699 (P55), Sneads, Fla. 32460. (110)

Free advertising nationwide. Complete details, including names and addresses, $4. P.O. Box 3244C, Reading, Pa. 19604. (110)

The Butterfly's lookin' for the Iceman, HAMC—Oakland? Big Brother's bein' an asshole, as always. New address: Cinde Killebrew #86466, La. Correctional Institute for Women, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. Keep it in the wind, pal. My heart will always be w/ya. (110)

Connecticut bikers: Established MC expanding. Must be 20 years old, white, and American. Must own H-D; no full dressers; Indians okay. Punks who think a patch makes them badass, don't bother writing. We are interested in true and righteous brothers only. Allow time for answers. Write W.H.L., P.O. Box 23, New Haven, Conn. 06516-0023. (110)

**Jokes: 300 jokes for $4. Send self-addressed envelope to Punchy, P.O. Box 1032, Larkspur, Calif. 94939. (110)**

Downed biker needs ladies to write to. All letters answered. Snake, Box 7041, Everett, Wash. 98201. (110)

Locksmithing. Book covers lock-picking, identification, construction, etc. Comes with pick and tension tools. Send C.O.D. or $15 check or money order to Tri-Star Security, Box 17, Fabyan, Conn. 06245. (110)

Need to find Alan Lee Shipley, "Hurricane." Very important. Can anyone help? Wonderland (Lise), 1571-E S. Highland, Fullerton, Calif. 92632. (110)

English guy, 32, varied interests including Harleys, seeks friendship or possible marriage with lady 20 to 36 years of age. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Write to Patrick Whalen, 102 The Quadrant, North Shields, Tyne and Wear, England. (110)

**Ohio: 4th annual South East Harley swap meet, in cooperation with the Greater Ohio Motorcycle Assoc., to be held July 31st and August 1st, in Freedom, Ohio, approx. 35 miles southeast of Cleveland, just 3½ miles east on Rt. 303 from Rt. 44. The meet last year had over 10,000 people—this year we plan to double it. This year we will have camping and swimming. Saturday only, most bizarre female exhibitionist, one winner per hour from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.; mud wrestling; trashiest stripper contest; and much more. Burnt River Band will play Saturday night. On Sunday we will have the Dirty Wet T-shirt contest. For information and directions, call or write South East Harley-Davidson Sales Co., 23105 Aurora Rd., Bedford Heights, Ohio 44146. Phone (216) 439-5300. Get advance discounts at South East Harley-Davidson. (110)**

**Attention all White Trash MC: All patch-holders of this club are to get in touch with "Church" in Hawaii as soon as possible. WTMCN is alive and kicking in many states. New people wanting to start a chapter or join, write asap. Only for-real 1% brothers need apply. Craig Churchill, NVP, Hawaii chapter, 92-758 Nohona St., Ewa Beach, Hawaii 96706.**

**Jim Rogers with the red Harley, or "Bird," where are you? Been tryin' to get in touch with you. Jim, but found out ya lost your job. And "Bird," if you're reading this, please give my message to Jim, or write me yourself. Jim, remember me? This is Cherie from Orange County International Raceway. Write me at 2224 N. Carlsbad Ct., Simi Valley, Calif. 93063. (110G)**

Scoots! Ride to help bros downed by some asshole car making a left. Call Don E. Fuller Rescue Memorial, (213) 547-9944 or (213) 795-1811. (110G)

Toys for the adult biker and his ol' lady. X-rated playing cards for those hot poker games, $6.50. Handcuffs to get kinky with the ol' lady, $12. Pussy soap on a rope (need we say more?), $7. Tasty Pants, eat them right off the ol' lady, $6. Ben Wah Balls to keep her going when you're not around, $8. Tit clamps for ya to tease her, $12. Cock soap on a rope for the ol' lady to keep mound fresh, $10. Swedish Erotica magazine, hottest rag around, $11. 8mm X-rated film, our best, $15. Free gift with every $20 order, two free gifts with every $35 order. We have no catalogs, we sell only items listed above. Any of the above is sent to you C.O.D. with a 50-percent cash deposit. Send all orders to Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. You must state you are over 18 yrs. or older to order any of the above. (125)

Tattoo artists: Huck Spaulding and his staff want to thank all you great people out there in the tattoo world for your support during 1981. We have lots of new equipment and products for 1982, made possible through you, our #1 customers. Don't miss our new 100-page color catalog. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (113)

Richard Lee Palm, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please contact James A. Johnson, P.O. Box C36436, C.T.F. Central G 329, Soledad, Calif 93960. I know it's been a while, but it's important that I contact you. (110G)

**Help: "Stormy" from Baldwin, Mich.: Write to me; I'm downed in Ga. Need to correspond with someone from Baldwin area. Larry Childres, DM6, MGCI Rivers North, Box 1500, Hardwick, Ga. 31034. (110G)**

Dennis Stokes: Sittin' here feelin' blue; not much time left to do. I'll be there soon and we can root upon your big, bad, shiny scoot. Love you, babe. Colleen P. Arbitter #223522, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663. (110G)

Music for bikers, by bikers. The Burnt River Band live swap meet album. Send $9 to Wild Turkey Productions, 13840 Sacramento, Cleveland, Ohio 44111. (111)

Rose: Happy #8. Lots more to come. Love, Jim. (110)

Don "Kid" Stevens: Call or write life-long bro from Memphis, Randy, (704) 286-3110, Executioner Racing Ent., Rt. 2, Box 586, Forest City, N.C. 28043. (110)

Three down bros would like to hear from you ladies. You got the line, we got the time. Would like photos also. Charles Nichols #79-B-1610, Richie Sanda #80-A-2976, Gary Murphy #78-C-317, S.H.U. 1031, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902. (110)

My Butch: Happy birthday, sweetmeat, 5-11-55. You are one special dude and I'll be here when you need someone who cares. Always, your Nore. (110)

Tom: Hope you make it out by your birthday, August 10, and I hope I'm spending it with you in the wind. Call me any time. Bet. (110)

**Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for White Rights and against government tyranny! Write for free information and a copy of our newspaper, the White Patriot. We also have available Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items. 1214 Old Lee Highway, Tuscumbia, Ala. 35674. Phone (205) 383-5468. (116)**

**Kelly: Get hold of Rip. I lost my phone book. C/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (110)**

**Conjugal visits 20¢: Okay, fellas, dig this one. If you're doin' time in Ohio, and are from the state of Conn., or the east coast, and would like to do your bit at a joint that has conjugal visits, here's your chance. There's a prisoner in Conn. (Somers), who has to get back to his ol' lady in Ohio, and doesn't have the bucks to have her come here. The catch: the state of Ohio and Conn. exchange prisoners on a "one for one basis" to save paperwork and expenses for both states. Interested? Contact Mr. John Shoemaker, Administrator-Interstate Compact, 1050 Freeway Dr. North, Columbus, Ohio 42227. Or get on your institutional counselors, and stay on their case. (110G)**

# Lockdown

Continued from page 50

The case involved a Texas man who was sentenced to life imprisonment for unauthorized use of a vehicle (the charge was enhanced because of prior convictions). The prisoner, Louis Lyles, filed for a writ of habeas corpus in U.S. District Court, charging that he had been denied the right to self-representation because the trial judge ordered him to be defended by a lawyer Lyles claimed was unwilling to see him and talk about his case. Lyles further claimed that personal animosity between the attorney and him rendered the attorney ineffective.

". . .I'm saying this," Lyles announced after the trial judge rejected his bid to defend himself: "If this goes to trial with this lawyer, it is not by my choosing. It is by force, because I do not wish to go to trial with this counsel. I will have nothing to say while the trial is going on, after I say this."

In ordering a new trial for Lyles, the appeals court noted that Lyles had been erroneously denied his right to self-representation despite his having "clearly asserted" it. *—Lyles v. Estelle, 658 F. 2d 1015 (1981)*

**Going Up**

The figures are in and it's official: Prison population in the United States is increasing at a record level. According to the Justice Department, more than 350,000 men and women were incarcerated in state and federal pens as of Sept. 30, 1981, an increase of more than 30,000 since the beginning of the year.

The annual rate of increase (over 10 percent), the Justice Department said, was significantly higher than increases in 1979 and 1980 and surpassed the record increase of 1975. Mississippi led the increases with a third-quarter gain of 15 percent.

**Screwed Screws Suit**

The National Prisoners Rights Union has announced that it will file suit in behalf of three guards who were forced to resign after having sex with a female inmate. The suit will ask that the guards be given their jobs back and awarded back pay.

The incident, which was never reported to outside officials by prison authorities, occurred at an Indiana Women's Prison and


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**Thanks,**
**Mutha**

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resulted in the unidentified victim's having to undergo treatment in the detention unit at a local hospital.

After forcing the guards to resign, prison officials refused to take legal action against them and quickly dropped their investigation into the affair. The NPRU suit is seen as an attempt to get the facts of the case before the public and to reopen the investigation into the possibility of other such incidents having occurred.

**Keeping the Door Locked**

The powerful American Bar Association is edging closer to suporting the Reagan administration's call for preventive detention (jail without bail) legislation.

An ABA task force recently recommended that criminal suspects "believed to be dangerous" be locked up before trial without a right to bail — a proposal offered by the president as part of his 60-point anti-crime program. In agreeing with the proposal, the task force did urge states considering such legislation to make sure their laws contained safeguards — such as special hearings or requirement of a previous record — against abuse of the "no bail" provision.

As of this writing, the full ABA board has yet to endorse the task force's proposal.

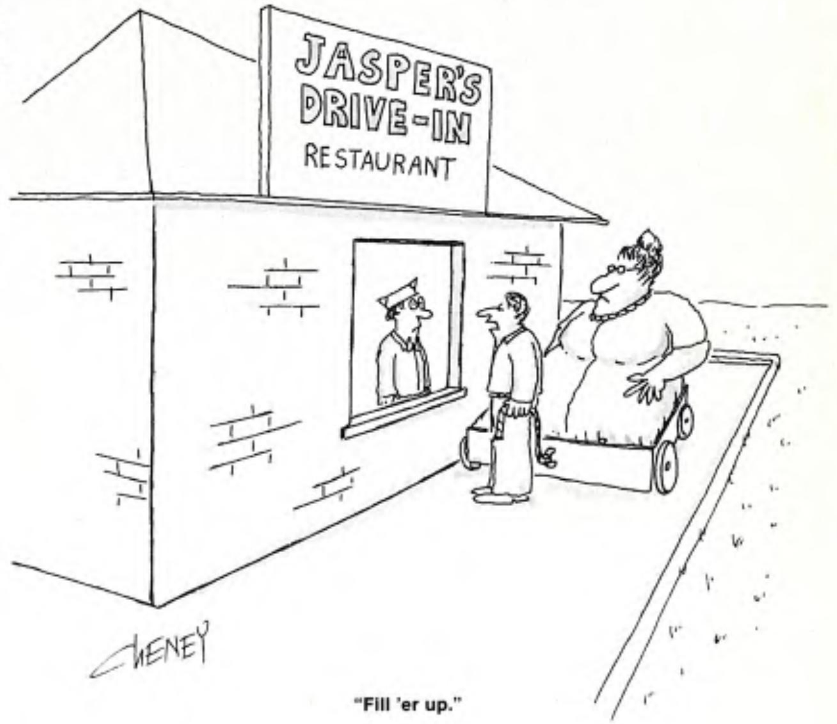
**Shrink's Role Shrunk**

Many states, particularly Texas, have been using psychiatric testimony in the punishment phases of trials — heavy felony cases, often capital ones, where the jury first decides guilt or innocence and then hears more evidence before sentence is imposed. Typically, the state's "expert" psychiatrist talks to a prisoner in his cell — without telling the prisoner that what he said would be used against him or advising him of his right to be silent. The shrink may then testify that, based on this "examination," the prisoner is an "incurable sociopath" who should never be allowed to return to society.

Despite protests from such bona fide experts as the American Psychiatric Association that such "examinations" are bullshit, and that even with the best, most scientific techniques, future behavior cannot be predicted with any certainty, this practice has continued unabated until recently, when the Supreme Court acted to curb it.

In a Texas case, the court ruled that the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incriminaton does apply to pre-trial statements made to psychiatrists and that such statements, and the conclusions drawn from them, can not be admitted into evidence during the punishment phase of a trial unless the accused was advised of his right to be silent and warned that anything he said could be used against him. — *Estelle v. Smith 79-1127 (1981)* ■

Easyriders

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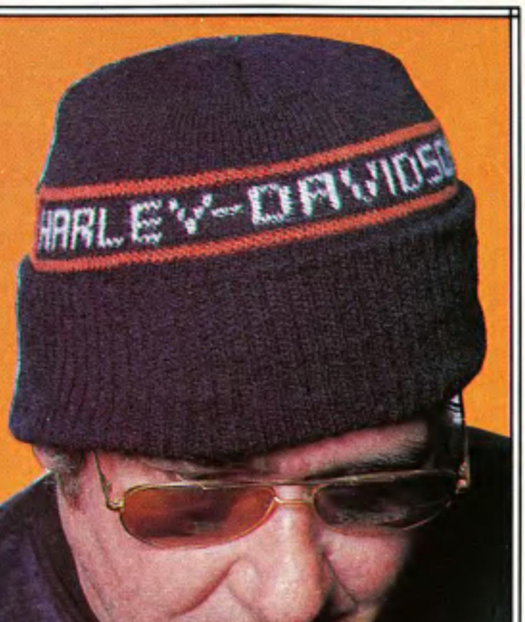

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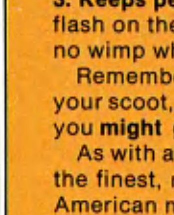

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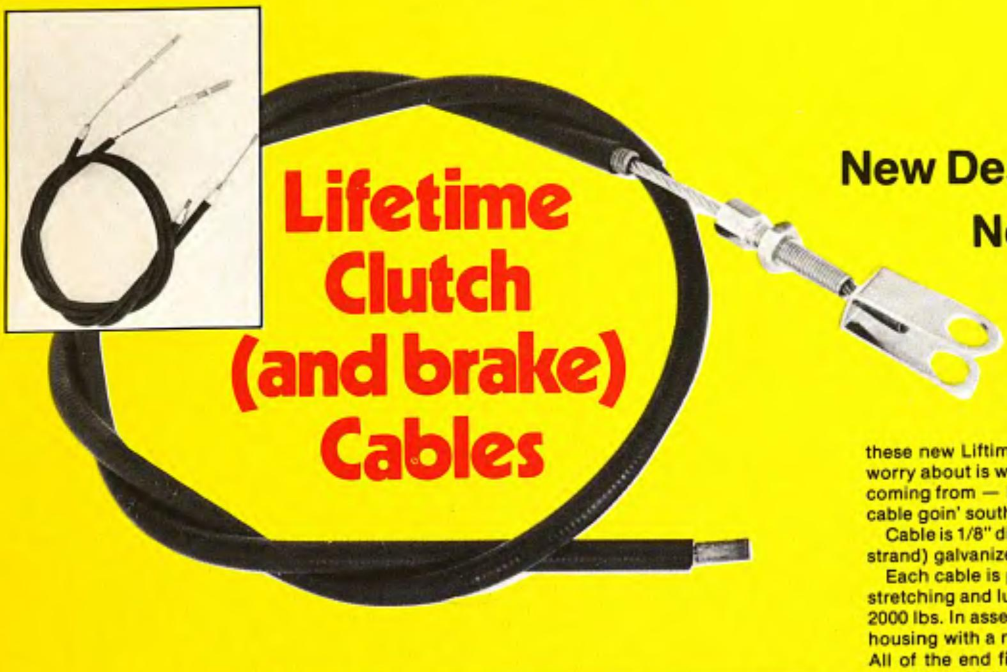

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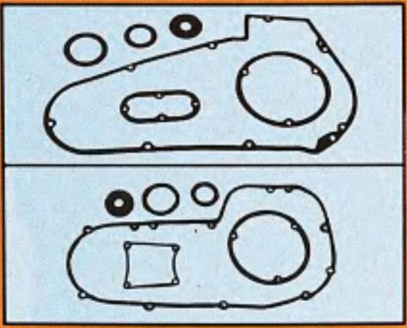

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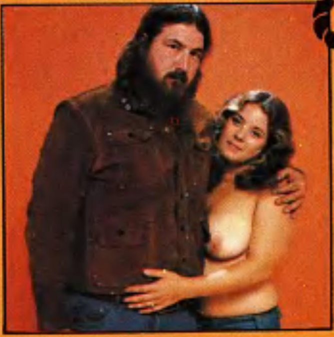

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# Dummy

*Continued from page 41*

process of learning that nobody chewed his master's motorcycle seat or raised a leg against that holy object the master rode, unless the offender could survive a brutal ass-kicking, or instantly do the dumb-fuck puppy number with such flair and intensity that it tended to cool the master's fury down to no more than a clout across the haunches with a folded newspaper.

So he hopped and gamboled up to the rat, who sat frozen, an icy gleam in his beady eyes.

"Sic'm, Killer!" Footpeg ordered. "Munch the ratty little fucker fer an appetizer and ya'll eat steak tonight!"

Murmurings of approval, horror, and humane protest rippled through the assembled humans. Ignoring them, the dog leaped sideways around the wary rat.

"Hi there, rodent!" he barked enthusiastically. "If you'll just run under the damn couch where I can't get atcha, they'll get bored with this whole idea."

"Fuck you!" squeaked Squadcar.

"Whaat?" the dog whimpered.

"Keep yer distance," Squadcar warned, "or I'll bite yer fuckin' stupid face right off'n yer fuckin' dumb head!"

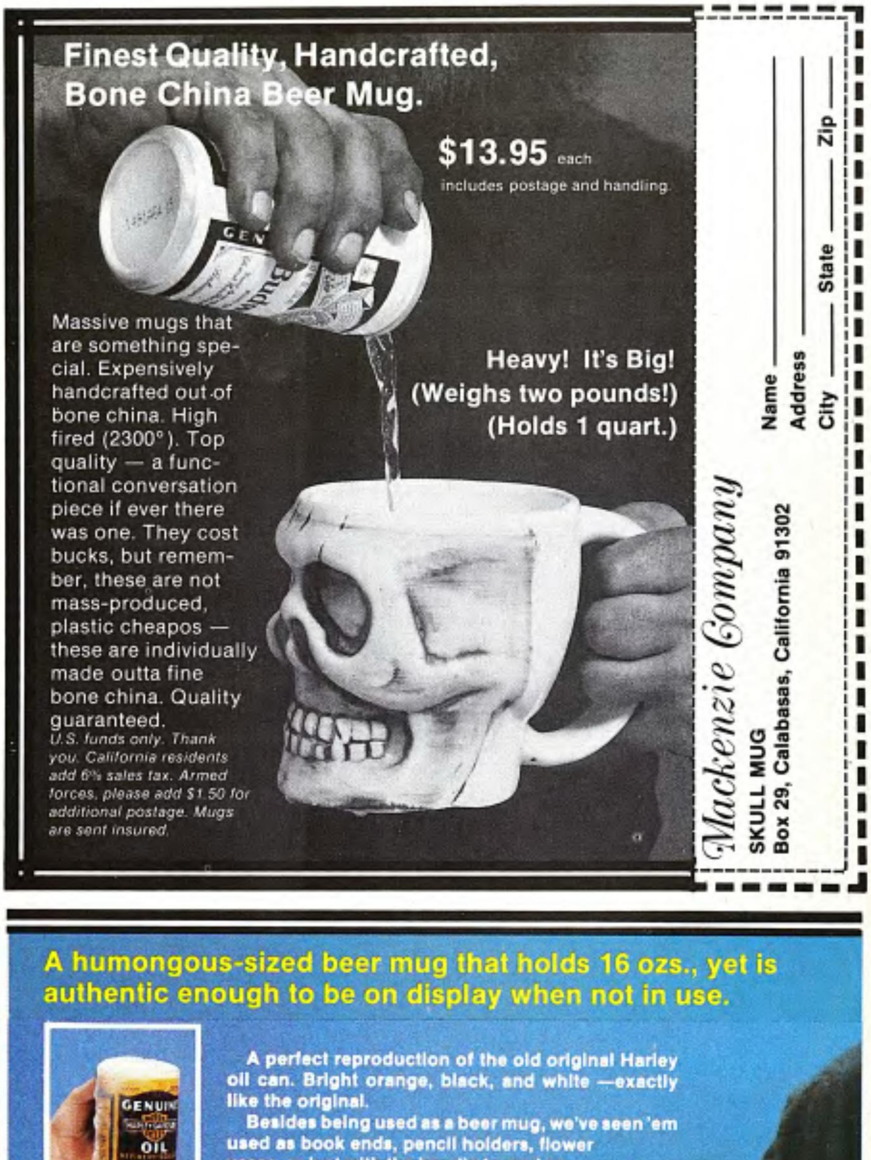
"Gawdfuckingdammit!" bellowed Footpeg, booting the dog's behind with a heavy swing of his foot and sending the startled animal directly at the waiting rodent. "I said 'sic'm,' ya stupid bone gobbler!"

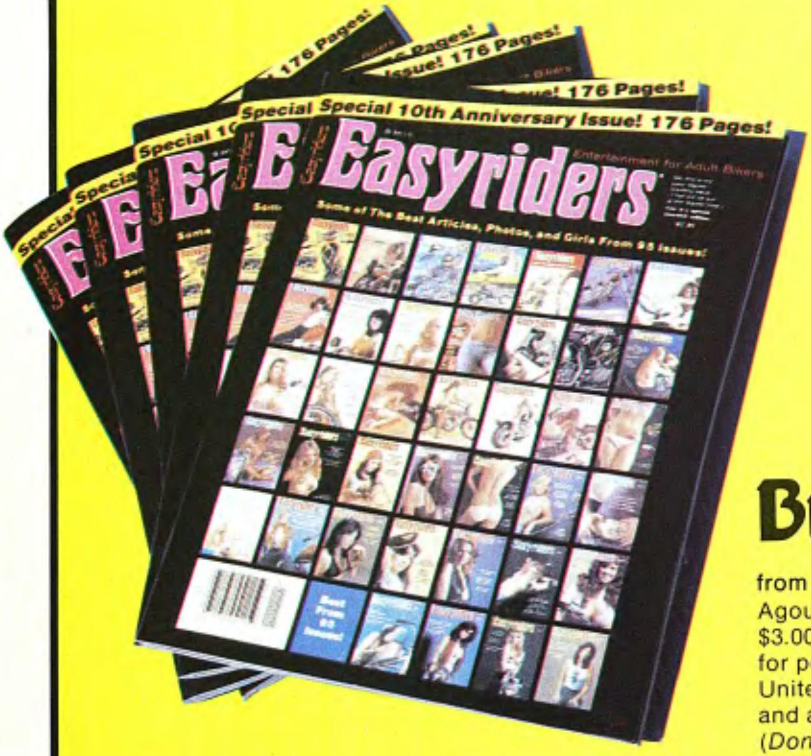
Skidding helplessly onto the tensely poised Squadcar, Killer howled with anguish as the rat's tiny, sharp fangs bit into a paw — slashing tissue to the bone with merciless savagery — and sending him straight into the air, yowling piteously, the aggressive Squadcar still dangling from the wounded foot.

"Haw-haw-haw!" bellowed the biker contemptuously. "Little old Squadcar's makin' mincemeat outta yer fuckin' Killer, bro!"

The whole group screamed with derisive laughter, except Footpeg and Tits, who exchanged a single glance of humiliation and defeat. Pathetically and silently they watched their gangling dog shake the rat loose from his injured paw and streak from the room, yipping shrilly.

"From now on," Footpeg hissed through whitened lips to his



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woman, "we call that cowardly bastard Dummy. Got that?"

Tits nodded grimly. "Dummy. Sounds about right."

* * *

The gradual passage of another six months brought dummy's weight to a solid 127 pounds. Now he stood 35 inches at his brawny shoulders. His tongue-lolling, impish manner had vanished somewhere along the way. The pull of his houndish ears against the muscles of his velvety forehead created an expression of profound sadness and solemn impassivity. Along with the physical maturity came the development of resident intelligence so keen that Dummy realized it was the best damned thing he'd have going for him the entire length of his days. So he pretended stupidity. He deliberately acted dense. He became an expert at looking and acting like the dumbest fucking dog that ever dug yawning holes in neighboring yards, chewed wooden fences to splintered, gaping travesties, and fended off children by letting menacingly deep growls rumble up from the depths of his chest. He knew all this was terribly wrong, but family life among those who had laughed at him and failed to back him when he was hurting unbearably in terror and confusion, was just no longer possible. Not if he intended salvaging the few ounces of self-respect left to him.

His domestic existence ended the day he finally experienced long-awaited revenge, skillfully chasing the despised family cat into the street — timing the whole thing so an approaching truck squashed her flat under its wheels. He had a very difficult time trying to look bewildered and forlorn after Footpeg had beaten him. The sight of that four-legged shithead gettin' hers was second in sheer enjoyment only to discovering what a great fuck that female Labrador down the block was.

"Where ya takin' Dummy?" Tits asked, watching her ol' man load the big animal into their stricken cage.

"Found this stupid, useless bastard a new home," Footpeg said dourly. "Ain't gonna have no dumbass mutt around here that threatens the little kids he was raised with and keeps the fuckin' neighbors on my case with his fuckin' hole diggin'."

"He ain't been right in the head since that mouse thing," Tits said thoughtfully. "I never did need the bastard."


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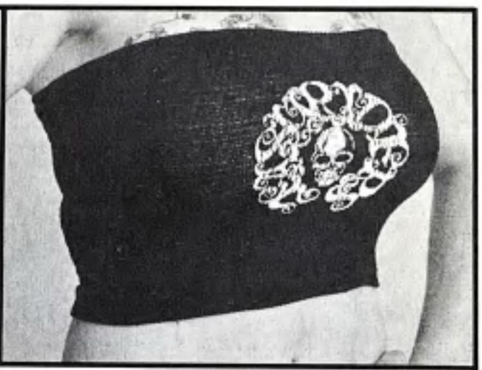

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During the drive to his new place, Dummy sat with his head out the passenger-door window, feeling the wind in his face for the first time in his life. Anyone closely studying the way the wind bared his teeth might have realized that only an unusual dog grins broadly with that much relief and joy.

* * *

Disdaining the crappy dry dog food and stale water, Dummy discussed his new owner with the wretchedly scarred pit bull, who was recovering from some encounter that had required hundreds of stitches. Also owned by this same guy, the pit bull was a pathetic wreck of his former self — his ears mere shredded stubs, the foot of a hind leg mutilated into a crippled stump, and a despairing expression in his weary eyes.

"What the hell happened to you?" Dummy asked, shocked.

"Same bullshit thing that's gonna happen to you," the pit bull said in a rasping voice. "Money fights. Nothin' but one fuckin' money fight after another — until yer ruined jist like I'm ruined, see? Then the mutha will dump ya jist like he dumped them other dogs he had when he first got me."

"You're shittin' me fer laughs," Dummy said, stunned.

"Like hell I am. Ya either croak in a fight or survive and slowly weaken with more fights until a younger, faster fighter tears yer fuckin' throat out. It's all jist money to this dude. Win or lose. Live or die."

"Fuck that shit," Dummy said. "Wot kinda biker treats his dogs that way, fer crissakes?"

"Biker? What biker?"

Dummy nodded in the direction of three canvas-draped machines in the shadows of the shed.

"Shit!" spat the pit bull. "He don't ride'm. He jist steals'm. Money, money, money. His first, middle, and last names."

"Oh, shit," Dummy groaned. "I've gone from the fryin' pan right into the fuckin' fire."

"Look," the pit bull quavered faintly. "They patched me up pretty good, but I ain't gonna last till morning. Do yerself a favor after I'm cold meat. Chew on me some."

"Wh-whaat?" Dummy gasped.

"Mess me up right. Make it look like we had one stormin' time of it. Like we fought all night. It'll gain ya the warpy fucker's respect. He'll figger ya for a real killer! Might make yer life a little easier, if only for better chow."

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Dummy retreated to a far corner, sickened.

By morning, the pit bull was stiffened in death — eyes glazed and marred legs protruding rigidly from his mangled carcass in motionless finality. Forcing himself, Dummy was half-heartedly worrying and gnawing on the dead pit bull when his new owner arrived.

"By God, you're ready to fight!" the owner declared, impressed. "I won't hafta give ya the ol' torture treatment to put ya in real fightin' trim! You're ready, killer!"

That night, Dummy found himself poised at the edge of a pit. Opposite him, a pit bull — not as scarred or tired as the first one had been, but showing grisly proofs of many battles won and lost — glared at him with slavering jaws, whining to be set loose.

"Hey, listen," Dummy barked. "You and I get nothin' outta this fuckin' drill, unless ya wanna count bodily damage, intense pain, and eventual death as fringe benefits."

"H-huh?" growled the pit bull, relaxing.

"So let's do a brand-new number. Work up a scary, frothin' mouth sweat, see? These human assholes will think we've got rabies or have gone mad with bloodlust. It'll frighten the livin' shit outta the fuckers."

"Wh-why we wanna do that?" grunted the pit bull.

"Disrupt this fight. Save our skins. Cost the bastards money. Maybe even live to eat breakfast tomorrow. Shit, somethin' righteous has gotta come of any other drill than you and me bustin' our balls to off each other." Dummy panted, grinning balefully. "Jist hurl yerself into the mob and start bitin' everything human in reach. Okay?"

"Sounds about right," snarled the pit bull. "I can dig it. Wonder why I never thought of it before?"

"Great question. Keep askin' it."

Two minutes later, having been released, the two animals went hurtling past each other. Dummy escaped the whole scene, going through the surprised, terrified crowd like a dose of salts headed for the nearest rectum, and was loping into the safety of darkness by the time enraged humans had drawn pieces, blowing the less swift pit bull out of his mind and body.

But distance, fatigue, hunger, and thirst took their toll. A week later he had been captured by a matched pair of money-hungry morons, genuine rednecked slobs who

busied themselves hunting large, stray dogs — or boosting big, privately owned dogs — in their crummy van, and selling whatever they caught to junkyard owners for a helluva lot less than a trained set of pureblood Dobermans would cost.

Shortly thereafter, Dummy found himself sharing the confines of a small, well-stocked junkyard with another outsized mongrel who answered to the name of Guardy. The water was fresh, the food was good, and the potbellied character who locked the place up before leaving was neither insulting nor brutal, despite his questionable hobby of sharing endless candy bars with the little girls he undertook to educate during slack hours.

Then, on his tenth night in the junkyard, shortly after 2:45 a.m., a break-in began. It was a very quick, quiet, and efficient entry. The burglars used bolt cutters on the chain holding the big hasp lock to the closed cyclone gate.

Dummy and Guardy watched the whole thing from the shadows of a towering mountain of tire casings.

"We're supposed to go out there snappin' and snarlin'," Guardy mused thoughtfully. "But I suggest we jist stay put instead."

"Oh, yeah?" Dummy chuckled.

"Those dudes are packin' shotguns."

Dummy nodded. "Yeah, I noticed that, too."

"The food here's okay, but not worth tangling with a shotgun for."

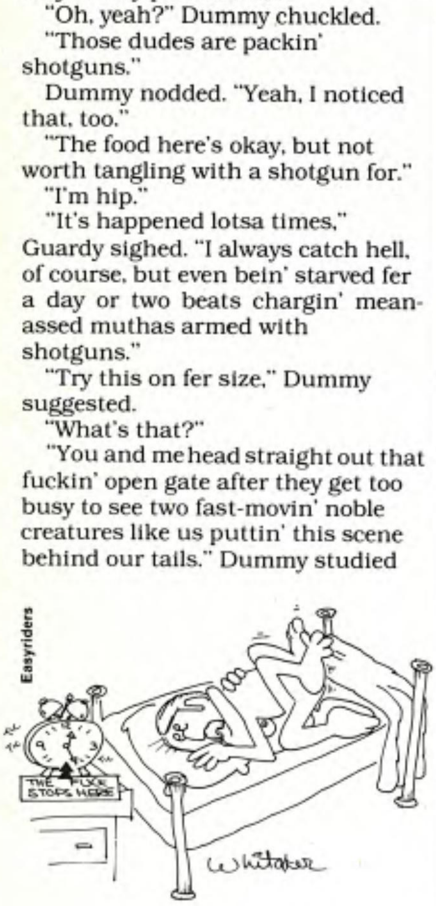
"I'm hip."

"It's happened lotsa times," Guardy sighed. "I always catch hell, of course, but even bein' starved fer a day or two beats chargin' mean-assed muthas armed with shotguns."

"Try this on fer size," Dummy suggested.

"What's that?"

"You and me head straight out that fuckin' open gate after they get too busy to see two fast-movin' noble creatures like us puttin' this scene behind our tails." Dummy studied



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him, tongue lolling happily, tail waving confidently. "Bein' an experienced loser myself, I got nothin' but admiration for most losers. But there are losers and losers, see? And not much future workin' fer a lousy pervert."

"Damned good thinkin'!" Guardy agreed. "Besides, I keep gettin' this instinctive urge to protect them poor little kids from that candy-bar-smeared degenerate's hands. Guess I'm jist not vicious material. More like a family dog at heart."

"Everybody is whatever he is," Dummy murmured, listening intently to the sounds of the office glass tinkling. "Shit, they'll be busy fer hours rummagin' through all those goodies on the parts shelves. Me, I'm a loner who craves driftin', now that I got a taste of freedom."

"Hope ya maintain in good health," Guardy said, getting to his feet and yawning.

When they reached the opened gate, they separated. Guardy headed toward the lights of town, while Dummy veered into the moonlit night, heading for the distant hills.

* * *

He was nearly a week learning that he was too big and slow to catch food on the run. Rabbits, weasels, gophers, squirrels, and even lizards were just too damned fast for him. And when he found he could catch a skunk, he wished he hadn't, gagging and retching for two days on the lingering stench of that error.

Water was easy to find, but as the deadly weak feeling began spreading from his gut to his legs, Dummy realized water alone wasn't going to do it.

Sunset was dimming into dusk as he trotted slowly down the gully, weariness and hunger now throbbing through his normally powerful body with consuming intensity as his strength ebbed with each stride he took.

Then his nose picked up the scent of woodsmoke.

Moments later he sat on a rock, looking down at the campfire. Beside the flickering glow was a small tent, a familiar motorcycle — but sporting some kind of bulky box and a third wheel — and the lean figure of a man sitting cross-legged beside the fire, tending something suspended over it. A gusting breeze heavy with the delectable odor of roasting meat swept past Dummy's quivering nostrils. Instantly his mouth began watering. His legs trembled with need for that meat.

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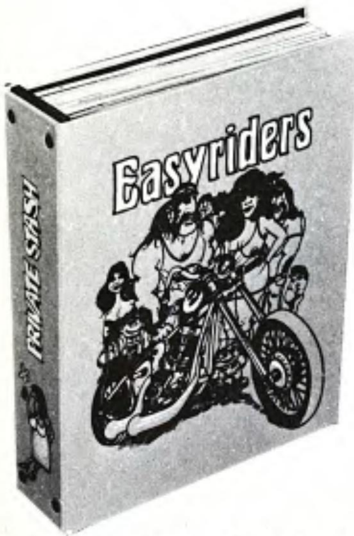


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wardness bred by starvation, he started walking sedately toward the campsite. Reaching it, he stepped unhurriedly into the glow cast by the dancing, crackling flames. His movement and presence caught the man's attention immediately.

"Well, I'll be damned and assigned to hell!" the man said in a tone of pleased astonishment.

Approaching the fire, Dummy saw the browning portions of three rabbit carcasses skewered over the yellow-orange brightness, their grease sizzling as it dripped into the flames and reddened stones. Abruptly, Dummy collapsed on his haunches, eyes fixed on the meat.

"Missed a few meals, huh?" The man deftly removed a whole carcass from the skewer-stick, waving it for cooling. Dummy's eyes switched to following the motions, his odd-shaped head swiveling slightly. "Think ya kin catch it?"

Dummy's head tilted, waiting.

"Here ya go!" the man said briskly, throwing the carcass in a curving arc so that Dummy easily snatched it from the air before it could drop past his head.

"Aren't ya even gonna say thanks, Dummy?"

Letting the succulent, hot meat drop from his jaws, Dummy's head lifted sharply. "Thanks!" he barked once.

"D-Dummy?" said the man, his expression incredulous.

"Dammit, lemme eat!" Dummy said in a rapid series of barks before dropping to his belly and tearing into the moist, delicious food with ravenous concentration.

"His name *is* Dummy," said the man to himself in an awed tone. "Just like my old club name. Dummy."

The dog's ears twitched each time the familiar sound was repeated but he was far too busy devouring the rabbit carcass to give attention elsewhere. An hour later, the two sprawled beside each other on their well-filled bellies, gazing sleepily into the dying embers.

"Okay," said the human Dummy, "I'll rearrange some of my shit and ya kin ride in the sidecar. We'll go with the flow together. I'm a contented wanderer and I got a fuckin' hunch you are, too. Right?"

"Damned right," grunted the dog Dummy, belching.

The next morning, after sharing coffee, crisp bacon, and soggy biscuits, they departed into the dissolving mists — leaving behind only the machine's fading sounds. ■

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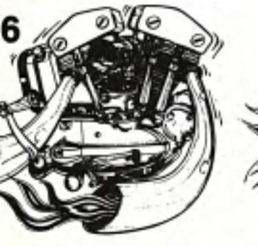

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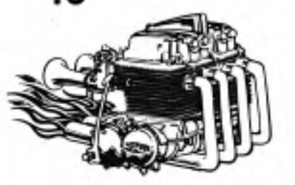

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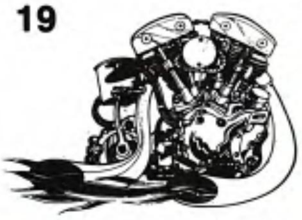

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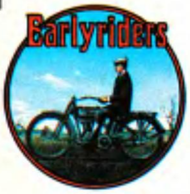


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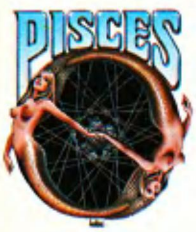


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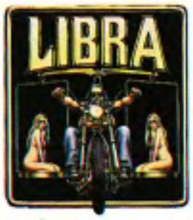


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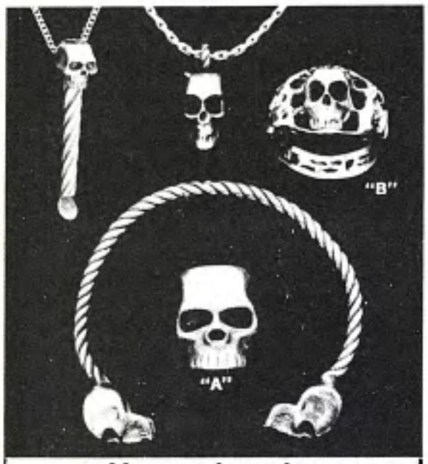


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# A Fine Feelin'

Continued from page 75

had happened — and were meaningless. The terrible things he'd seen — and that had not touched him. The people he'd met — and never got to know better. Shit, I'm some kinda robot. A fuckin' zombie. He grinned faintly, knowing that even being a zombie wasn't anything to give a fuck about.

The van slowed, stopped before him. In it, a good-looking blonde sat, alone, in the front seat. Her smile was just right: a bit nervous, but trying for warmth.

"Got trouble, huh?"

Ackerson shrugged, noticing the slightly heaving jugs under the loose blue workshirt — wondering why the sight didn't do anything to him. Knowing it should, because he hadn't had a woman for a whole year.

"I can't do anything except give ya a lift to the next town. It's all carpeted and furnished in here. No room for yer bike." The big greenish eyes suddenly crinkled above the confident smile. "Maybe ya could hide it — until ya come back for it."

Ackerson nodded, turning away, his attention quickly drawn to the land closest to the pavement. The deep gully looked good. He moved smoothly, lifting the shovelhead from its stand and walking it across the rough ground to the gully.

Ten minutes later, he sat beside the blonde, shooting curious glances into the van's rear interior. The circular bed, neatly made up. The cafe-style booth. The TV and stereo. The other cabinets and the small refrigerator. It was all compact

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and poshy and intimate. There was even one of the better CB sets.

"Wanna beer?" she asked.

"No, thanks," Ackerson mumbled, keeping his eyes straight ahead to where the first few buildings of a town were beginning to appear.

She even left the highway and drove several blocks out of her way to drop him off in front of a restaurant that was just opening. Getting out, he thanked her. The van resumed rolling until it vanished at a distant intersection, its distinctive spotty decorations recording themselves in his mind.

* * *

The shovelhead was gone from the gully.

Ackerson stared bewilderedly into the emptiness, seeing only the disarranged tumbleweeds he'd so carefully stuffed around the machine, disguising its presence. He knew it couldn't have been seen from the highway.

"Gone, huh?" observed the guy behind the steering wheel of the tow truck.

"Yeah, it's gone," Ackerson said dully.

"Lemme ask ya sumpin'," said the guy. "By any chance, did'ja get a ride into town with a small, blonde doll?"

Ackerson's eyes swung to the blandly smiling face and he nodded without speaking.

"Wuz she drivin' a van?"

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Ackerson nodded again.

"Pirate Patty strikes again. Better get back in here, man. Yer machine's miles away by now."

"Pirate who?" Ackerson demanded, getting into the cab.

"Pirate Patty, and her ol' man. Nobody knows their real names. Not yet. She scouts ahead for prospects: people in trouble, stranded. She offers them a lift into town. Her ol' man tails her by a mile or so, followin' in a rig that's equipped with a power crane, magnetic clamps, tow bars — everything necessary. They grab bikes and cars — and once, they even got a whole travel trailer!"

Rage ignited in Ackerson's skull. It whitened to fury, searing down into his gut, where it churned with nauseating intensity. Without a woman, a man was merely womanless, but without his scoot, a man was shit-nothin'. The fury roiled, sending murderous little backwashes up his spine.

"They're known to work as far east as Louisiana," continued the guy's voice, "and as far west as California. Mostly along I-10 and I-40. Somebody'll nab 'em eventually."

"Ya kin fuckin' count on it," Ackerson said thickly, his throat tight with savage anger. "I dunno how or where or when I'll git another bike. But I will. And I'll haunt them fuckin' Interstates until I find the bitch!"

He smiled, aware of his emotion. It was a fine feelin'. ■

Easyriders

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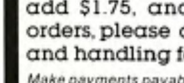


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# Bargain Hunting

Continued from page 18

This was one pile of shit, however, he wasn't going to come out of smelling so good.

"We'll probably be back later, bro, thanks." Zeek gave the dude a reassuring smile and led Hoss away from the table and out into the lobby of the convention hall. There, Zeek lit a cigarette and took a long, thoughtful pull. Hoss still had that faraway madman look.

"They busted it up," Hoss murmured. "That pan was perfect, and they stripped it for fuckin' parts."

"How the hell did you know those tanks were yours anyway?" asked Zeek, trying to take Hoss's mind away from destroying everything in sight.

"I got my ways, bro, I got my ways." Hoss smiled slightly.

"So what ya wanna do now?" Zeek took a quicker, more nervous drag from his cigarette.

"Just what you told me to do. I'm gonna find out where he lives. And, Zeek buddy, I'm gonna need your pickup truck tonight."

"What's mine is yours, Hoss." Zeek grinned.

"Well, I'm cool now, bro. Let's go back in there." Hoss slapped Zeek on the back, pretty near putting him into orbit.

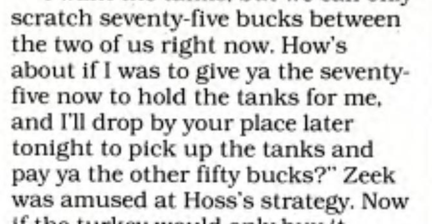
The tanks were still on the table as Hoss and Zeek returned.

"Decided they ain't such a bad deal after all, guy," Hoss announced.

"Hey, that's great, bro. You're getting a solid deal, man." The peddler's eyes lit up like dollar signs.

"I want the tanks, but we can only scratch seventy-five bucks between the two of us right now. How's about if I was to give ya the seventy-five now to hold the tanks for me, and I'll drop by your place later tonight to pick up the tanks and pay ya the other fifty bucks?" Zeek was amused at Hoss's strategy. Now if the turkey would only buy it.

"Er, what if you don't show tonight? Maybe I could have sold the tanks today." The scuz was flus-

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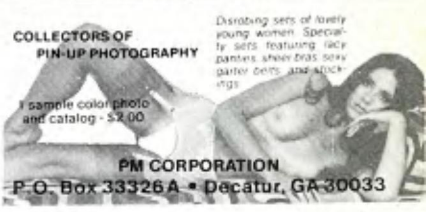


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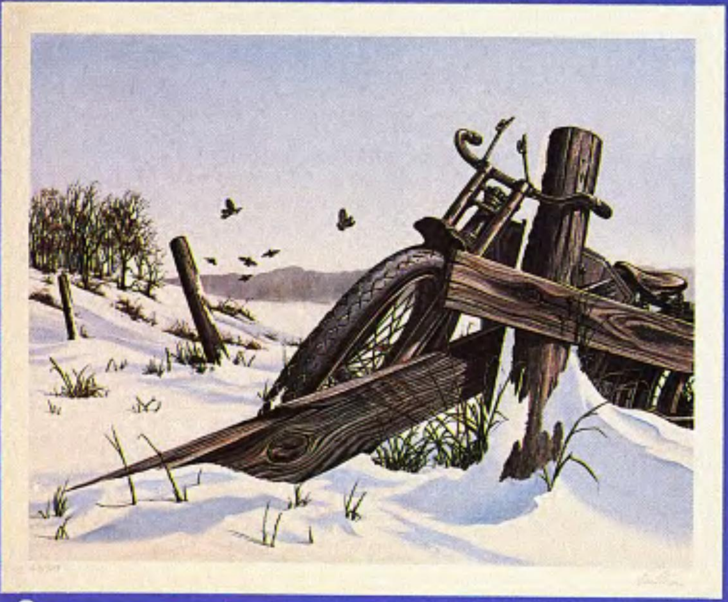

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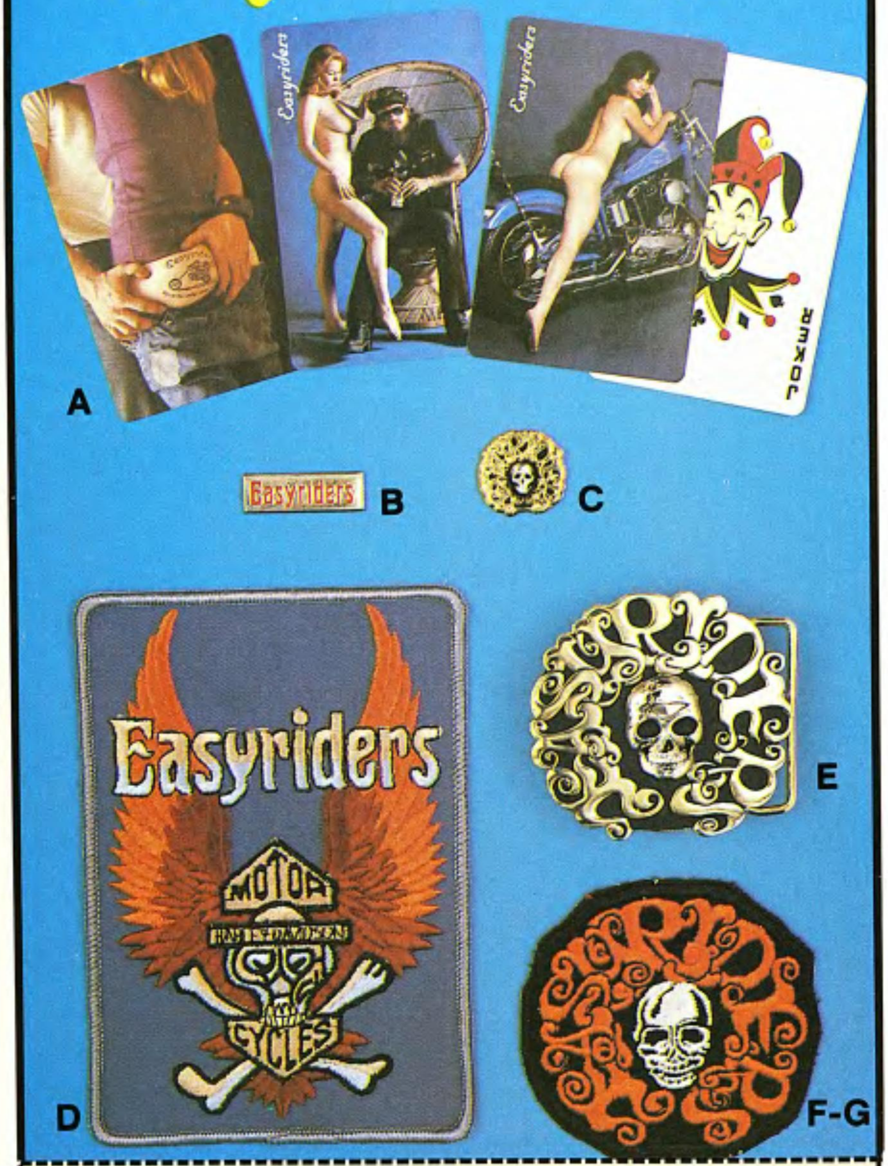


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| D | D. Mann patch | $ 6.50 | $ 7.50 | $10.00 | | $ | $ |
| E | Belt buckle | $10.95 | $12.95 | $17.00 | | $ | $ |
| F | Skull patch | $ 3.50 | $ 4.00 | $ 8.00 | | $ | $ |
| G | Skull decals (3) | $1.50 | $ 2.00 | $ 3.00 | | $ | $ |

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Total $

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tered. This wasn't the way he normally conducted business.

"Hey, I'm into the deal seventy-five bucks worth, why wouldn't I show?" Hoss grinned a buddy-buddy grin and extended his arm to shake hands with the slime, who reluctantly shook hands with Hoss, took the seventy-five bucks, and wrote his address and phone number on a matchbook.

* * *

Hoss wondered how Zeek's old truck could still run so well after all the years of punishment it had suffered from its owner. Despite its dilapidated condition, it had become a part of Zeek, just as Zeek had become a part of Hoss. Good old Zeek.

Hoss downshifted the vintage pickup and horsed the steering wheel, making his way onto the dimly lit side street. He read the numbers off one by one: 1618. . . 1616. . .That's it. The house was a small stucco, and both the inside lights and the porch lights were on. Not a bad dive for a lowlife, Hoss thought.

He drove down the block, parked the pickup at the end of the street, grabbed a joint from the glove box, and set out on foot back down the street.

Some Allman Brothers tune blared from the stereo inside as Hoss made his way up the sidewalk and knocked on the screen door. The thief appeared, once again grinning from ear to ear.

"Come on in, bro. Didn't know if you were gonna make it."

"You got the tanks?" Hoss asked.

"You bet. They're right there on the couch." The creep pointed into the living room, which was decorated in early rummage sale style.

"I've always said pleasure before business," Hoss said, producing the joint from his jacket pocket. "Shall we?"

"A man after my own heart!" the hairball answered, anxious to get started on the freebie.

Man, if you only knew how much I'm after your heart, thought Hoss as he took a seat on the couch next to the fatbobs.

The worm produced a match out of nowhere and lit the joint for Hoss. Hoss took a deep hit and passed the joint.

"So what ever happened to the ol' panhead ya had when you were a kid?" Hoss asked casually.

At Hoss's question the turkey had trouble holding down the smoke and passed the joint back to Hoss.

He regained his composure and gave another of his ear-to-ear smiles.

"I sold all the parts off of it. The tanks is the last of it." He caressed one of the tanks and nodded his head as if cherishing a fond memory.

"That's a fuckin' shame," Hoss said. "Them old pans were righteous scooters." He once again filled his lungs with the sweet smoke. His face and ears were getting flushed now, and his eyes had filled with the cold, foggy glaze that Zeek and the others who knew him well took as a warning sign. He passed the joint.

The thief sensed that something was wrong and fidgeted nervously with some ashes that had fallen to the floor. He took a short puff from the smoke and returned the roach to Hoss.

"Yer right, man, panheads were good bikes. But you know, ashes to ashes, right?" He pointed to the ashes on the floor and laughed a short, hurried laugh.

Hoss's cold-sober face turned, and his faraway gaze focused on the beady little eyes of the worm as he extinguished the roach on the arm of the sofa.

"And dust to dust. Right, fucker?"

"Hey, what are you, crazy or somethin'? What the fuck, man?" The little thief had risen to his feet and stood shifting his weight nervously from one foot to the other.

Hoss picked up one of the fatbobs and shoved it at the worm.

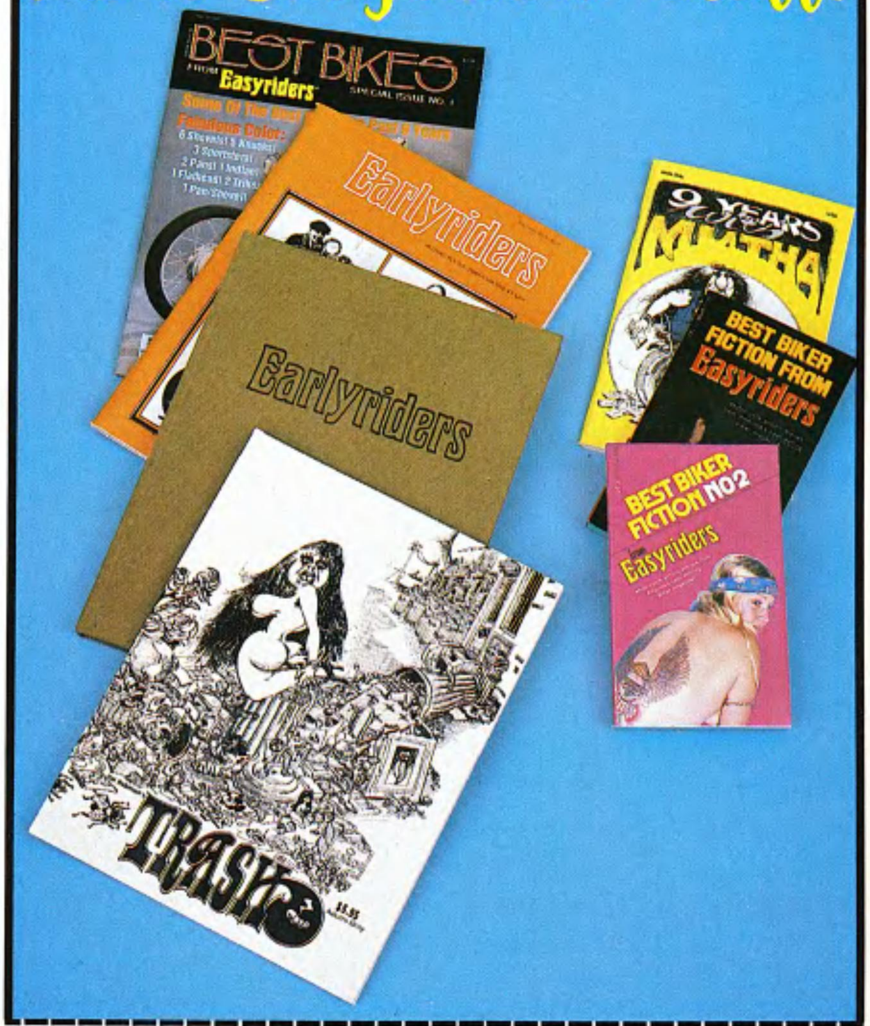
"See them markings on the frame side of the tank?"

The dude's hands shook as he frantically searched for any markings that looked out of the ordinary.

"There ain't no markings 'cept for the H-D here that Harley stamps on their parts." He pointed at the

**"An' another thing — he wipes boogers on me, so him and his bros can sit around and have a good laugh!"**


# More Easyriders' Stuff!

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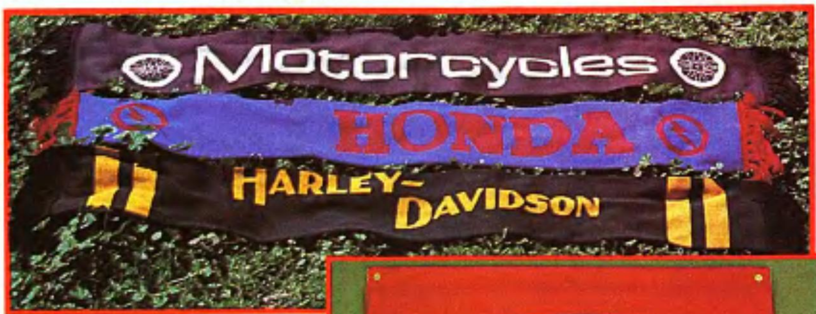


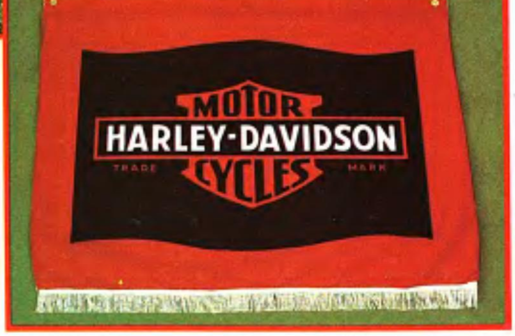


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engraving and made a weak attempt at a smile.

"That's not a Harley stamp, dickhead. You see, you fucked up when you rifled my sled, punk, 'cause when I first built it I stamped my initials on every stinkin' part." Hoss was on his feet now, and the tank fell to the floor.

Beads of sweat covered the worm's face as Hoss backed him into the hallway.

"You didn't know it was my scooter when you stole it, but I'm gonna make you remember the name Hoss Dickson." Hoss lunged forward as the worm produced a switchblade.

* * *

The lieutenant's car came to a stop at the curb behind the two black and white squad cars and the ambulance. The sergeant met the lieutenant on the sidewalk on the way into the house.

"A neighbor found him this morning, sir. He said the guy's record was skipping or something. Anyway, whoever did this one must have been a real fruitcake. He's carved up pretty bad. The medics say he'll live, but he'll never be much to look at."

"Dismembered or stabbed?" asked the lieutenant matter-of-factly.

"Neither. You really gotta see it, sir."

The lieutenant winced as the sergeant led him to the ambulance and pulled the sheet off an unconscious form.

"They're all over the body, sir. Must be forty or fifty of them carved all over hell. The initials H.D." ■

Easyriders

**"This is a suppository you've got in your ear, grandpa! Where's your hearing aid?"**

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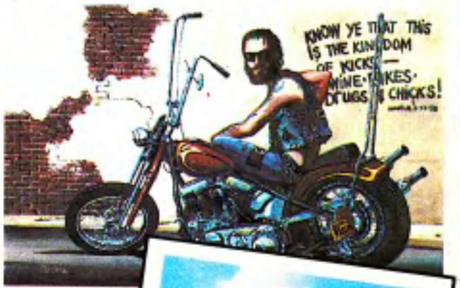

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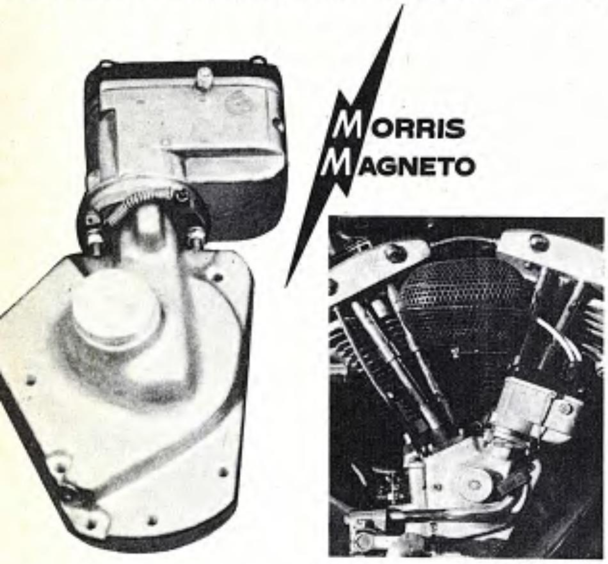


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If you own a 1970 and later Big Twin Harley here's magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting. This unit is "manually retardable," making starting much easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically. Another big bonus is that this magneto mounts upright eliminating a common fear of potential damage. Supplied complete with a new cam cover, all necessary hardware and installation instructions are delivered with this unit. Order yours by #13605 for $349.95. You'll love it!

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How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

# Jammer's

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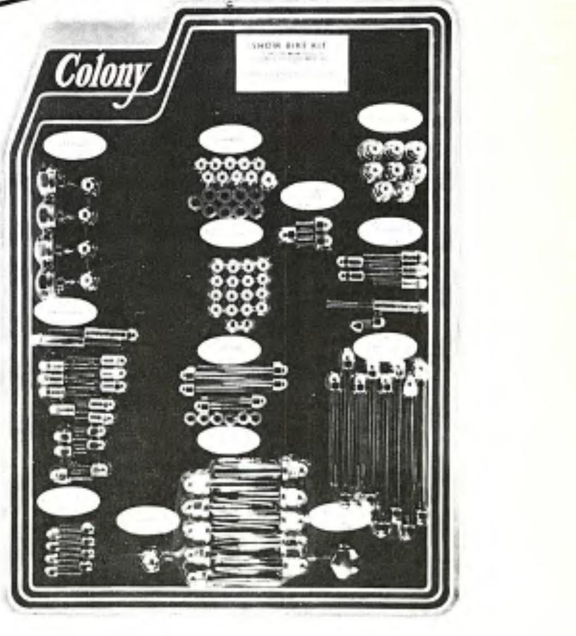


Take a long look at the hardware on your engine and transmission. It probably doesn't do much towards bringing out the real beauty of your pride and joy. Our chrome and gold show bike kits are designed specifically for enhancing the other work that's gone into your bike. What we've got for you is all the necessary replacement hardware for the rocker shafts, primary cover, lifter base, cylinder base & head, oil pump, motor case, rocker box, cam cover, air cleaner, transmission and plug. Once installed, we know you'll wonder why you waited so long. Any 1978 and later Shovelhead should have one. Our chrome plated kit is $172.00 (#124043), 24 carat gold is $230.00 (#124059).

**How To Get 'Em!**
**(See Page 124)**

# Jammer's

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How To Get 'Em!
(See Page 124)

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| Part # | Application | Size | Comp. Ratio | Price Each |
|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 12602 | 74 Stock Stroke | .020 | 10.6 | 58.75 |
| 12603 | 74 Stock Stroke | .030 | 10.7 | 58.75 |
| 12604 | 74 Stock Stroke | .040 | 10.8 | 58.75 |
| 12606 | 74 4¼" Stroke | .010 | 10.5 | 58.75 |
| 12607 | 74 4¼" Stroke | .020 | 10.6 | 58.75 |
| 12608 | 74 4¼" Stroke | .030 | 10.7 | 58.75 |
| 12609 | 74 4¼" Stroke | .040 | 10.8 | 58.75 |
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| 126012 | 74 4½" Stroke | .020 | 10.6 | 58.75 |
| 126013 | 74 4½" Stroke | .030 | 10.7 | 58.75 |
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**Forged Aluminum Pistons**

| Part # | Application | Size | Comp. Ratio | Price Each |
|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 126010 | 80 Stock Stroke | .020 | 10.6 | 58.75 |
| 126015 | 80 Stock Stroke | .030 | 10.7 | 58.75 |
| 126020 | 80 Stock Stroke | .040 | 10.8 | 58.75 |
| 126016 | Sportster 1000 | .010 | 10.5 | 58.75 |
| 126017 | Sportster 1000 | .020 | 10.6 | 58.75 |
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**DAVE'S CYCLE**, 901 W. Santa Fe, **Grants**/(505) 285-6303
**FARMINGTON HD**, 111 E. Pinon, **Farmington**/(505) 327-3733
**QUALITY CHOPPERS**, 410-S Stanolind Rd., **Hobbs**/(505) 393-7956

**NEW YORK**
**AL'S CYCLE PARTS**, 311 E. Dominick St., **Rome**/(315) 336-8900
**CUSTOM CYCLE**, 1610 Pine Ave., **Niagara Falls**/(716) 284-2615
**JOHNCOX M/C SALES & SERVICE**, RD #1 Longpoint Rd., **Penn Yan**/(315) 536-3585
**MOTORCYCLES UNLIMITED**, 229 Lyell Ave., **Rochester**/(716) 254-2355
**THE MOTORCYCLE SUPERMARKET INC.**, 6695 S. Transit Rd., **Lockport**/(716) 625-8271

**NORTH DAKOTA**
**BONNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE**, 3701 S. Broadway Hwy. 83 S., **Minot**/(701) 852-0874

**OHIO**
**BEAR'S BIKE & WELDING**, 415 W. Main St., **Ravenna**/(216) 297-7279
**HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC.**, 1707 Mahoning Ave., **Youngstown**/(216) 792-2002
**JAMES SMITH PARTS CO.**, 4117 Main Ave., **Ashtabula**/(216) 992-2137
**RISING SUN CYCLES**, R.R.1, Box 6-A, **Montpelier**/(419) 485-3429

**OKLAHOMA**
**GILL'S INC.**, 1115 8th St., **Woodward**/(405) 256-5822

**OREGON**
**MAKE IT RUN**, 2164 W. 7th, **Eugene**/(503) 687-9762
**M & J CUSTOM BIKES**, 3650 S.W. 3rd, **Corvallis**/(503) 752-7402

**PENNSYLVANIA**
**CHOPPER SHAK, INC.**, 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., **Pittsburgh**/(412) 881-0433
**CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP**, Route 22, **Delmont**/(412) 468-8135
**EAST AMERICAN MOTORSPORT**, R.D. #1, **Punxsutawney**/(814) 938-5710
**KOSMIC KOLORS**, Filbar St., **Easton**/(215) 253-5333

**TENNESSEE**
**CUSTOM CYCLE OF UNION CITY**, 1106 S. First, **Union City**/(901) 885-8200
**SUPER CYCLE**, 620 S. Bellevue, **Memphis**/(901) 725-5991

**TEXAS**
**BIKER'S CUSTOM**, 7278 Alameda Ave., **El Paso**/(915) 772-4827
**CHARLIE'S CUSTOM CYCLES**, 1802 So. Armstrong, **Denison**/(214) 463-4581
**CYCLE ACCESSORIES**, 16 N. Main St., **San Angelo**/(915) 658-3049
**H&H CYCLE ACCESSORIES**, 1710 Belle Plain, **Brownwood**/(915) 646-6625
**NORTHTOWN CUSTOM CYCLES**, 1318 Basse Rd., **San Antonio**/(512) 736-1914
**POOLE CYCLE PARTS**, 4801 Peach Tree Rd., **Balch Springs (Dallas)**/(214) 286-5351
**S&S CYCLE & SUPPLY, INC.**, 616 Amarillo Blvd., **Amarillo**/(806) 374-6760
**VICTORIA HD**, 1410 N. Main St., **Victoria**/(512) 575-7881

**UTAH**
**QUALITY M/C PARTS**, 2945 S. State St., **Salt Lake City**/(801) 487-4834

**VIRGINIA**
**CUSTOM CYCLES OF VIRGINIA**, 3564 Western Branch Blvd., **Portsmouth**/(804) 399-3616
**MASTER PERFORMANCE CYCLES**, 9825 Jefferson Ave., **New Port News**/(804) 599-0362

**WASHINGTON**
**EVERETT M/C GOODIES**, 6320 Evergreen Way, **Everett**/(206) 347-2177
**FRONT RUNNER'S CUSTOM CYCLES**, 1999 #B Iowa St., **Bellingham**/(206) 671-9697
**HD OF OLYMPIA**, 310C So. Bay Rd., **Olympia**/(206) 357-5703
**SKAGIT HD**, 1253-A Christianson Rd., **Anacortes**/(206) 293-2217
**STEPS CHOP SHOP**, 1025 Pitt Ave., **Bremerton**/(206) 373-9944
**TUMBLEWEED CUSTOMS**, 6517 Central Park Dr., **Aberdeen**/(206) 532-4742

**WEST VIRGINIA**
**BECKLEY HD**, 100 Cohen St., **Beckley**/(304) 253-1110

**WISCONSIN**
**HD OF APPLETON, INC.**, 2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., **Appleton**/(414) 733-2258

**CANADA**
**H.D. M/C OF EDMONTON**, 12510 82nd St., **Edmonton, Alberta**/(403) 474-9841
**K.J.'S ENGINE SERVICE LTD.**, #5 4404 12 St. N.E., **Calgary, Alta.**/(403) 276-8008
**VALLEY MOTORCYCLE CTR.**, 1540 Keehn Rd., **Kelowna, B.C.**/(604) 860-6138
**WEST COAST SPEED AND CUSTOM**, 33338 Robertson Ave., **Abbotsford B.C.**/(604) 853-1515

**DENMARK**
**P.H. CHOPPERS**, 51 Graekerlandsvej, **Copenhagen**/01 971202

**ENGLAND**
**SOUTHERN CYCLES**, Commerce Estate, 89 Kingston Rd., **Leatherhead, Surrey**/(Leatherhead 78003)

**NORWAY**
**CUSTOM CYCLE OF NORWAY**, Strandgatan 65, **Hamar**/065-27974

**SOUTH AFRICA**
**RUSTY'S CUSTOM CYCLES**, Hendrik Verwoerd Dr., **Randburg**/48-4909

**SWEDEN**
**CUSTOM CYCLE**, Kungsgatan 78 75321, **Uppsala**/018-141330-141370

**WEST GERMANY**
**M&M CYCLES**, Gromtuhlstr. 14 8700, **Wurzburg**/0931-22313

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS ■ STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

## Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

**801 South Main Street**
**Burbank, California 91506**

**Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.**

## ORDER FORM

**We will ship UPS ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet UPS requirements or is out of UPS area we will ship via next best way.**

We cannot ship C.O.D. to foreign countries, nor to Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Canal Zone, APO or FPO addresses. Customers in these areas must remit payment in full including shipping and handling charges.

Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

To avoid having to pay C.O.D. fees we suggest that you remit full payment with your order, including shipping and handling charges. (Orders too large to be shipped UPS or post will be shipped via truck *freight collect!*)

**TO PREPAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING**
**U.S. AND POSSESSIONS**

| If your order is: | Include additional: |
|---|---|
| 0 - 15 Dollars | $3.00 |
| 15.01 - 25 Dollars | 20% of parts total |
| 25.01 - 50 Dollars | 15% of parts total |
| 50.01 - 100 Dollars | 10% of parts total |
| 101.00 - 750 Dollars | 5% of parts total |
| over 750 Dollars | we pay freight |

**Foreign**
Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments. Please include correct postage.

| Canada | All Other Countries (minimum order $100) |
|---|---|
| **Surface Post . . . . Double U.S. Rate** | **Surface Post . . . 3 Times U.S. Rate** |
| **Air Post . . . Not Available** | **Air Post . . . 60% of Order** |

Substantial overcharges to foreign countries will be refunded. Thanks to current events, freight costs subject to change. Parts shipped via most economical way.

Send Money Order or Cashiers Check in U.S. Funds Only. Your personal check will be accepted but will delay shipment for 6 weeks while it clears your bank. Bankamericard, Visa, and Mastercharge cards are accepted for prepayment of orders over $5.00 and shipping and handling costs.

Card # ______________________ Exp. ________

Signature ______________________

Please allow 6 weeks for complete delivery of your order. A service charge will be made on backorder cancellations which have not allowed 6 weeks for shipment. Prices subject to change without notice.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________ State ________

Zip Code ____________ Telephone (      ) ____________ (GIVE AREA CODE)

| QTY | PART # | DESCRIPTION | PRICE | TOTAL |
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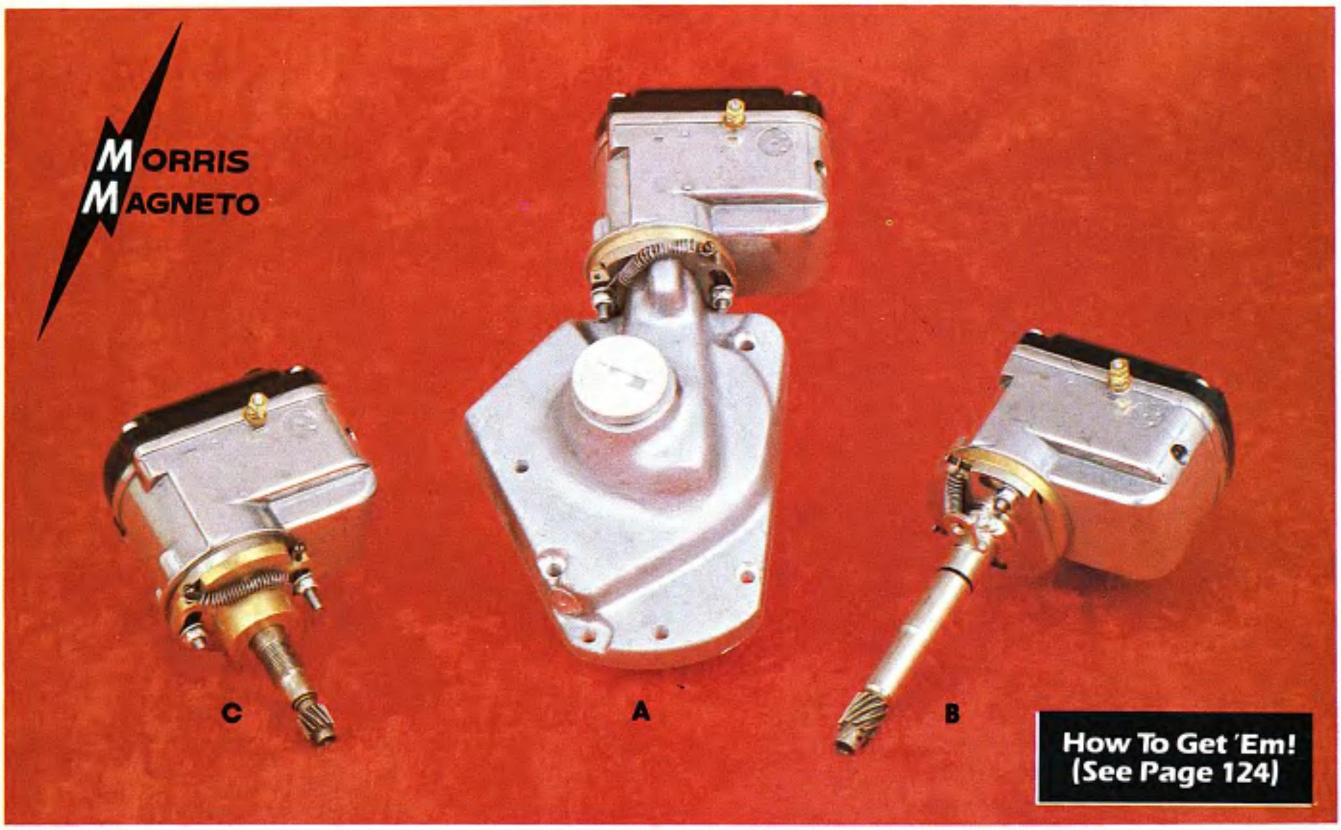
| SHIP VIA<br>☐ UPS GROUND<br>☐ PARCEL POST<br>☐ BEST WAY<br>CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED | PARTS TOTAL | |
| | (CALIF. RESIDENTS *ONLY*) 6% TAX | |
| | PREPAID SHIPPING & HANDLING | |
| | ORDER TOTAL | |
| O/S 6/29/82 ■ CV AUG<br>■ #110 ■ CE | (MINIMUM 25%) DEPOSIT | |
| | (PLUS SHIPPING & HANDLING UNLESS PREPAID ABOVE) BALANCE DUE C.O.D. | |

# MORRIS MAGNETOS FOR HARLEYS



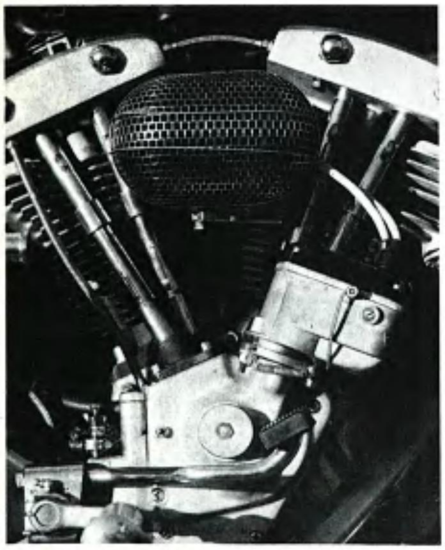

**At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.**

**At last! The Morris Magneto is *manually retardable* (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.**

**At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.**

**Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.**

**A. For Big Twins, 1970 & Later**
**13605** ... 1970 & Later ......... 349.95



**B. For Big Twins, 1969 & Earlier**
**13606** ... 1969 & Earlier ......... 249.95
**Kill Switch Lever**
**136011** ... Not Shown ............ 2.50

**C. For Sportsters**
**13607** ... 1971 & Later ......... 269.96
**13608** ... 1957-1970 ........... 249.95
**13609** .. Early Conversion Kit .. 139.50
**136010** ... Tach Drive Kit ........ 29.95

| Part Number | Fits Harley | Advance-Retard Mount | Automatic Advance Feature | Tach Drive Optional | Fits Kick or Elec. Start† | Additional Features ✓ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13605 | **Big Twins 1970 & Later** | √ | √ | √ | √ | New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug. |
| 13606 | Big Twins 1969 & Earlier | √ | √ | ** | √ | Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems! |
| 13607 | **Sportster 1971 & Later** | √ | √ | √ | √ | Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags. |
| 13608 | Sportster 1957-1970 | √ | √ | * | √ | Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable. |
| 13609 | Sportster 1957-1970 | √ | √ | * | √ | Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount. |

*Carburetor may interefere with tach cable on some models
**Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin
Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto
Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

GRAMPA LOU'S
TALES of the OLD BiKER'S HOME
GET YER MOTOR RUNNIN'...
GREYBOY
Y'KNOW, I'D GIVE ANYTHING JUST TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A GOOD, TWO-MINUTE PISS IN THE MORNING.
HELL, I'D GIVE MY LEFT NUT JUST TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A GOOD, SATISFYING SHIT IN THE MORNING.
WELL, HELL! EVERY MORNING AT 7:30 I TAKE A GOOD, TWO-MINUTE PISS. AT 8:00 I TAKE A GOOD, LONG SHIT...
AND NOW THIS WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!
SKRITCH SKRITCH
SKRITCH SKRITCH
GREYBOY
NOW IF I COULD JUST GET OUT OF BED BEFORE NOON.
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HEMMORHOIDS
GREYBOY
PLOP PLOP

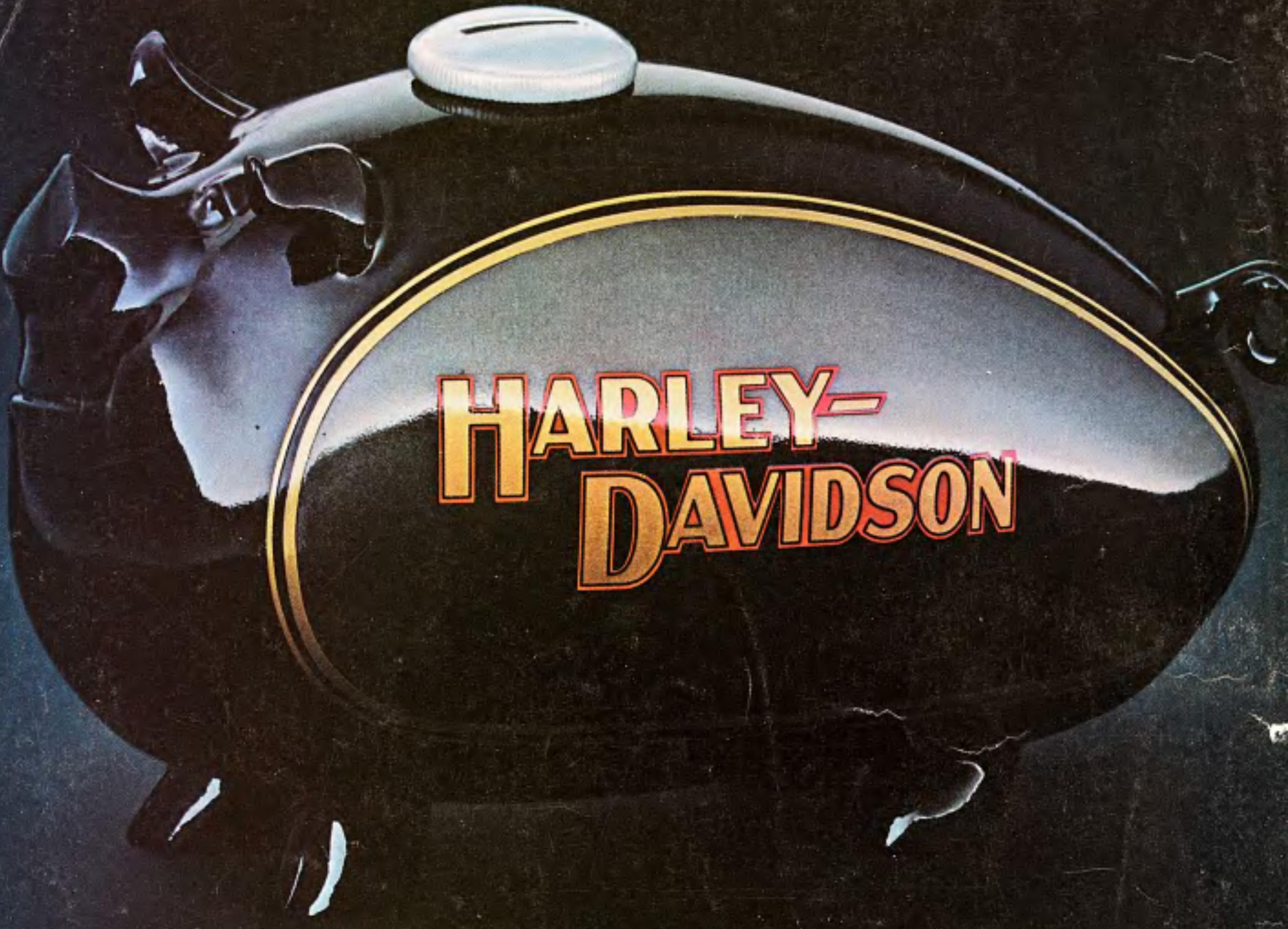
# THE FIRST ISSUE
# SOLD OUT

When we finished the 10th anniversary issue of ***Easyriders***, we found that we had too much righteous material left over — after all, it was ten years of the best shit we had published.

So we put all the great stuff that remained into a *second* issue – another best of ten years.

Not to confuse the two, we call it the ***Easyriders Special.*** We promise you it's as good as the first.

# EASYRIDERS SPECIAL
# ON SALE IN JULY




# HOG?

To some people the term "Hog" is as clear as mud. But to the thousands of Harley-Davidson owners who affectionately refer to their motorcycles as Hogs, there is no confusion.

A Harley-Davidson is not fat. It doesn't eat you out of house and home. And by achieving 47 to 54 mpg on the highway,* it's definitely not a gas hog.

A Harley-Davidson is not cheap either. And we don't turn them out like popcorn. We never have. Never will. Fact is, our bikes aren't easy to build. There is a lot of careful hand work. A lot of meticulous assembly and constant quality control.

We put more into a Harley. So you get more out of your Harley. You get more every time you ride down the street. And you get more down the road, when it comes time to sell. Just check the want ads in your paper. You'll see. A Harley may be called a hog. But don't be confused. There's no better place to put your money.

**MOTORCYCLES.™ BY THE PEOPLE. FOR THE PEOPLE.**

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY®

Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

*Based on our own test results. Your mileage may vary depending on your personal driving habits, weather conditions and trip length.